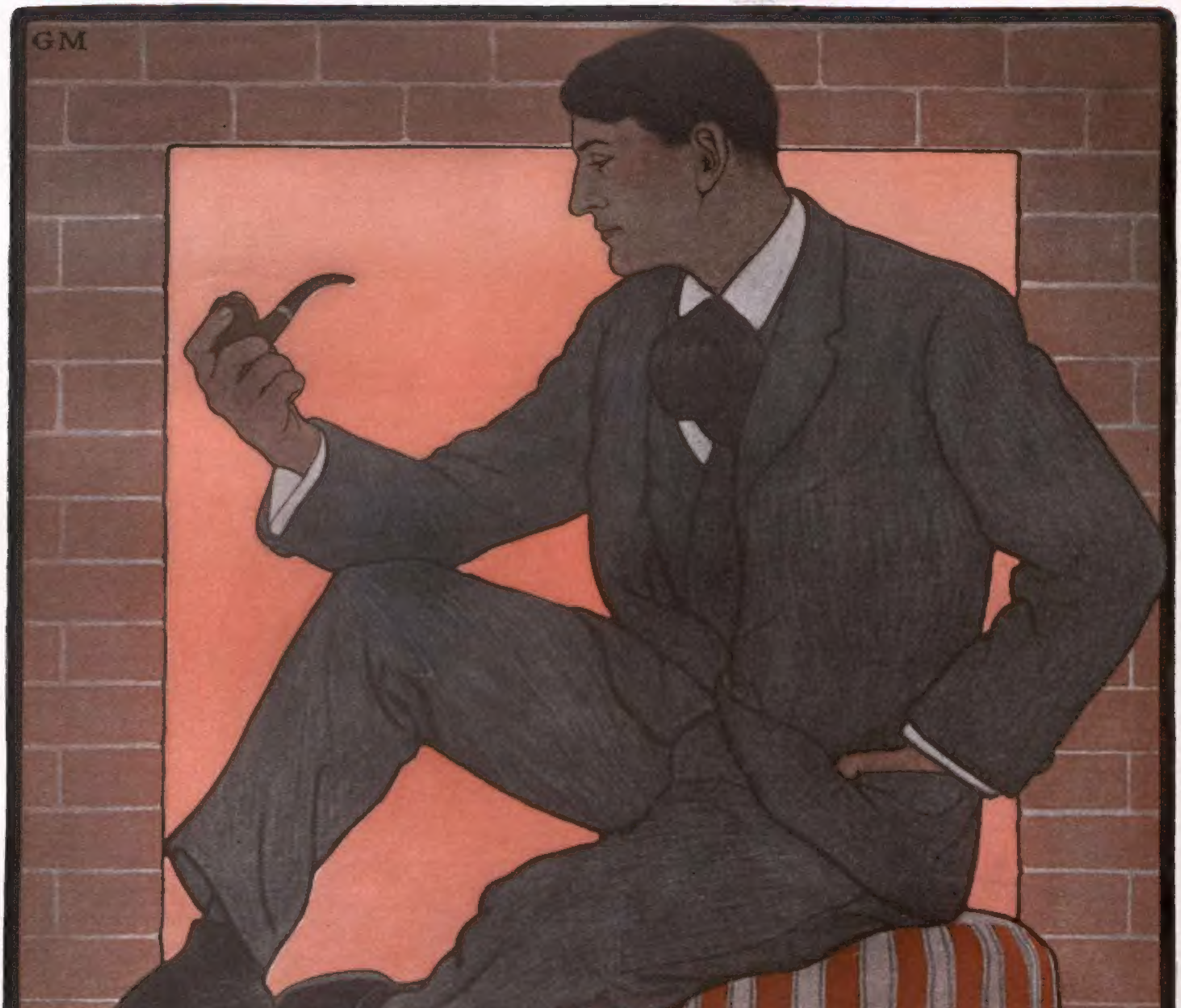
# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dª 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

APRIL 15, 1905 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE

## Beginning The Wood Fire in Number Three

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Karpen
Sterling Leather
Chair No. 80339

**Let us send you our 64-page FREE "Book X"**

It shows 400 designs of Leather Furniture ranging in price from $7.00 to $200.00

Karpen Sterling
Leather Rocker
No. 80944

"Book X" exposes the shams in leather furniture and tells how to protect yourself against imposition.

# KARPEN Genuine Leather Furniture

**The most exquisite in design and finish and most durable furniture in the world. Awarded Grand Prize—the highest and only such award for leather furniture given at St. Louis Exposition**

Send for our **Free "Book X of Designs"**

Ask your dealer for and insist on his selling you Karpen Genuine Leather Furniture because it is covered with Karpen Sterling Leather, the *best natural grain* leather made. It is guaranteed to satisfy you or the dealer will refund the purchase price.

No other leather furniture is so guaranteed. Most of the leather furniture sold in stores is covered with cheap *split* leather but is finished to look as good as the best *genuine* leather. After a few months' wear it cracks, peels and wears shabby. Karpen Furniture *will not* crack or peel. It will last a life time.

You can distinguish it from inferior makes by the two trade-marks shown here.

The spring construction we use is the same as is specified by the U. S. Government in all its upholstered furniture.

The best dealers everywhere sell Karpen Furniture.

Karpen Leather Furniture

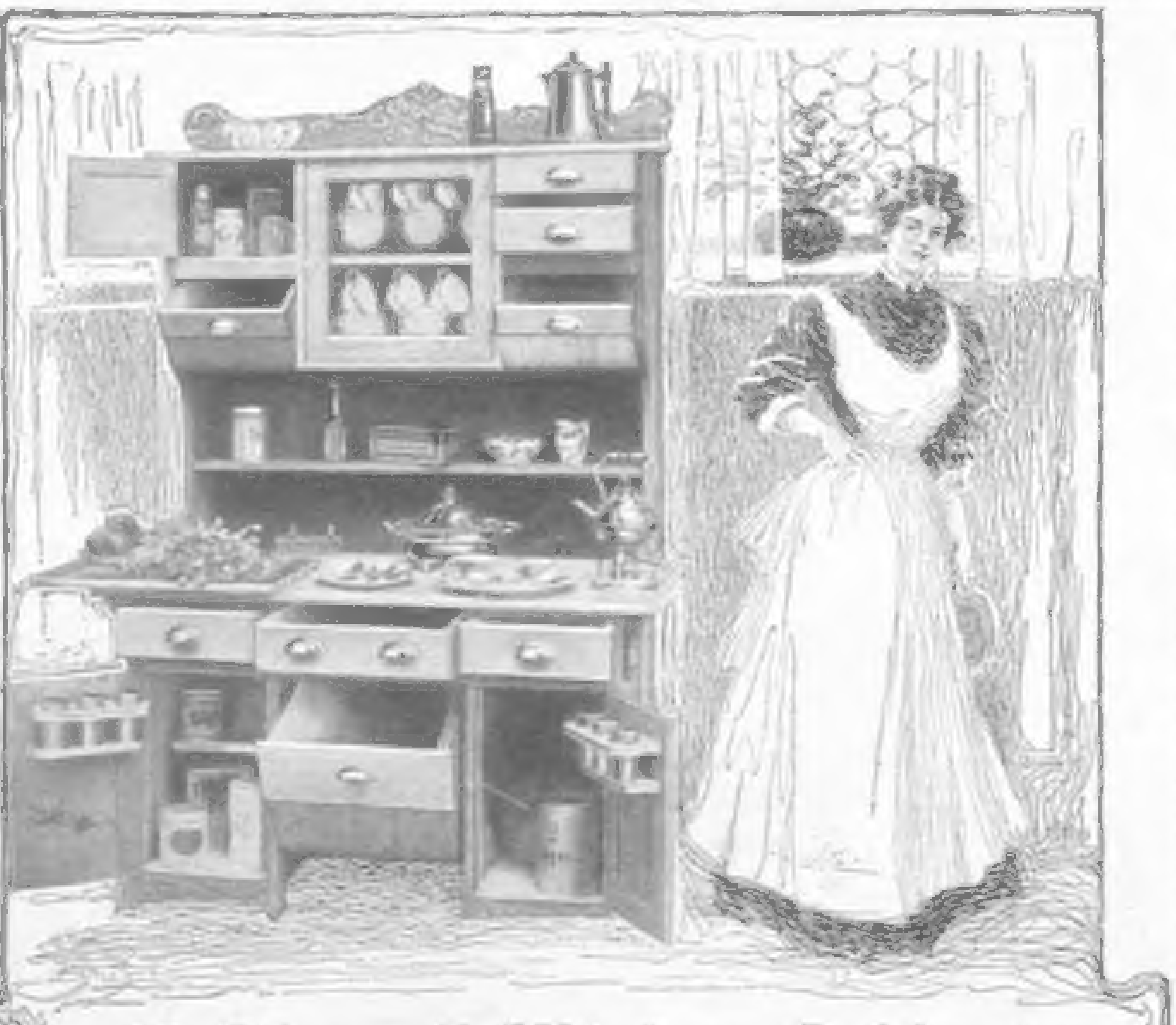
(Trade-mark)

**Write for "Book X" today. It shows more designs than you can see in the largest store in America.**

Karpen
Guaranteed
Upholstered
Furniture
CHICAGO
Trade-mark

**S. KARPEN & BROS.,** Karpen Building, Chicago
St. James Bldg., New York City

World's Largest makers of Fine Upholstered Furniture.



# McDougall Kitchen Cabinets

THE McDOUGALL KITCHEN CABINET is a unique piece of kitchen furniture. It takes the place of the kitchen table, and occupies just the same amount of room. Its object is to bring together in one convenient place, every needed thing in the kitchen, both utensils and food materials, so that in the preparation of a meal all that is necessary can be reached without taking a single step.

It has places for pots, kettles and pans; bins for flour, sugar, coffee, tea and salt; cans for spices, pepper, etc.; cupboards for dishes, drawers for towels and linen; closets for china and glass; an adjustable bread-board and a drop table leaf if desired. Each little detail has been given the most careful and expert study, and every part of the cabinet works easily.

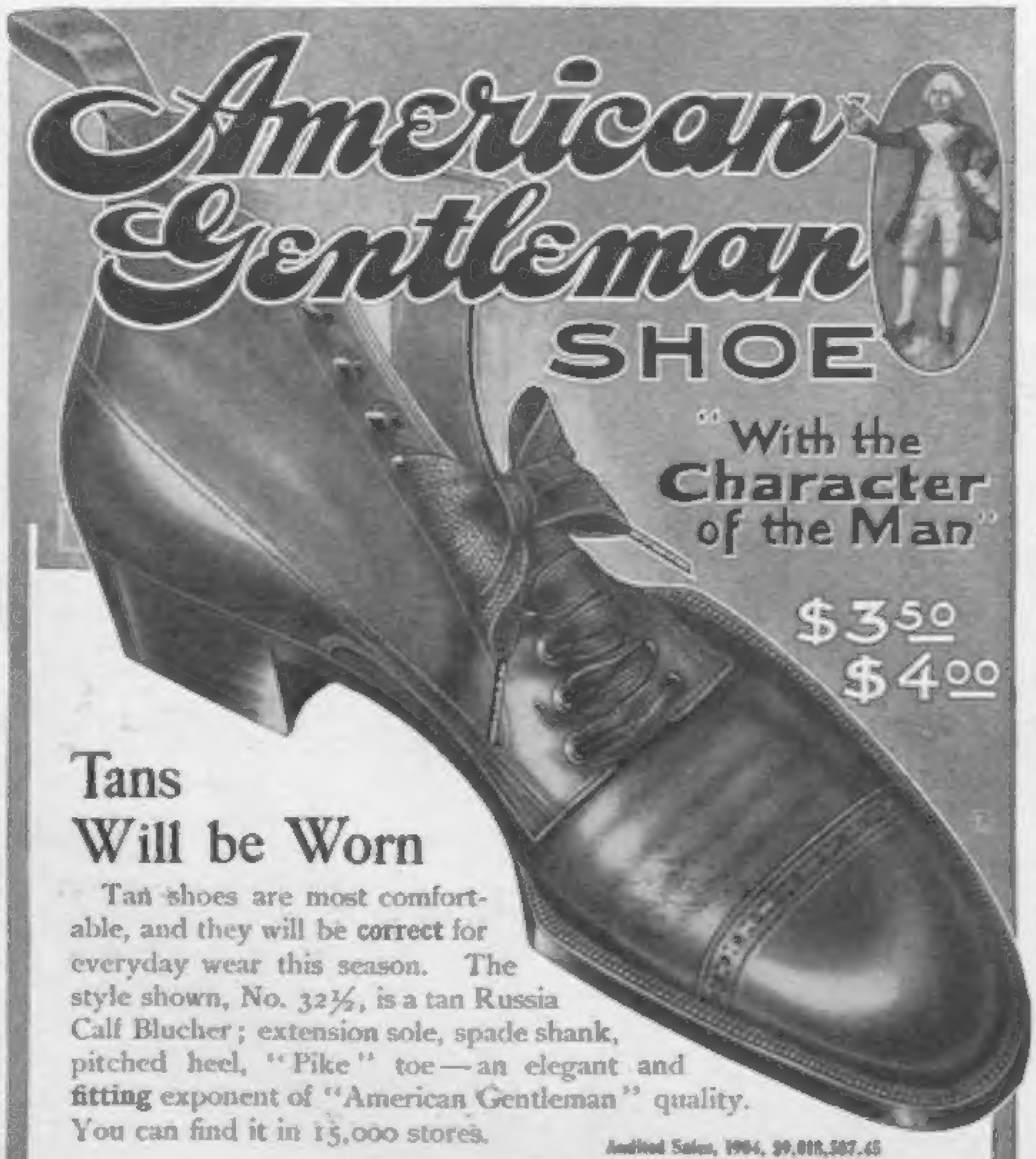
## Why You Should Have a McDougall Kitchen Cabinet in Your Home

The average woman does not realize how much time and energy she wastes every day in walking from cupboard to pantry, from pantry to closet, from closet to table; nor will she realize it until the great convenience of a McDougall Kitchen Cabinet is provided for her use.

The McDougall Kitchen Cabinets are designed for both poor and rich. They are within the reach of all, and the greatest number are sold to people of moderate means. Send for our handsomely illustrated catalogue, which will be sent to you postpaid on request.

Ask your dealer for the McDougall Kitchen Cabinets, sold by reputable dealers only. All of these cabinets bear the name-plate "McDougall, Indianapolis." Be sure to write for our handsomely illustrated catalogue to-day.

G. P. McDOUGALL & SON, Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.



## Tans Will be Worn

Tan shoes are most comfortable, and they will be correct for everyday wear this season. The style shown, No. 32½, is a tan Russia Calf Blucher; extension sole, spade shank, pitched heel, "Pike" toe—an elegant and **fitting** exponent of "American Gentleman" quality. You can find it in 15,000 stores.

Audited Sales, 1904, $9,018,507.45

**Hamilton, Brown Shoe Co.**
**St. Louis**

Send for "Shoelight" for men—a complete guide to the best footwear, FREE.

# The Car of Simplest Control

ANY Woman can drive a "Winton" the first time she tries.

Because it is as simple to run as a sewing machine.

Every thing that could inspire nervousness has been cut out of it.

She can start it speeding up to 60 miles an hour with the same foot she might run a sewing machine with.

She simply presses that foot on a spring pedal for Speed.

She can slow that speed down to four miles an hour, by simply lightening her foot pressure, on the same pedal.

Isn't that easy to remember and hard to forget?

The Winton Car is as sensitive to Control as a well trained horse, and ten times as reliable.

Because the horse might get scared at sight of a Motor Car, but the Winton can't get scared nor get tired.

No car in the world is so simply and reliably controlled. This is one reason why no car is so well adapted to be driven by Women as "The Winton of 1905."

There are seven other reasons why, but Winton positive Air-Control is the best of all.

Let us explain how and why this Winton Control operates so promptly and infallibly.

We will tell you all about it, and detail the other reasons why if you will drop us a line today saying you are interested.

Note the long graceful lines of the 1905 Winton Car, in picture below.

And, remember that the name "Winton" has never been identified with a "cheap" nor with an unreliable Car.

There is Prestige, as well as Safety, Comfort, and Ease of Mind, in owning a "Winton" Automobile.

Yet $1,800 will buy the latest improved Model C, as shown in picture below, 16-20 Horse-power.
Model B has 24-30 H. P., price $2,500.
Model B, Limousine, 24-30 H. P., $3,500.
Model A has 40-50 H. P., price $3,500.
Model A, Limousine 40-50 H.P., $4,500.
Write today for our 1905 Catalog.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.
Department M Cleveland, O.

$1800

# The ·WINTON· of 1905

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded AºDº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

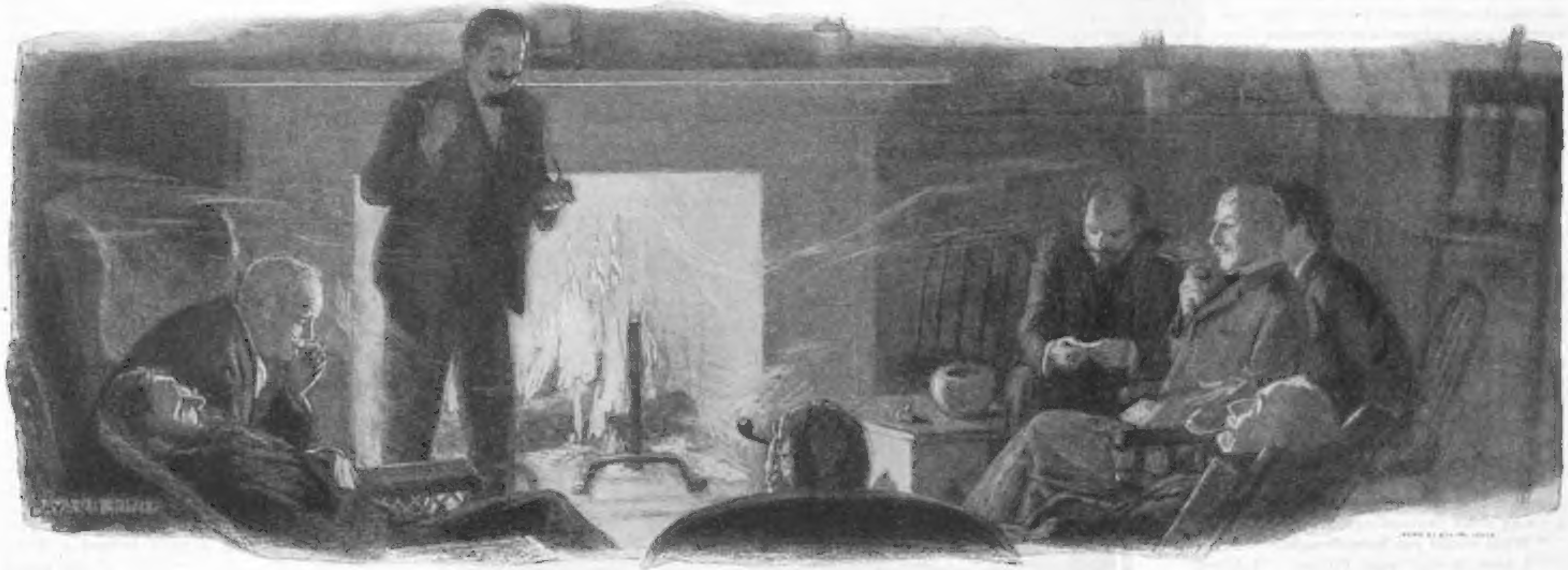
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15, 1905 Number 42

Copyright, 1905, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

# THE WOOD FIRE IN NUMBER THREE—By F. Hopkinson Smith



## The Story of the Wandering Opal and Whither It Went

SANDY MACWHIRTER would have an open fire. He had been brought up on blazing logs and warm hearths, and could not be happy without them. In his own boyhood's home the fireplace was the shrine, and half the orchard and two big elms had been offered up on its altar.

There was no chimney in No. 3 when he moved in—no place, really, to put one, unless he knocked a hole in the roof, started a fire on the bare floor and sat before it wigwam fashion; nor was there any way of supporting the necessary brickwork, except a start was made from the basement up through every room to No. 3 and so on to the roof. But trifling obstacles like these never daunted MacWhirter. Lonnegan, a Beaux Arts man, who built the big opera house, and who also hungered for blazing logs, solved the difficulty. It was only a matter of fifteen feet from where Mac's easel stood to the roof of the building that sheltered him, and it was not many days before Lonnegan's foreman had a hole in the roof and a wide and spacious chimney-breast rising from Mac's floor which filled the opening in the ceiling and rose some ten feet above it, the whole resting on an iron plate bolted to four upright iron rods which were in turn bolted to two heavy timbers laid flat on the roof. Lonnegan's men did the work, and Lonnegan settled with the landlord and forgot ever afterward to send Mac the bill, and hasn't to this day.

No one else inside the four walls of the old building had any such comfort. All the other denizens had heaters, or choked-up, shivering, contracted grates, or a half-strangled flue from the basement below. Poor Pitkin relied on a rubber tube fastened to his gaslight, which was connected with a sort of Chinese tea-caddy of a stove propped up on four legs, and which was constantly shifted about to thaw out the coldest spots in his studio.

It was a great day when the fireplace was completed. Everybody crowded in to see it—not only the men from below and on the same floor, but half a dozen and more cronies from the outside. No one believed Lonnegan's yarn about the bolts, so natural and old-timey did the chimney-breast seem, until the great architect picked the plaster away with his knife and showed them the irons, and even then one doubting Thomas had to mount the scuttle stairs and peer out through the trapdoor before he was convinced that modern science had lent a helping hand to recall a boyhood memory.

And the friends that this old fire had, and the way the men loved it, despite the liberties they tried to take with it! And they did, at first, take liberties, and of the most exasperating kind to any well-intentioned, law-abiding and knowledgeable wood fire. Boggs, the animal painter, whose studio lay immediately beneath MacWhirter's, was never satisfied until he had punched it black in the face.' Wharton, who occupied No. 4 across the hall, would insist that each log should be stood on its head and the kindling grouped about it; while Pitkin, the sculptor, who occupied the basement because of his dirty clay and big chunks of marble, was miserable until he had jammed the back log so tight against the besmoked chimney that not a breath of air could get between it and the blackened bricks.

But none of these well-meant but inexperienced attacks ever daunted the spirit of this fire. It would splutter a moment with ill-concealed indignation, threatening a dozen times to go out in smoke, and then all of a sudden a little bubble of laughing flame would break out under one end of a log, and then another, and away it would go roaring up the chimney in a very ecstasy of delight.

Now and then it would talk back—I have heard it many a time, when Mac and I would be sitting alone before it, listening to its chatter.

"Take a seat," it would crackle, "right in front, where I can warm you. Sit, too, where you can look into my face and see how ruddy and joyous it is. I'll not bore you. I never bored anybody—never in all my life. I am an endless series of surprises, and I am never twice alike. I can sparkle with merriment, or glow with humor, or roar with laughter, dependent on your mood, or upon mine. Or I can smolder away all by myself, crooning a low song of the woods—the song your mother loved—your cradle song—so full of content that it will soothe you into forgetfulness of every jar and worry. When at last I creep under my gray blanket of ashes and shut my eyes, you, too, will want to sleep—you and I—old friends now with our thousand memories." Only MacWhirter really understood its many moods—"Alexander MacWhirter, Room No. 3," the signboard read in the hall below—and only MacWhirter could satisfy its wants; and so, after the first few months, no one dared touch it but our host, whose slightest nudge with the tongs was sufficient to kindle it into renewed activity.

It was not long after this that a certain sense of ownership permeated the coterie. They yielded the chimney and its mechanical contrivances to MacWhirter and Lonnegan, but the blaze and its generous warmth belonged to them as much as they did to Mac. Soon chairs were sent up from the several studios—each member of the half-circle furnishing his own—the most comfortable he owned. Then the mugs followed, and the pipe-racks, and soon Sandy MacWhirter's wood fire in No. 3 became the one spot in the building that we all loved and longed for.

And Mac was exactly fashioned for high priest of just such a Temple of Jollity: merry-eyed, round-faced, with one and a quarter, perhaps one and a half, of a chin tucked under his old one—a chin that came from laughter, not from laziness; broad-shouldered, deep-chested, hearty in his voice and words, with the faintest trace—just a trace, it was so slight—of his mother-tongue in his speech; whole-souled, spontaneous, unselfish, ready to praise and never to criticise; brimming with anecdotes and adventures of forty years of experience—on the Riviera, in Sicily, Egypt and the Far East—wherever his brush had carried him, he had all the warmth of his blazing logs in his grasp and all the snap of their coals in his eyes.

"By the gods, but I'm glad to see you!" was his invariable greeting. "Draw up—draw up! Go get a pipe—the tobacco is in the yellow jar."

This was when Mac was alone or when no one had the floor and the shuttlecock of general conversation was being battledored about.

If, however, Mac or any of his guests occupied the hearth-rug and was giving his experience at home or abroad, or was reaching the climax of some tale, it made no difference who entered; no one took any more notice of him than of a servant

---

**Editor's Note**—This is the first of a series of stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, each complete in itself, but all told beside The Wood Fire in No. 3. The next story will appear in an early number.

who had brought in an extra log, the lost art of listening being still common in those days, and as much respected by the occupants of the chairs—by all except Boggs, who would always break into the conversation irrespective of restrictions or traditions.

Mac had the floor this afternoon.

I knew this from the sound of his voice through the half-closed door as I reached the top-floor landing.

"Refused, gentlemen; refused pointblank," I heard Mac say. "He wouldn't let them search him; wouldn't empty his pockets as the others had done. It made a most disagreeable impression on every one at the table. Collins, his host, was amazed; so was Moulton."

My head was now abreast of the old Chinese screen.

"What reason did he give?" Boggs asked.

"Didn't give any. Just hemmed and hawed, and blushed like a girl."

I was inside the cozy room now, its air etched with wavy lines of tobacco smoke, showing blue in the dim glare of the skylight overhead; had nodded to Boggs, whose face was just visible over the top of Mac's most comfortable chair—Boggs always hides his bulk in this particular chair, having furnished none of his own, a weakness or selfishness which we all recognize and permit—and was adding my snow-covered coat and hat to a collection facing the blazing logs, and within reach of their genial warmth, when Mac's voice again dominated the hum of questioning raised by the half-circle of toasting shins.

"Collins, of course, never said a word—how could he? The old fellow had been his friend for years—went to school with him. Now, gentlemen, what would you have thought?"

It was easy to see that our host had full possession not only of the floor but of the room. His feet were firmly planted on the half-worn Daghestan, his square, erect back turned to the crackling blaze, his head raised, arms swinging, hands extended, accentuating every point that he made with that peculiar twist of the thumb common to all painters. Every eye was fixed upon him. I dropped quietly into a chair. Better keep still and smoke on with my ear-shutters fastened back and my eyes fixed on the speaker's face. The cue, I knew, would come my way before Mac had gotten very far in his story.

Again Mac put the question, this time in a rising voice demanding an answer:

"What would you have thought?"

"I give it up," said Pitkin. "I knew Peaslee. Life went against him, but that old fellow was as straight as a string. Why, he has been bookkeeper for that bank for half a century, more or less—I used to keep an account there. Queer-looking chap, all spectacles."

"Collins put the jewel in his pocket and couldn't find it," remarked Ford, discussion now being in order; "like a man losing his railroad ticket and discovering it in his hat-band after he has searched every part of his clothes."

"Old fellow was short in his balance and wanted to make it up," growled Boggs. Boggs did not mean a word of it, but it was his turn and he must hazard an opinion of some kind.

Mac smiled and a laugh went around. Poor old Tim Peaslee stealing Sam Collins' or anybody else's opal to straighten out a deficiency in his account was too absurd a statement to discuss.

Marny, his face blue-white with his tramp through the snow, and Jack Sterling, in a new English mackintosh, now entered, shook their wet garments, filled a pipe from the yellow jar, and dragged up a chair to join the half-circle, the puffs of their newly-filled pipes adding innumerable wavy lines to the etched plate of the atmosphere.

"Mac has got the most extraordinary story, Marny, that you ever heard," said Wharton. "What do you think of old Tim Peaslee helping himself to Sam Collins' jewelry?"

"Never heard of Peaslee or Collins in my life," answered Marny, dragging his chair closer and opening his chilled fingers to the blaze. "Jack may; he knows everybody—some he oughtn't to. Who are they: burglars or stock-brokers?"

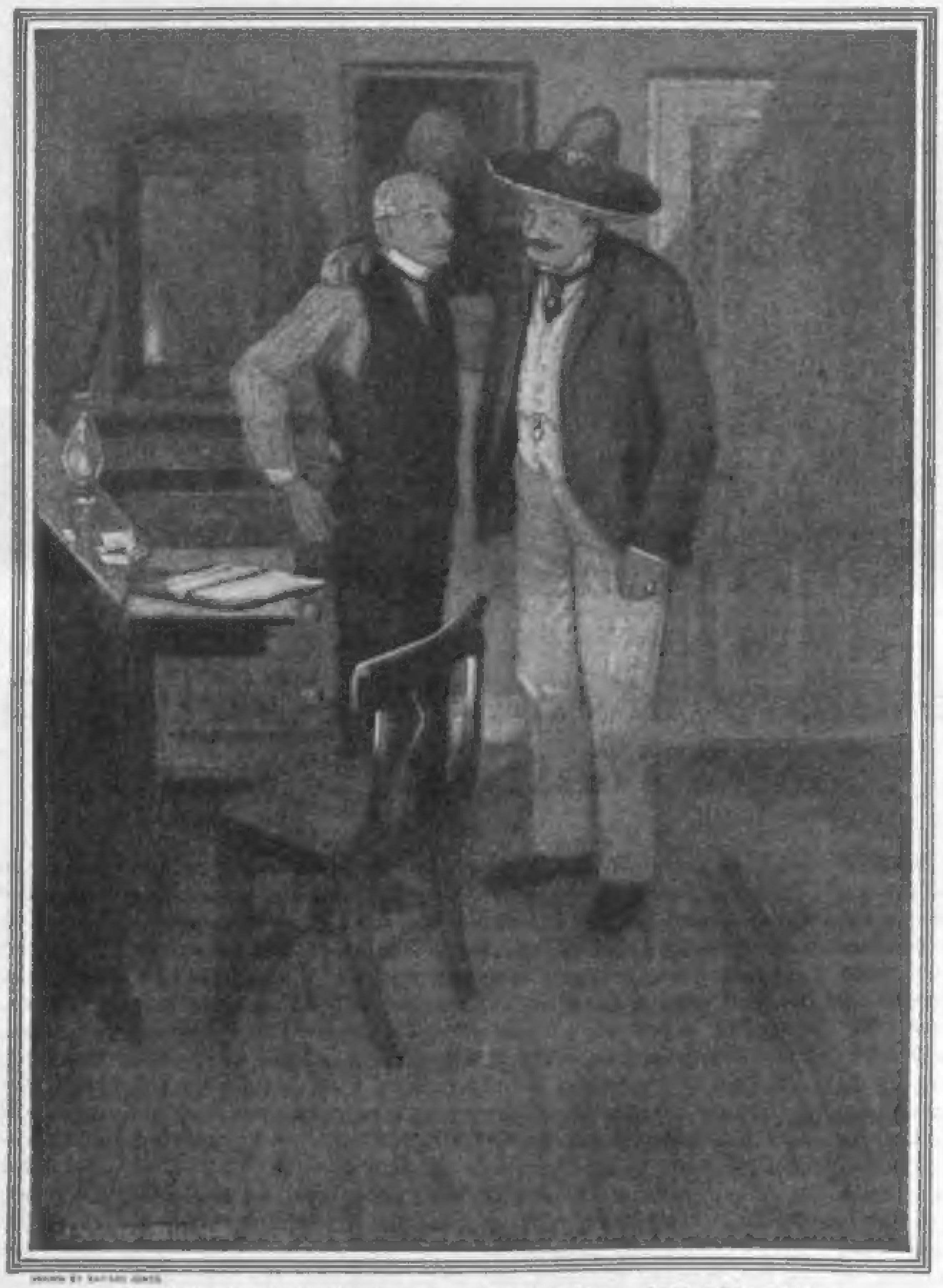
"Why, Collins, who has that opal mine in New Mexico. Old Tim was for years the bookkeeper of the Exeter Bank. You must have known Peaslee," persisted Wharton.

Marny shook his head, and Wharton turned to Mac.

"Begin all over again, old man, and we'll take a vote. Marny's head is as thick as one of his backgrounds."

"At the beginning?" asked MacWhirter between the puffs of his pipe, freshly lighted, now that his story had been told.

"Yes, from the time Sam Collins came to New York—everything."



"'DON'T YOU KNOW ME, TIM? I'M COLLINS—SAM COLLINS'"

Mac laid his pipe once more on the mantel, threw an extra stick on the fire from the pile by the chimney, raked the ashes clear of the front log and resumed his position on the rug. Now that the circle was larger, and he had been challenged to give every detail, he intended to make his second telling of the extraordinary story more interesting, if possible, than the first.

"I'll give it to you exactly as Collins gave it to me—and Boggs, you will please keep still until I get through. Wharton, change your seat so you can clap your hand over Boggs' mouth when he breaks out. Thanks.

"About two years ago Sam Collins came back to New York; first time in nearly twenty years. He had been up in Peru living in the clouds, digging for copper and not finding any, he told me; then he kept on to Ceylon; wandered around there for a while and finally landed at Vera Cruz and went up into Mexico, until he struck the town of Querétaro. You've been there, Wharton—I remember your sketch of the old cathedral."

Wharton nodded and settled himself deeper in his chair.

"Shot Maximilian there," whispered Boggs under his breath.

Mac glanced savagely at Boggs, but continued:

"On taking in the town, Collins found that everybody, from the beggars in the plaza to the bankers in the palaces, had their pockets full of opals—wads and wads of them—some big as duckshot, some big as birds' eggs. Collins is an expert on anything that comes out of the ground, and the next morning he was astride of a burro and off to the mines, noting how the mineral lay and the dip of the land, and the next week he was away prospecting, and before the month was out he had bought a hill that was as bare as your hand of everything but bunch grass and sand fleas, and had ten half-breeds at work, and by the end of the year he had struck hard pan, with enough opals lying around loose to make him rich. This was two years ago, remember. Pretty soon Sam discovered that he needed more money to develop his mine, and he started for New York to look up his old friends to help him raise it.

"When Collins arrived, he found that a lot of things could happen in twenty years. Half of his friends were dead; some were scattered over the world, wandering, as he had been, and out of fifty or more old chums who had known him at college only a dozen or more were left. Tim Peaslee was one.

"Sam loved Tim, and always had. For years they had kept up their letters, then Tim lost track of Collins and communication ceased. All the way to New York, Collins was thinking of Tim. If he was rich they'd go in together on the mine, and if he was poor he'd share what he had with him. The Tim he loved was not the kind of man merely to shake hands with and ask after his family and that sort of thing: Tim was the sort of a fellow to hug and keep your hand on his knee while you talked to him.

"Sam found him in an old house in Bond Street—one of those high-stooped passed-by wrecks that are being turned into Italian tenements with wood and coal shops in the basement and sign-painters in the garret. He was living with his old sister, Miss Peaslee—older than Tim. The two had a life interest in the property, and none of the heirs could take possession until these two were buried.

"It was dark when he reached Tim's and mounted the steps—too dark for him to notice the queer iron railings and newel-posts red with rust, and the front door that hadn't had a coat of paint on it for years, nor the knob and knocker that were black with the weather. At his first ring no one answered; at the third, a woman with a basket opened the door. She was on her way out; that's why she opened it.

"'Yes, Mr. Peaslee and his folks lives on the top floor. He's our landlord: walk right up. This door ain't locked till twelve o'clock, so ye can just shut it to behind ye. We have the first floor and another family had the second, but they're moved out.'

"On the way upstairs, in the dim light of the single gas-jet, Sam made out the slender banisters and on each landing the solid mahogany doors that opened into the several rooms, showing him that it had once been a house of some pretensions.

"He knocked gently; there was a hurried scuffle inside, as if some one wanted to escape being seen, and Tim thrust out his head. He had on an old calico dressing-gown and was in his slippers, his glasses pushed back on his forehead.

"Sam told me he never had such a shock in his life as when he saw Tim. He had to look into his face twice and wait until he spoke before he was sure it was he. He had left his chum a springy, enthusiastic young fellow of twenty-five, full of go and life, and he found him a dried-up, wizened, bald-pated old fellow near fifty, who looked a hundred. While he had been climbing mountains, sleeping in the open air, working with a pick or rounding up cattle, poor old Tim had been driving a quill behind a desk; getting dryer and dryer, like an old gourd hung in an attic—all the hope shrunk out of him—all his joyousness gone.

"'Who wants me?'

"'Don't you know me, Tim? I'm Collins—Sam Collins,' and he caught hold of his limp hand.

"'Collins?' muttered Tim, drawing back. 'I don't know but one'—here the light in the hall fell on Sam's face. 'Not Sam, are you?' He knew him now. 'Come inside!' And he dragged him past the door, his shriveled hand on the miner's collar. 'Ann! Here's Sam—old Sam Collins! Where have you been, you old rascal, all these years? My sister—you remember her, of course—we've been living here. Oh, Sam! but I'm glad to see you! What a great girth you've got on you, and so big in the shoulders! And what a queer hat! How did you find me? Oh, you rascal!'

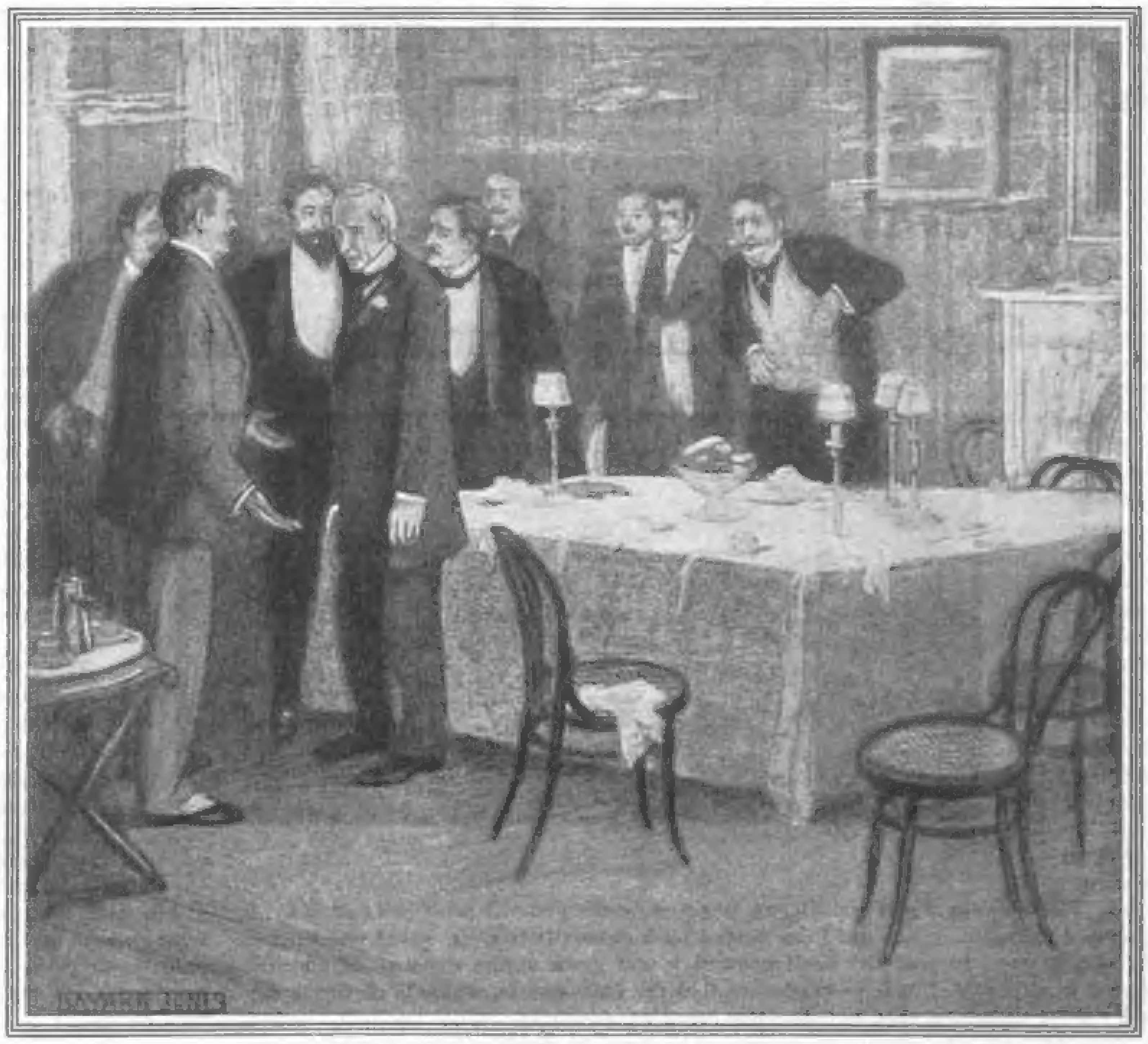
"This running fire of exclamations and questions was kept up until Sam had found a seat next the old sister, who was thinner even than Tim, and with a look in her eyes of a hungry child peering into a cakeshop. All this time Tim was holding on to Sam's big shoulders as if afraid he would escape.

"When Sam's gaze was free to wander about the room, he found it choke-full of old furniture of the oldest and most dilapidated kind: a mahogany sideboard with the knobs gone; sofas with the haircloth seats in holes—all good in their day, but all wanting the upholsterer and the cabinet-maker. Not a dollar had been spent upon them for years. The life interest—Sam found out afterward—went with the furniture as well as the house.

"One thing struck Sam more than anything else, and that was Tim's tenderness over Miss Ann. When she coughed—and she coughed most of the time—Tim would start as if it hurt him. Once he went into the next room and brought her a shawl, and just before Sam left Tim poured out a spoonful of medicine for her and made her take it right before Sam, adding:

"'It's only Sam—he's got a heart as big as an ox, and will understand—won't you, Sam?'

"Next day Collins started in to raise the money for his mining. Tim introduced him to the cashier and the president of the Exeter, and they both looked Sam over and



"'I HAVEN'T GOT THE OPAL, SAM; INDEED I HAVEN'T!'"

took in his wide sombrero and queer clothes, and examined his samples—one was a beauty, which Tiffany offered him a big sum for—and then they wrote him a letter—that is, the president did—on the bank's paper, saying that they appreciated greatly the opportunity, etc., etc., but the charter of the bank prevented, etc., and they had no money of their own, etc., etc.—same old kind of a lying letter these men write when they can't get one hundred per cent. on an investment.

"Tim nearly fell off his stool with disappointment when Sam read him the letter, but Sam never turned a hair. If the old fossils in the Exeter didn't have the money somebody else would, and, sure enough, a dry-goods man and a retired physician turned up, and the two roped in a young millionaire, a fellow by the name of Moulton, who thought he knew it all, and *did*. The money was raised, and Sam got ready to go back to Mexico and start the mine on an enlarged scale. All this time he had been looking up his old school-friends, and the night before he started he got them all together, including the new subscribers, the young millionaire among them, and Sam, at the millionaire's suggestion, called on old Solari down in University Place and Eleventh Street, and arranged for a farewell dinner. Tim was to sit on his right hand and the retired physician on his left, and Sam was to make a proposition to his guests, half of whom were directors in the new company, the nature of which he kept secret even from Tim.

"The old bookkeeper begged off and vowed he couldn't go—hadn't been to a dinner for years—Sister Ann wasn't well and needed him, and besides, on that very night he would be up late at his home making up the month's returns—all the excuses a man hunts up when he is hiding the real reason that keeps him away. But Sam understood Tim.

"'I forgot to tell you, Tim,' he came back to say, 'that you mustn't put on your black evening clothes (Tim hadn't any, as Sam knew). I'm going in my rough togs, so as to let everybody see me as I am every day, and the others will dress the same, and I want you to oblige me by not wearing yours. It will help me in my deal.'

"So Tim went, the only addition to his toilet being a new black tie which Miss Ann had made for him.

"The dinner was upstairs on the third floor in Solari's back room—you all know it—same room Lonnegan had last year for that supper he gave us. Sam had told Solari to spare no expense and to keep setting things up as long as anybody wanted them, and Solari carried out Collins' orders to the last item—way down to chartreuse and Reina Victorias. There were oysters on the half-shell, and crab soup, and an entrée of mushrooms, and a fillet with trimmings, and plump little quail on dry toast, salads, desserts and so on.

"Tim, to the delight of everybody, and especially Sam, thawed out under the influence of the first bottle, and sang a comic song he had not sung since he and Sam had parted, and took every dish in its turn—he was twice helped to quail—and was so happy that Sam could hardly wait for the time to come when the secret he had up his sleeve was to be slipped out and exploded.

"When the coffee was served Sam got up on his feet, and in welcoming his guests took out the opal that Tiffany wanted to buy, and, saying how confident he was that before the year was out he would be able to ship to them many more of even greater value and brilliancy, passed it to Tim to hand around the table, some of his old friends never having seen it.

"Tim reached across the young millionaire and gave it to a man next him, and after everybody had said how beautiful it was, and how they each wanted one just like it, it was handed back to Tim, who laid it on the table beside his plate. There was no mistake about this part of the story, for the millionaire called the retired physician's attention to it, remarking that as it lay on the white cloth by Tim's hand it looked like a drop of frozen absinthe—which wasn't bad for a millionaire.

(*Continued on Page 17*)

# AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

## Mr. Rabbit and His Big Boo-hoo—By Joel Chandler Harris

You kin hear it a-risin' all day long,
  Like it's flung fum wing ter wing—
'Way off in de woods you kin hear de song
  What de lonesome workers sing:

*Oh, honey, will you foller? Will you rise up an' foller?*
  *Will you foller along atter me?*
*De way will be long over hill an' thoo holler,*
  *An' de night so dark you can't see—*
*Will you rise up an' foller? Will you foller along atter me?*

De Pa'tridge whistle, "Come along! come along!"
  De Killdee cry in pain,
"My true love gone, she done gone along,
  An' I'm bleeze ter call an' complain."

De Whipperwill cry, "I'm a widder! I'm a widder!
  Kaze my true love done gone away!"
De Swaller, he twiddle his twiddle-iddle-idder,
  Wid "I ain't got long ter stay!"

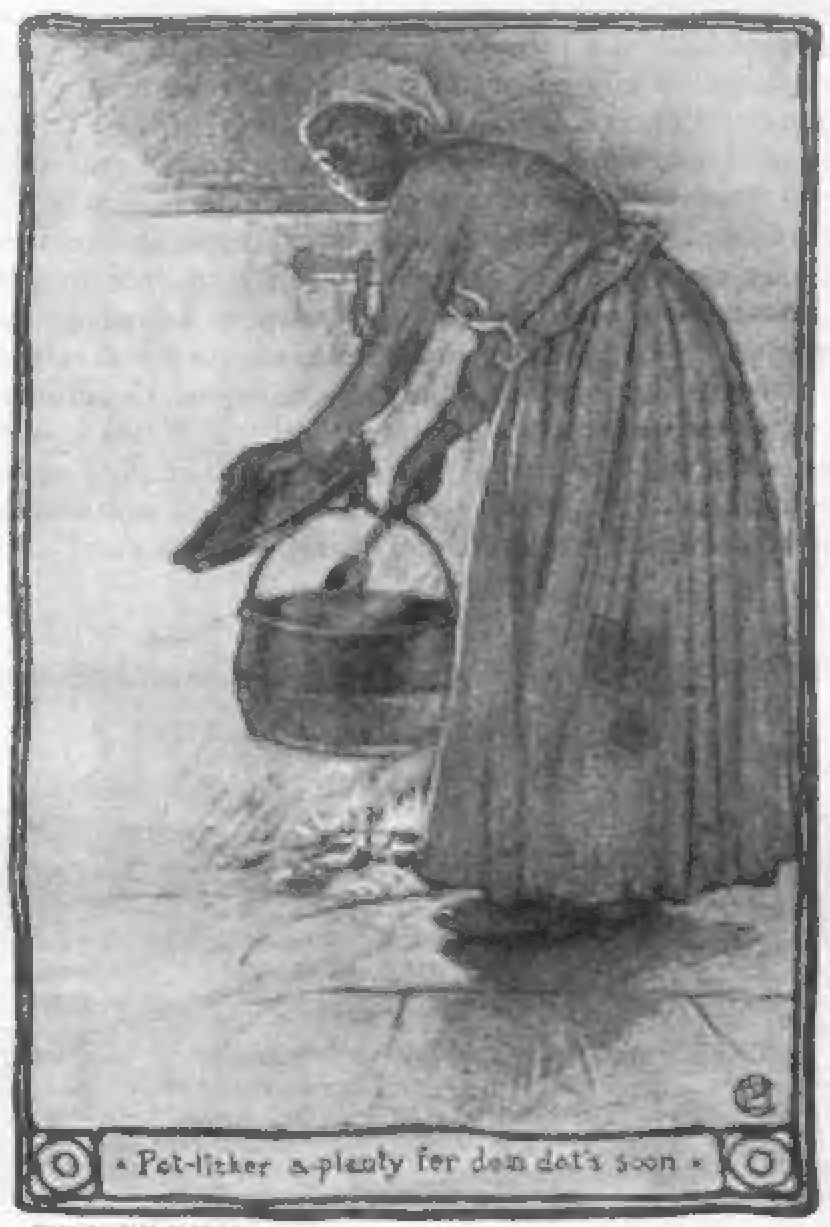
*Oh, honey, will you foller? Will you rise up an' foller?*
  *Will you foller along atter me?*
*De way will be long over hill an' thoo holler,*
  *An' de night so dark you can't see—*
*Will you rise up an' foller? Will you foller along atter me?*

Mr. Rabbit, he say, "Dis bangs my time!
  It beats all I ever is see!
I'll go off yander an' make me a rhyme,
  An' hang it on de willer tree!

"I'll run an' git my big boo-hoo,
  An' roll it down de hill,
An' show um all what grief kin do
  When it's been dried out in a kil'!"

*Oh, honey, will you foller? Will you rise up an' foller?*
  *Will you foller along atter me?*
*De way will be long over hill an' thoo holler,*
  *An' de night so dark you can't see—*
*Will you rise up an' foller? Will you foller along atter me?*

Miss Meadows come wavin' her turkey-tail fan,
  A-mincin' up de paf—
"Why, la! ol' frien', what you got in yo' han'?"
  "I'm a-givin' my boo-hoo a baf!"


• Pot-licker a-plenty fer dem dat's soon •

"Lawsy me!" se'she. "Oh, my!" sezee,
  "All de true lovers done run'd away—
De worl' is wide, de worl' is free,
  An' I ain't got long ter stay!"

*Oh, honey, will you foller? Will you rise up an' foller?*
  *Will you foller along atter me?*
*De way will be long like it is wid de Swaller,*
  *An' de night so dark you can't see—*
*Will you hark ter my holler? Will you foller along atter me?*

"Lawsy me!" se'she, "dey's des ez good fish—
  Dey's des ez good fish in de sea
Ez wuz y'ever tuck out!" "Well," sezee, "I wish
  Dat you'd ketch a good big un fer me!"

"Did you ever!" se'she, an' "I don't think you oughter
  Give way ter yo' grief dataway;
Time wuz when you mought er had my daughter,
  But she's ter be married ter-day!"

*Oh, honey, will you foller? Will you rise up an' foller?*
  *Will you foller along atter me?*
*When de stars 'gin ter flicker thoo de trees in de holler,*
  *An' de night so dark you can't see—*
*Will you rise up an' foller? Will you foller along atter me?*

"A gourd fer de spring, a bucket fer de well,"
  Sez ol' Mr. Rabbit, sezee,
"A song ter sing, a tale ter tell,
  An' a vine fer de big oak tree!

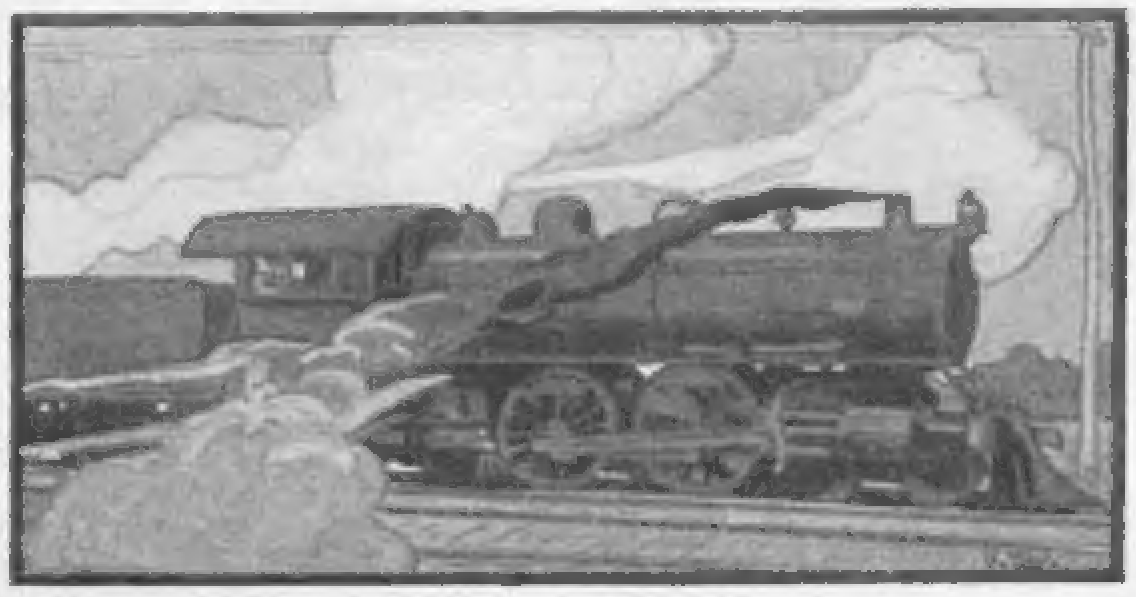
"A 'So-long, lady!' fer ol' Miss Moon,
  A howdy fer dem at de gate;
Pot-licker a-plenty fer dem dat's soon,
  An' a dram fer dem dat's late!"

*Honey, honey, will you foller? Will you rise up an' foller?*
  *Will you foller along atter me?*
*We'll skim, like de Swaller, thoo de long dark holler,*
  *When de win' is blowin' free—*
*Will you rise ter my holler? Will you foller along atter me?*

# Fair Railroad Regulation

## BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

## Government Control Vital



NO POWER other than the Government itself is equal to that of the industrial combinations which are always in close association and often identified in interest with railroad and transportation companies. Their tremendous political influence is shown by the mere recital of the history of the Interstate Commerce Act, and by an examination of the records of Congress for the last seven years. Which has had the stronger hold upon State and National legislation during the last twenty years, the corporations or the people? Whose interests have been the more safely guarded? Where is the power lodged which has for seven years been strong enough to bar National legislation designed to enlarge the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission? It is not necessary to charge venality anywhere, but that the public service corporations have been steadily undermining representative government in National, State and Municipal legislation, no thoughtful man can question. They come between the people and the chosen representatives of the people.

I would in nowise disparage either the rights or the interests of the railroad side of this legislation. The question is one of very great magnitude. The amount of property involved is very large. The owners of railroads, and the holders of railroad securities must be protected in all of their rights. They must not be wronged in any way. They are entitled to such remuneration as will enable them to maintain their roads in perfect condition, pay the best of wages to employees, meet all other expenses incident to operation, and in addition thereto enough more to make a reasonable profit upon every dollar invested in the business. To preserve all of these rights, they are entitled to the strongest protection which the law can afford.

### Placing the Blame Where it Belongs

BUT the public, each community and every individual, has rights equally precious. Upon the railway companies rendering an adequate and impartial service at reasonable rates all general prosperity is dependent. Deprived of these, every community is checked and limited in its growth; every business of whatever nature must languish and fail. The denial of an impartial service at reasonable rates is the denial of equal opportunity, the denial of a "square deal."

In the long struggle to secure some legislation, the friends of the measure have been content to ask little, and they have received nothing. But through all of the years of waiting and disappointment, of ruin to individuals and demoralization to the business of many communities, public sentiment has been gathering force. It is all-powerful when once aroused. Unless I mistake the temper of the American people, they will demand the full measure of their rights. They will not halt or stop or compromise until that demand is fully satisfied. The abuse of the rate-making power lies at the foundation of the transportation problem. Through this the traffic can be controlled and centralized at railway terminals, business consolidated, and combinations established. Remedial legislation therefore, to be effective, must strike at the root of the evil. It must place the rate-making power where it will be used fairly and justly to all concerned. The public has long permitted itself to be treated as though its interests were of small consideration. The miner, the manufacturer, the farmer, turn out the products which constitute the traffic of the country. They, and the consumers, are vitally interested in everything pertaining to the transportation of those products. The railroad corporation is chartered through the favor of the State to engage in the transportation business, nothing else. It was created, and given its special powers and privileges, to promote the general prosperity of all. It has not been vested with authority to decree that one shipper or city shall grow rich and great at the expense of another. It is preposterous that the corporation, which is merely a carrier, not the producer or consumer of the product carried, should be permitted to stand in such a relation to that product as to indicate that its interests are the sole interests to be considered. The carrier should not be permitted to say where the product shall be marketed. If it has authority to dictate rates it can make it impossible for the producer to choose his own market. It can so arrange its schedule of rates, it can so conduct its service, as to force produce, merchandise and manufactures to the market which it chooses to build up.

The making of the rate is a matter of deep concern to more than one party to a traffic transaction. True, the railway company has large interests involved, *but this very fact unfits it to be the sole judge in making rates.* Rates made by the railway company are made by a party prejudiced in its own interests and, therefore, certain to be unjust to the public. It is disqualified and should be barred. It is entitled to be heard; all of its interests must be fully and fairly weighed in regulating its services and fixing their value to the public. But its interests are not paramount to those of the public. The producer and consumer are likewise entitled to be heard as well as the railway company, and it is then the duty of the Government, standing between, to determine impartially the rights of the railway company and the rights of the public.

### Too Late for Half-way Measures

IN ALL of the hearings before Congressional committees, those opposed to enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission seem to believe that there is something sacred about a railway rate; that it would be a veritable sacrilege for any one outside of the railroad management to lay a hand upon a freight schedule. Any critical investigation of railway tariffs, and the advances made in rates from time to time, will convince the student that rate-making is more frequently controlled by the financial management than the traffic department of the road. But I am free to admit that rate-making requires technical, expert knowledge and experience. The railroads are able to secure the services of men fitted to make rates. Surely, this great Government, with all of its wealth and power, with all that it has involved in protecting the interests of the citizen, can employ equally competent men. And the people of this country, who annually pay to the railroad companies for transportation nearly three times as much as it costs to maintain government, are determined that the rates shall be made by some one who will make them fairly and justly.

The right of the Government to act has long been settled by the highest authority. The necessity for the Government to act on its own account is too plain for argument. The duty of the Government to act for the protection of the citizen in every town and hamlet of the country is everywhere manifest.

No half-way measures will serve. No law full of ambiguities, to be wrought out into court decisions, repeating the sickening experiences suffered with the interstate commerce law, will settle anything. The people of this country are not to be tricked or cajoled or baffled for another quarter of a century. They are coming to have a very clear understanding of their rights. They are manifesting an exercise of independent judgment in the matter of nominations and elections never before witnessed since the organization of political parties. They will not be trifled with. They will secure legislators, State and National, who will serve them.

The same obligation rests upon the Federal Government with respect to interstate commerce, and the State Government with respect to State commerce. They must act independently. Neither can afford to wait for the other. If one fails to meet the full measure of its duty to the citizens, that must not be made an excuse for the other.

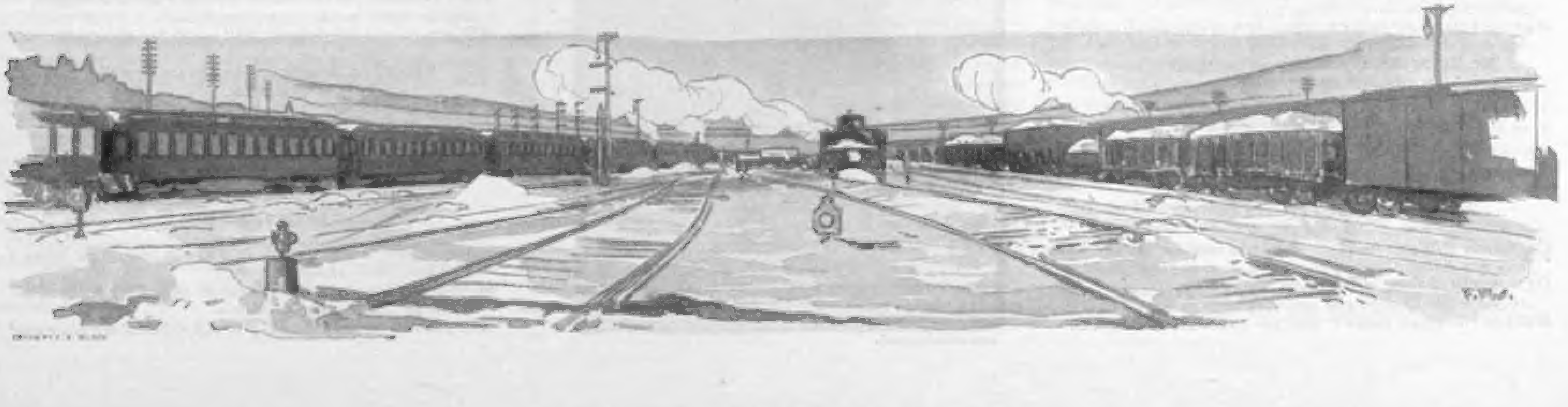
The Federal Government is great and powerful. It can secure the services of competent men. It can employ as many as may be required to protect the interests of the business and the people of the country. The present Commission, composed of able and experienced men, should be clothed with authority to supervise services and establish rates. If it is necessary to divide the country into districts and increase the Commission, placing each district under the control of a given number of competent commissioners, it should be done.

### How the Public Pays the Freight

THE Commission should have power to correct a rate or to establish a rate upon its own motion. Its order establishing a rate should at once carry the rate into effect, to continue until such time as the Commission shall otherwise order, or the court of appeal otherwise determine, if an appeal should be taken.

While it would afford some relief to large shippers, and to special lines of traffic between large commercial centres, to limit the action on the part of the Commission to cases where complaint is made, it would afford little or no relief at all to the great body of people of the country composing the small shippers and the consumers. They pay in the end the great proportion of all freights. The manufacturer advancing the freight charges it to the jobber; the jobber charges it over to the retail merchant, and the retail merchant passes it on to the consumer. Unless the manufacturer or jobber or merchant is interested in a reduction to secure an equality of rates with competitors, they have no interest in the freight charge whatever, and if rates are equitable as between them and their rivals in business, it is of little or no consequence to them that the rate is a high rate. It is from the shippers that we so often hear that the amount of the rate is not so important as the equality and stability of rates. Of course, the amount of the rate does not greatly concern the shipper.

It is of consequence to the consumer. The great body of the people of this country never pay a freight bill to a railway company direct. They are, nevertheless, the ones who pay the amounts which make up the enormous receipts of the railway companies. They pay the freight when they buy lumber



---

**Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles on Fair Railroad Regulation.**

and coal and other supplies. The steadily advancing freight charge is a matter of vital importance to them in the ever-increasing expense of living. It falls upon the consumers more heavily than any one else in the country. They are in no position, however, to file complaints with the Commission: first, because upon each article the overcharge stands by itself and is not sufficient in amount to warrant the expense necessary to enter upon such a contest, and, further, because the consumers have no knowledge of the amount of the overcharge. The lumber or coal or merchandise comes to them at a round cost price, and they have no information upon which to separate excessive freight charges from the total cost. As to them, then, no law which limits relief to cases of complaint only will be of any benefit whatever. If any one is to be protected, surely it should be those to whom the reduction would be a matter of some importance in the domestic economy which they must practice in all things. No legislation which leaves them out would be just. The consumer has waited long and patiently. The legislation which is to stand for any time must be broad enough in its terms to cover him as well as the shipper.

It is no answer to say that the undertaking is too great. No other duty which the Government owes to the people and this country is more important than that pertaining to a control of transportation, and if it were necessary for the Government to install Government officials in the traffic department of every important railway office in the United States, it should meet and discharge the responsibility.

It is time for determined, concerted effort on the part of all the people of this country. They can easily control if they will but move, and move all together. They have a brave, able and progressive friend in President Roosevelt. He has declared for them. He cannot be misled. He will not compromise. At the opening of this Congress he said in his message:

> The Government must, in an increasing degree, supervise and regulate the work of the railways in interstate commerce; and such increased supervision is the only alternative to an increase of the present evils on the one hand, or a still more radical policy on the other. In my judgment, the most important legislative act now needed as regards the regulation of corporations is this act to confer on the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to revise rates and regulations, the revised rates to at once go into effect and stay in effect unless, and until, the Court of Review reverses it.

No utterance made by a President in many years has called for higher courage or carried hope to as many struggling business interests in the smaller cities and towns of the country. Thoughtful men everywhere are strengthened for the great contest which is coming on.

### The Railroads Allies of the Trusts

IN CONCLUSION, then, let it be remembered that the plan developed and consummated in building up the anthracite coal trust, the grain trust and other trusts is indicative of the power of the railroads in combination. There is not an important trust in the United States which does not have the assistance of the railroads in destroying its competitors in business. The limitation and control of these public service corporations within their legitimate field as common carriers is of primary importance in the practical solution of the trust problem which confronts the people of this country. It is manifest that any trust legislation to be effective must go hand in hand with a control over railway rates by the Federal Government on interstate commerce, through an enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and a like control of railway rates on State commerce by each of the States through a State Commission. Added to this, the railroad companies must be prohibited from using the extraordinary powers conferred upon them by the State for any other purpose than conducting efficiently and impartially the transportation business for which they were organized.

When we consider the magnitude of the railroad question and the industrial question, and their combined influence upon industrial and political independence, it becomes apparent that it is impossible to overstate or exaggerate the dangers with which we are menaced. These great combinations of wealth, owning most of the natural products of the earth, controlling what they do not own, created and nourished by the railways and in combination with them, are already making their powerful influence felt in Municipal, State and National legislation. More than all other National questions with which we have to deal should this question be placed above party consideration. The sentiment of the American people is unanimous that it should be solved, not in any spirit of blind, irrational prejudice, but with an enlightened public policy that employs all the power lodged in State and Federal Government against the wrongful usurpation of the rights of the people.

# How Higgins Regenerated Hermon

## Showing that Country Folks Know When a Good Thing Comes Their Way

BY HOLMAN DAY

CALL of the soil, hankering for the simple life, pensioned by the trusts, or knowing that pedestals loom higher out in the country—I don't know exactly what the feeling is that's driving 'em in on us, but they are getting plentier every day—these rich prodigal sons who give up gathering the husks and come back to the old home to settle down—"husks" in this instance being the crispy sort that the bank cashier pushes under the wicket to you! Of course "prodigal" isn't just the name for this variety of son, but you get the idea. The same old story every time, to wit:

Barefooted boy in country town dreams of riches; has ambition and courage; borrows enough money of the village storekeeper, or 'Squire Somebody, to get to great city; finds a job in a store at three dollars a week; saves his money; gets rich—not by saving those three dollars weekly, you understand, but by thrift and industry and other things—maybe by following those "ten rules of success" printed in the plate matter of country weeklies every little while and ascribed to Russell Sage and Chauncey Depew; remembers old home town one day when his fingers are blistered counting money; gives it a town-hall or public fountain or library; comes back to dedication and sits on a platform with the selectmen and clergymen, his white "sideboards" fluffing with both pride and pleasure; hands over keys with neat speech, etc., etc. Town apparently overcome with gratitude, but ever after that the rural taxpayers driving into the village look up at the gift and snarl, "Huh! Nice thing *he* done—lo'ded a white el'funt on to this town to advertise himself and to h'ist our taxes on us and be a continual bill of expense."

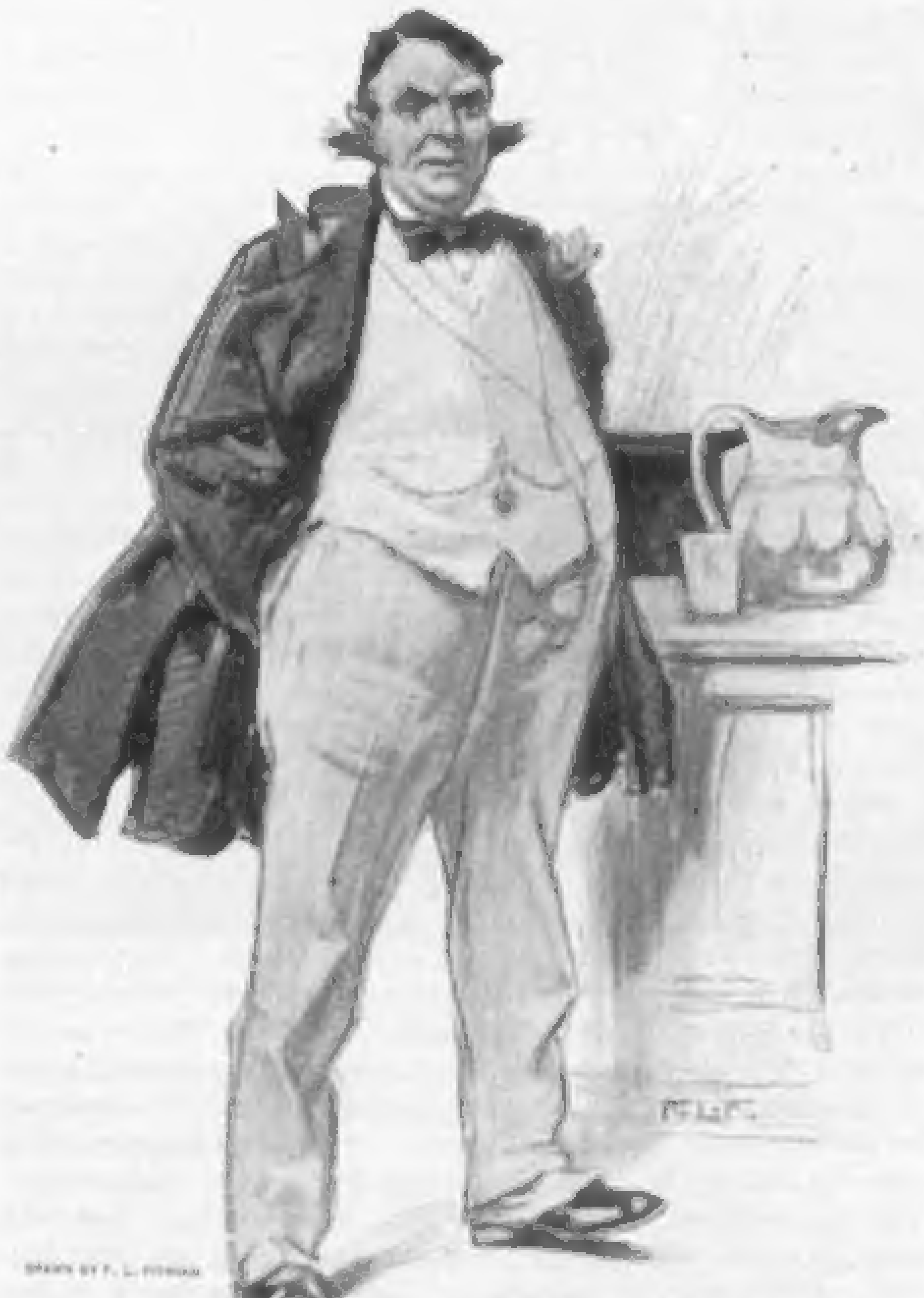
That's the story of J. Davenport Higgins, Esq., up to and including the gift of the Higgins Library Building to the town of Hermon—a nice little building of pink and gray granite, cater-cornered on a lot that the town donated.

Only J. Davenport Higgins went further.

Having found an excellent opportunity of unloading his wholesale clothing business and woolen factory on to the trust, he came home to Hermon and settled—the soreheads hinting that he wanted to be on the spot all the time to listen to the praises regarding "the munificent gift" to the town. He built a mansion on the farm where old man Higgins got humpbacked earning enough money for interest and doctors' bills.

Then he named the place Higginshaven, drove a span, always wore a white waistcoat, and had all the Congregational picnics and lantern-parties on his lawn. They named Hose Company Number Two after him, and he put up on the Higgins lot the tallest monument there was in the cemetery.

He had a coat-of-arms over his front door with an animal shown up there that looked like a quillpig, and something in Latin over it that the schoolmistress said meant: "Don't touch me." Some of our people took that as a kind of a slur on the citizens, as though he was hinting that we mustn't try to borrow money of him. I'm glad he didn't know what the folks were saying about that quillpig and the library building.



AND TOLD THEM HOW HE HAD RISEN FROM OBSCURITY

It's a good thing philanthropists never hear those things. There wouldn't be as much philanthropy.

"Coat-of-arms!" snorted old Atwood of the Ridge Road. "Two gray, round patches on a black background, corncob pipe in relief, and surrounded by one gallus, would come nearer than quillpigs to hitting off all the Higginses I ever see till Jim made his splurge."

But whatever folks said behind J. Davenport Higgins' back, they smiled sweetly to his face. You sort of have to use real money that way, you know.

He understood his part, I tell you. He did just as rich men do in the story-books—perhaps that's where he got the idea. He went to a dozen old folks in the place and handed out ten, or twenty, or fifty dollars, as the case might be, saying: "Aunt So-and-so," —or "Uncle Thus-and-so"—"when I was a little boy, running barefoot around here, I stole your apples, or your garden sauce, or your eggs"—or whatever 'twas—"and here's the sum and the interest." I remember that the local paper made quite an item out of that, without calling names, saying "our distinguished fellow-citizen" was too modest to permit his name to be used.

All the Higgins boys would steal faster than a mule can kick, and I guess he was telling more or less truth, but you can't inform us in Hermon that Jim Higgins cared a continental about restitution, just for the sake of squaring himself, for he handed out money to half a dozen folks that didn't live in town when he lived here. I reckon he was inviting some more bouquets. That library occasion had given him a taste that way.

Then he announced that he had come back to regenerate his dear old town, commercially—kind of an advance agent of prosperity.

He called a meeting of the traders in the village and gave us a talk on modern business and how it is done, and said Hermon needed the thrill of life along her keel and a Board of Trade, and then, of course, he was elected president of the board. Then he started the First National Bank of Hermon and was president of that, and about that time folks outside our town began to sit up and take notice and envy us. One has to own up that regenerators aren't half bad if well shaken before taken. We concluded to shake ours.

I want to state at this point that J. Davenport Higgins kept talking to us about the relief he felt in getting away from the business snares, and pitfalls, and selfish rivalry, and plots and rottenness of the big city—getting away from all the corruption and back into the freshness, and candor, and honesty and restfulness of the old home 'way down in Hermon. He really seemed to feel that he could leave a peck measure of those new, crackly ten-dollar Hermon bank bills on the doorstep of his house and find them there in the morning.

"That may be praise for those that like it," said Joe Webster, the druggist, "but it sounds as though he had us all sized up as toadstools who wouldn't know high finance from a hunk of gingerbread."

I'm not going back on my own town, and I'll put average rural honesty up against the best brand in the city, but I'm not going to stand up, as some people do, and assert that because a man lives near to Nature's heart this makes him two parts George Washington and John the Baptist and one part plain idiot.

The idea simply is that folks in the country know when good things come their way from the city—just as it is the other way about.

Now it was the most natural procedure in the world for some one to suggest to J. Davenport Higgins that our county would be proud to see him in the State Senate. We were entitled to one Senator from our little county.

As I remember the way 'twas put up to him by our delegation, it was thus:

"It has been hinted—and there are sad indications that it is too true—that our legislatures are growing more corrupt. We keep seeing poor men struggle for election, get behind the game and then sell themselves. What is needed, therefore, is for some of the rich men to offer themselves as sacrifices on the altar of public service. Of course, they shrink from office-holding, but, on the other hand, the State is crying out to them for help. Now such a man as the Honorable J. Davenport Higgins would be absolutely impervious to temptation. Of course, a State Senatorship is no great honor for such a man, but it should be understood that the usual course of promotion in the State is to put a really worthy man through two terms in the Senate, two terms in the executive council, and then make him into a Governor. Our county has never had a good piece of gubernatorial timber before this, and we look to you, sir, to win for it its rights," etc., etc.

He was a great talker, that chairman of our delegation.

And was J. Davenport Higgins willing to make the sacrifice demanded? Why, he purred like a tabby-cat rolling on a bed of catnip!

The fact was, you see, he had been wondering just how Hermon and the back districts had worried along without him as long as they had. Look up at your own library building every time you pass it on the way to your own national bank, there to sign ten-dollar notes and work for the commercial salvation of a town as president of the Board of Trade, and you might occasionally burst off a button yourself—who knows?

He owned up to us that he thought politics as well as business in these days called for broad and dignified activities—regeneration, in fact.

We humbly told him that the section was looking to him to regenerate it in politics as he had regenerated it in business, and his eyelids never quivered. We knew then that it was only a question of reeling slowly, keeping the line unsnarled and getting the net under.

He said that he had not the least idea of what constituted practical politics. As near as we could find out, the closest he had ever been to politics was to vote for President once in four years and read a book by Henry Cabot Lodge in the American Statesmen series. He told us that, of course, he couldn't resist any popular movement on his behalf, and if we reflected the sentiments of the public he would place himself in our hands.

"And naturally," said he, "as I am thus obliged to depend on you for the real work—the practical part—I am going to beg you to execute the details. If it were a matter of business I should say to agents: 'Here is so much money to do certain things.' I presume it can be managed in much the same way in politics?"

Some one gasped out that it could.

"Then," said he, "excuse me for a moment."

We were interviewing him in the directors' room of the bank. He came back in a short time with something in his hand that looked like a brick, but being reassured by that time we did not dodge. It was a package of money, ten-dollar bills, brand-new and just scissored off the sheets. They were Hermon First National Bank bills at that, and every one of them had "J. Davenport Higgins, Pres't," signed at the bottom. And he sat down at a new table, moistened his finger and thumb on a new ground-glass roller and began—crick-crack! crick-crack!—to count those new bills.

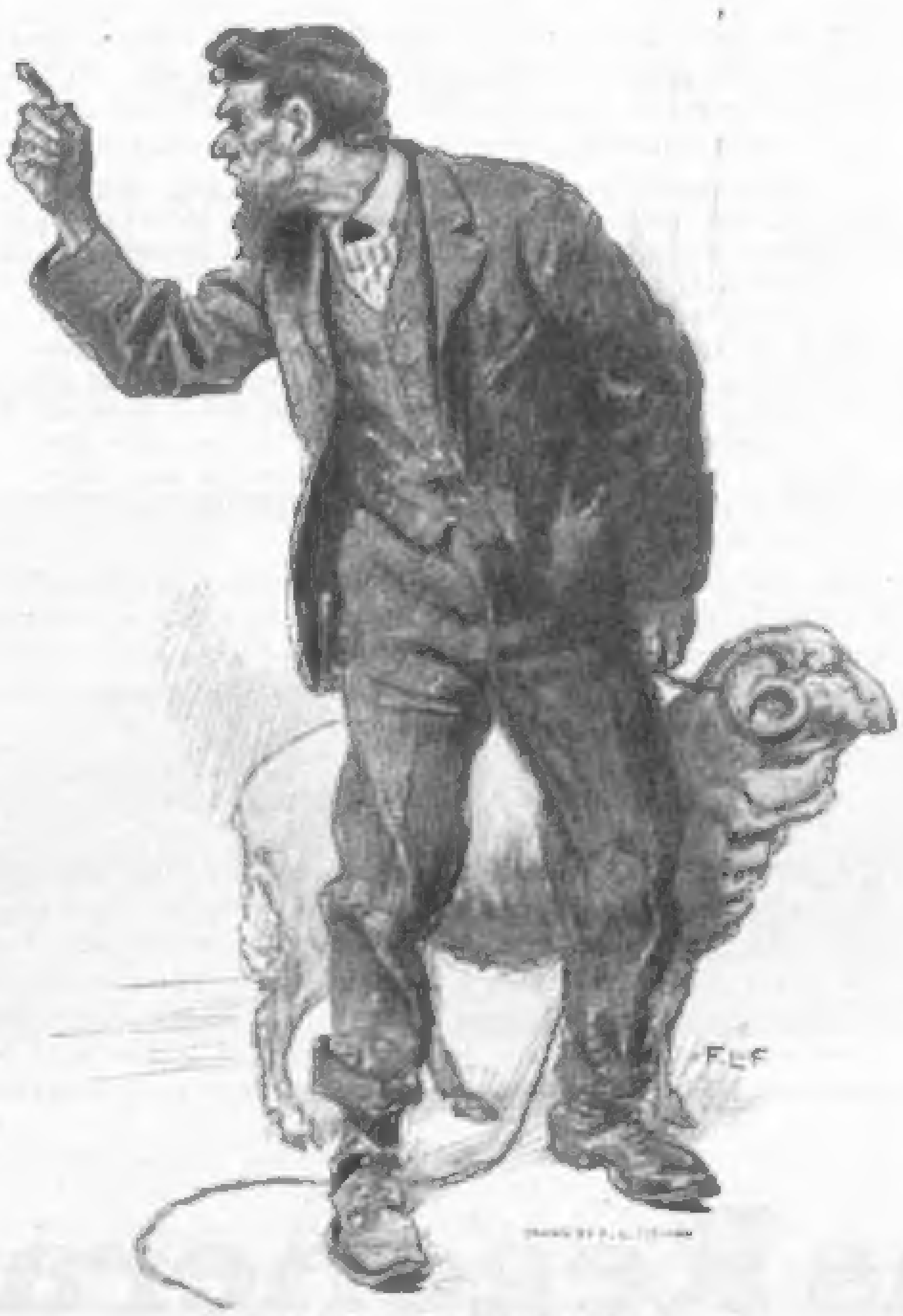
I don't know why—but it honestly didn't seem like taking real money away from him. Down that way we had always been used to seeing a man derrick up his old wallet from his inside pocket when he had a bill to pay, and act as though the tussle had sprained his arm. Then he'd fumble and pinch the ragged bills, rub 'em between thumb and finger and try to split a bill, and look surprised and sorry when he couldn't, and hand it over and sigh, and tuck his old wallet back with an air as though he were thinking, "How in the name of salvation will I ever get any more?"

But here was a man counting off money with his name signed to it, wetting his thumb and finger on a ground-glass roller—and I don't believe there was a man in our delegation who ever counted money enough at one time in his life to need even to lap his fist.

"But I suppose that most of the Governors of the State started away back in politics and served through the lower House, too," said Mr. Higgins pleasantly, laying another hundred crossways on the pile.

"A good many have," said Joe Webster, sloofing up the drool in the corner of his mouth. "But you being a man already so prominent, and being at the age where men usually get to the big things, we thought we'd like to see you Governor in four years at the outside."

I suspect that Mr. Higgins had planned to stop counting there, but now he set his teeth, cuffed the roller once more, and went on crick-cracking. Where I stood I could smell that new money—there was as much of it as that—and I tell you it beat attar of roses.



"WHO AM I?" HE BELLOWED

"There is $1000 to provide for preliminary details, gentlemen," he said at last. "Now you needn't bother about itemizing. It isn't my style to haggle. All I want is results—and—and this is to show you that I'm loyal to my party." He put the last snapper on in a hurry, for the other sounded as though he were buying something. He stood up and held out the brick. Joe Webster got there first, and then we all shook hands with the Prospective and filed out, following Joe.

The official headquarters of the "Hambone Club"—that's what our enemies called our county political organization—was in the back room of Webster's drug store behind the prescription desk. The whole twelve of us were present that afternoon—five of us had been in the delegation to launch the Prospective, and the others were waiting in the back room.

Joe started around the circle with a gummy graduating glass and a blue shelf-bottle marked "Sal. Acid," and then said he, "I consider J. Davenport Higgins nearer to being a practical politician than any other green man I ever saw."

"We'll have to take in old Howes, of course," observed Foster.

Howes was the "logical" candidate—that is, he had worked up from Smyrna fence-viewer to the place where the party "owed" him a nomination to the Senate.

"Some one has got to go and knock him down and stun him first of all—tell him that he's got to see this thousand and go it some better," Joe went on. "Then when he comes to, and is feebly beating the air and arriving at a realizing sense that he's a political corpse, toss him the county attorneyship. It will look so big compared with nothing that old Howes will feel himself taken care of all right. That makes thirteen of us."

We sighed a little. Joe kept on:

"We'll put up—let's see—well, Jed Welch, here, in the county convention to run against the Provider for the nomination—to keep out any really dangerous candidate and to show Provider that he actually needed us. Unanimous nominations are never impressive—and the Prospective ties a hard knot in his wallet-string and says, 'Wake me up to take the oath of office.' The Democrats are going to run old Seth Brickett, as a Granger candidate against a lawyer, reckoning on us to put up Howes. We'll bust Grange influence by having the State Master call the county Granges into line for dabbling in politics—you can scare 'em that way once in every ten years, and the ten years are just up. Now what I want to suggest is"—he laid the brick on his knee—"that with this thing as well settled as it is, we'd better keep J. Davenport Higgins out of the annoyance of practical politics. He needs to be instructed that as a prospective Governor he should not get into the fight and make enemies. Dignity is his play. If it's put up to him right we can keep him on his perch—preserve him from the rabble. Thirteen are as good as a thousand in this—and the few know where they are all the time."

We understood the point exactly, and then the gummy graduating glass went round once more and we settled the details. We just naturally couldn't do anything else than make it a close corporation. You know those kaleidoscopes that you've seen laid out on parlor centre-tables in the country so that when visitors get tired of the photograph album and chromo cards they can amuse themselves with joggling around the junks of glass? Only a few junks, but a new and pretty view for every joggle! You don't have any idea how many combinations there are in thirteen good men until you try. And every one of our combinations looked well when we held the end of the kaleidoscope to the Provider's eye.

For instance, there were—each properly represented by its organizer—the Young Men's American League, the Protectionists' Club, the Stalwart Marching Club, the Scions of Liberty Drum Corps, the Athletic and Debating Society, the J. Davenport Higgins Guards, the Senator's Torchlight Company, etc., etc., each good for a touch without argument. One never wants arguments with a Prospective and a Provider. Of course the finances of all these were outside the "general fund."

You will easily understand that it was no easy job to keep all these organizations distinct in our own minds, and to arrange for reports of meetings and make out resolutions and get the same printed in State dailies outside the county. It is perhaps needless to state that the Hermon Palladium (weekly) was the official organ of the Hambone Club. Our easiest duties were to make out bills for music, and printing, and literature, and lights, and hall rent, and equipment, and carfare and incidentals.

At the end of the first month the Prospective wasn't in the least hinting at details of expenditure, much less insisting on them, but we noticed that he went out into the cashier's room with a little springier step when the documents were laid before him. I suppose he had some prejudices in favor of itemized accounts left over from his commercial days.

I remember that we made considerable capital out of ice cream in that campaign. We told him that there was nothing that seemed to hit the masses like ice cream plentifully distributed. We explained that whenever we hired a hall or a lawn and fed the proletariat on ice cream the reaction was always a warm glow in his favor. All reports of ice cream festivals were laid before him with the explanation that his name was repressed tactfully, but that his generous action was understood, even though, for the sake of deceiving the opposition, credit was ascribed to the churches.

He agreed with us that dignity was the keynote of the campaign, and we had no difficulty in keeping him from the contact of the masses. We told him what intense interest there was. Well, there was! The Hambone Club had three tables going every evening after closing-time in Webster's store—twenty-five-cent limit. And talk about excitement! One night there were three full houses out against each other, and on another occasion I saw four queens against four jacks, and the new ten-dollar bills of the campaign fund blew about like maple leaves in the line gale.

On the other hand, J. Davenport Higgins wasn't lonely in his dignity. We kept him well supplied with good reading in the shape of reports and resolutions and that sort of truck. Every club on the list toed the scratch with something fine in the resolution line.

But the deuce of it was those ice-cream enthusiasm reports put our man to the bad. He had to reach out farther and farther to scratch his head, you understand. We ought to have realized that we couldn't feed him so high and keep him quiet in the box-stall. Why, what did he give that library for? Why was he living down there in the country except to sit on a pedestal? He got hold of an account of President Roosevelt's swing around the circle, and he insisted on taking the stump. There was no knocking the notion out of him. He just had a natural hankering for plaudits. He had a new plug hat and a fresh white waistcoat and a Daniel Webster necktie, and he was bound to get out before the voters of the county and have his ears tickled. He really got to thrashing around bad. We had to do it. We selected a safe bodyguard to keep the masses at a proper distance, and started him out. It was either give him this run to halter or he'd kick the stall down. We knew it. We picked the lesser evil. But I'll never forget the sorrowful way Joe Webster took that disappointment of finding out that the Provider wasn't a practical politician.

The first place where we put him before the public was at Troy Corner, at the schoolhouse. He flapped his hands under his coat-tails, rocked on his heels, and told them how he had risen from obscurity.

There were about thirty in the audience, including women and children, and when he sat down he whispered to Joe Webster that he thought there wasn't enough enthusiasm. He wondered that the Troy Young Men's Invincible Club wasn't there with the Higgins Cornet Band. As a matter of fact, he *was*, but the Provider couldn't see all those various activities combined in Peter Warner, the Troy member of the Hambone Club.

But there was enthusiasm in a few minutes after J. Davenport Higgins sat down. Opposition candidate Seth Brickett appeared at the schoolhouse door and walked up the aisle, leading an old buck sheep.

"Ladies and gentlemen and opposition," said he, "it's a poor cause that can't meet argument and proof, man to man and word to word. If I am shut off here at this time I shall inform the people of this county that the Honorable J. Davenport Higgins don't dare to meet me in the open forum, man to man, to discuss the political issues of the campaign. Do I understand that he doesn't dare to meet me?"

Well, the crowd just up and insisted that Seth have his innings. No help for it. Our county is peculiar about seeing fair play, as the folks call it.

The Provider couldn't afford to duck, and we whispered as much to him.

Old Seth has the camp-meeting "got-the-power" notion of speaking. He begins first crack out of the box to saw the air and howl in singsong style, and he doesn't have to talk even ordinary common-sense to get every-day people all in a to-do.

"Who am I?" he bellowed. "I am one of you—one of the common people ground down under the iron heel! Who is my opponent? He is one of those set upon our necks by the favoritism of a corrupt government." He shook his finger at Higgins, who clawed his "sideboards" and couldn't think what old Seth was coming at. The buck sheep wiggled his nose and remarked:

"Eh-eh-eh-eh!"

"Oh, if only this poor, dumb critter could speak his thoughts!" roared Brickett. "Oh, that he had the gift of tongues to tell that plutocrat there the truth! I want every man in this audience to feel of the corners of his vest—right here!" He grabbed the bottom of his waistcoat in front. You know, there's always a little bunch that works down into the corner of a ready-made vest—a bunch of fuzz. Every man followed Brickett's movement and felt the bunch.

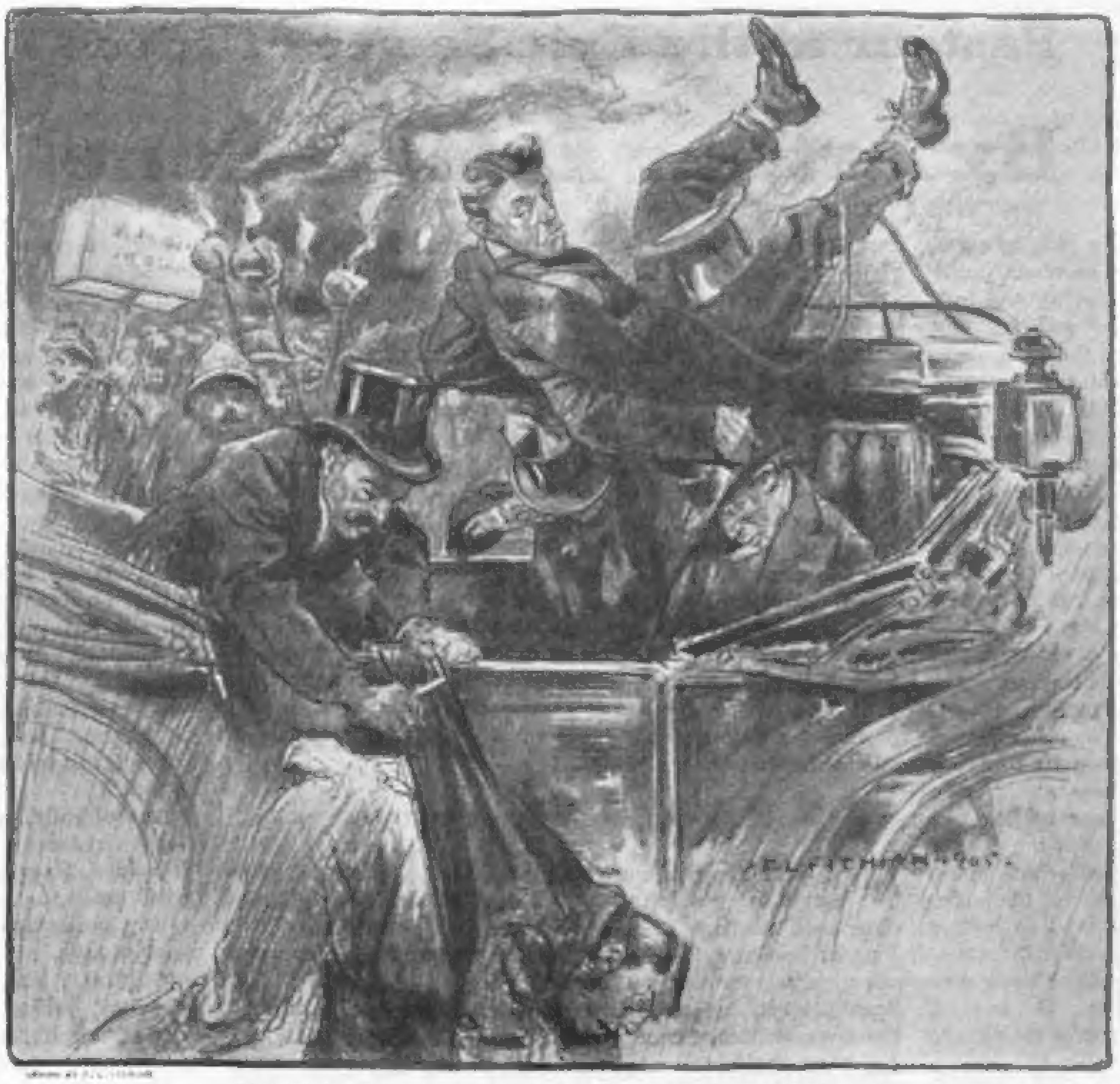
"You can all feel it, hey?" went on the orator. "Do you know what it is? That is shoddy—the shoddy that's put into clothes by men such as that man a-sittin' there on that platform asking for your votes. How did he make himself a plutocrat? Why, by working shoddy into the clothes that he has sold to an unsuspecting public. It is his party that has put the stealin' tariff on to wool. What chance has the American sheep got? The American sheep is ashamed to look honest folks in the eye. The American sheep is grieving himself into the grave of buried hopes. And yet this man and his band of bloated plutocrats are hollerin' 'Protect the American sheep!' Look at this old buck." He yanked the dozing animal's head. "Look at him! I know of seventeen Republican voters in one school district that this one old sheep has held in line at the ballot-box every year for ten years because the plutocrats kept saying, 'Protect the American sheep!' And this sheep is ashamed of the part he has played. The American sheep is throwing off his shackles. He is saying: 'I won't continue to be a stool-pigeon for shoddy.' Are you voters goin' to be American sheep and lay down and be sheared year after year, and blat 'Aye' every time the shoddy plutocrats ask you for your votes? No! Arise! Foller the men that can lead you into the green pastures of political freedom and beside the still waters of independent, self-respectin' manhood!"

And at the end of every sentence, every time old Seth thudded down his hairy fist and stamped his big foot, the crowd hollered like Comanches. He talked an hour, and the people got lanterns and torches and gave him a triumphal procession around the village square.

"I can't reply to any such ranting as that," mourned J. Davenport Higgins as the delegation of the Hambone Club was escorting him to the tavern. "There isn't any head, tail nor sense to it."

"It would be lowering your dignity to reply," advised Joe Webster, "and it's your dignity that has counted big in this campaign so far. That is only popocratic talk, anyway, that Seth is making. Now the best thing for you to do, sir, is go right back to Hermon and maintain your dignity and let him shoot off his mouth. You see, if you aren't in sight, as you were to-night, for old Seth to point his finger at and howl at, he'll miss the most of his point. It's just as you say: you can't answer such nonsense, and the crowd don't stop to reason why you don't reply, and so there you are—on the surface of things backed down by an old whoopteedoodler and a buck sheep."

"I won't be hooted out of a campaign in any such fashion," stormed the Provider. "Get together all my clubs—the whole fifteen or twenty—or whatever the number is. Get out my bands. We must have enthusiasm. We'll bury him under an avalanche of it. I want all my organizations assembled at Etna Centre to-morrow evening, and I will pay the bills. Don't bother me with the details, but have them there. I will attend to the rest." And he patted his breast pocket.



FOR MY PART I THINK IT WAS GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND

Webster had the blue shelf-bottle in his valise, and after the Provider went to bed we met in Webster's room.

"Why in darnation won't Higgins go home and stay there?" growled Davis. "Old Seth couldn't spin a thread—shoddy or wool, either—if the Provider wasn't bound to stick himself out in public as a spindle."

"It begins to look as though we really *would* have to get a band or something to smooth him down," said Webster gloomily.

"But it's only throwing good money away," broke in Walton. "The crowds will holler 'Hooray sheep!' and chase old Brickett around more or less, but the machine can lick everybody into line on election day. A few hundred from the Provider for teams and we'll lug the county into camp by a clean 1500. That's the trouble in doing business with a man like Higgins. He doesn't have any idea of practical politics and thinks that votes are clinched at this time of year by a jig tune or a torchlight parade—a buck sheep and Brickett's blatting."

"I'm afraid we talked clubs to him too hard," suggested Foster. "Perhaps it would have been better to ring in only the debating societies on him during the preliminaries and make the big touch for election day. We have acted as though we thought he was going to take his national bank under his arm and emigrate. I don't like the jump-and-grab spirit that has been shown by the club."

But it was no use to whine then. The situation was confronting us. We had to meet it.

I will mention that we made a gallant fight for the next week—the Hambone Club against the Honorable J. Davenport Higgins. He was reaching for the moon—that moon of enthusiasm—and we tried to make him believe that he didn't want it. I had never before realized that we were so resourceful.

We tried to tucker him, but we couldn't do it. He was too much stirred up. We could hardly blame him, for no matter in what part of the county we made a one-night stand, up bobbed old Seth, tugging along that old buck—not the same buck, for we had poisoned two on him. He always broke in on the meeting at what you might call the psychological moment—and he broke it up. He always caught the crowd. He took 'em away with him. It wasn't a question of votes—it was only a matter of fun, but that impractical politician, the Provider, couldn't understand it.

Of course, there was only one end to the thing, with the Provider to deal with—we had to let him spend money for foolishness. Yet we were never so avaricious before. You may think it queer that having so much we should be unwilling to devote a little to the cause in general. But it isn't human nature to do so. Look at the trusts! They want the earth. The minute that the Hermon Hambone Trust was organized just the same fever attacked us.

"It's no use! We've got to buy his rattle for him," admitted Webster at the end of the week. "I'm afraid he'll begin to take notice pretty soon if we don't produce some of that enthusiasm. I have figured that we can have the hog-wrassle at Corinna. It isn't quite so far off the map as I'd like, but the streets are good and crooked."

He saw that we didn't exactly grasp the idea.

"Why, he won't be able to see very far behind or ahead so as to size up the parade," explained Joe. "A dozen torches near enough to singe his whiskers when he gets off the train! Hustle him into Pratt's old barouche—torches front, side and rear; daze him with a speech of welcome from 'Squire Ben Leavitt; let the Corinna band play their two tunes—with the Palmyra drum corps going it all the time to tone down the band music into a tincture, for a full dose would be fatal. Get him to make a speech on the steps of the town-hall where he can see only straight ahead, and then have a barge ready to haul us down to South Livermore that same night. It all depends on keeping him busy from start to finish. Just one razoo and a good one! I'm depending on it to bust the tour. He'll have to go home and recuperate."

Well, it was desperate, but it was about the only thing we could do at short notice. You can't say "Presto!" and have twenty uniformed clubs appear from the ground. You can't incant brass bands, except on an expense account.

I'll own that I had prickings of conscience at that stage, and so did the rest. But we'd got so far along that we couldn't pull back. We were not bunco men of the city kind that never give anything for value received. We were only thrifty, rural politicians who could deliver the goods at election time, and we had never seen a chance before to sweat a plutocrat properly and fit him for the political race-course. When we wanted to harden our hearts we had to get together and talk about the ink drying at the bottom of those tens.

The proper Hambone delegation went down to Corinna on the regular train with the Provider. Joe Webster had gone ahead to hire the band and torch-bearers and get the only four men in town who owned plug hats to serve as a reception committee.

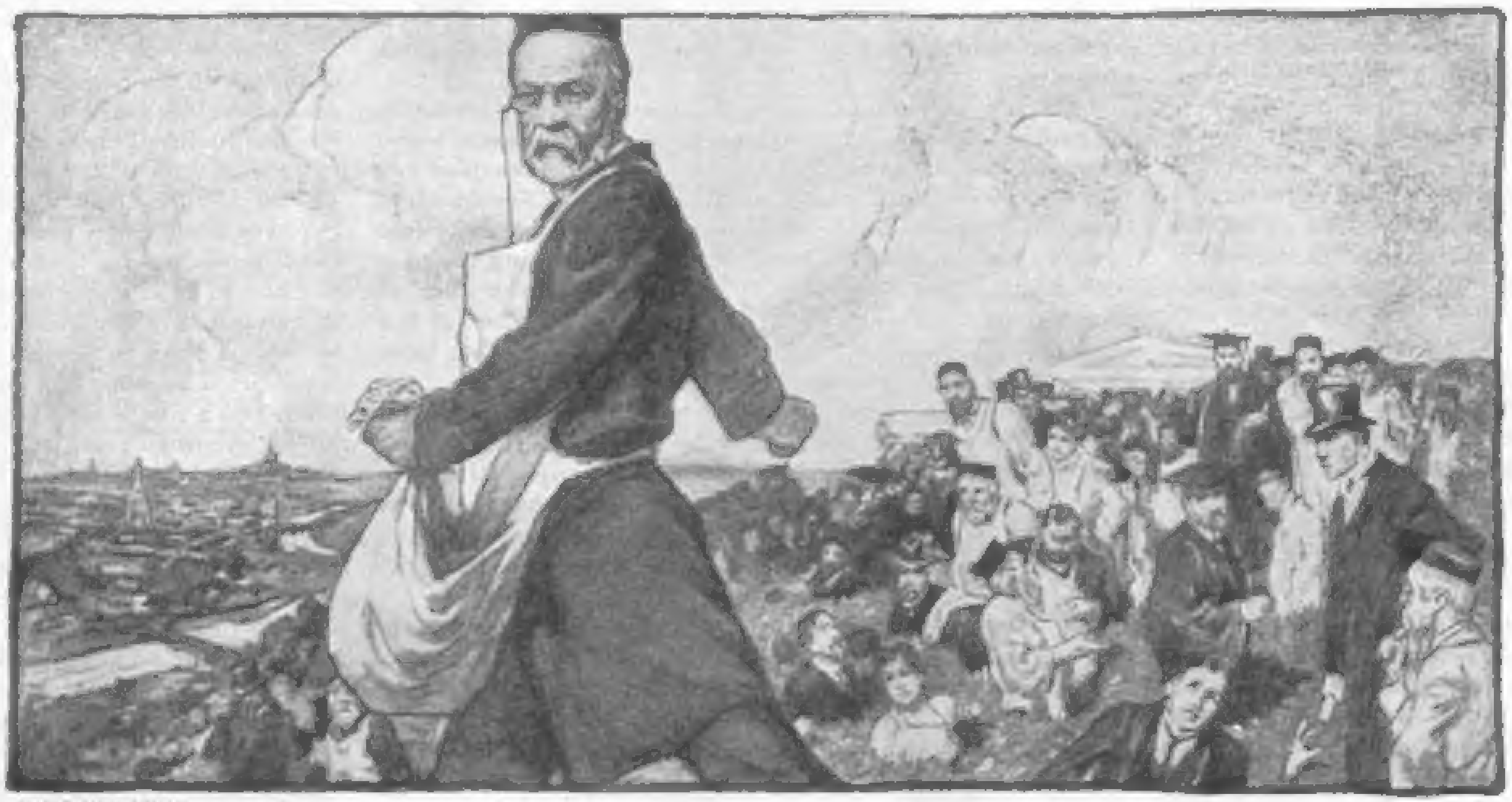
When our train pulled up beside the platform Joe had done better than he promised us. There were more than twenty torches, and a dozen sticks of red fire were set off all at once when the Provider appeared at the car door. The band was in double line on the platform and played Hail to the Chief like an insurrection in a boiler-shop, and when we trotted the candidate down the centre toward the rickety old halved squash that Lem Pratt called his "bayroosh," we had to hold him down by the arms to keep him from being blown away by the "oom-pah, oomps."

One of the plug-hatters made a speech that no one could hear on account of the drum corps, and one of the torch-bearers, obeying instructions too well, crowded up and gave the Provider's stovepipe a close singe. Then we pushed him into the barouche and slammed the door so quickly that his coat-tail was pinched, but nobody could open the door except old Pratt, and he was almighty busy on the box just then. The band had struck up its other tune—Massa's in de Col', Col' Ground—and the bass horn was right under the nose of the nigh horse, and though that nigh horse was ordinarily grave and self-repressed, he couldn't stand the Corinna brass band at short range. He stood up to get away from the end of the horn, and the off horse sat down, and the rotten reins broke, and Pratt tumbled backward off his high seat, bonneting the two men on the front seat in their own plug hats.

J. Davenport Higgins, being on the back seat of the squash, saw trouble coming. And just that minute the horses were starting in to disperse the band and quell the riot. So he made one mighty leap over the side of the barouche. His coat-tails were not made of the materials derided by old Brickett. They held fast in the crack of the door. The distinguished gentleman was doubled in the middle, and his fingers and toes just grazed the ground. Nobody ever opened a hack door in a hurry. It was only by hit and chance that Lem Pratt ever got his barouche door open when everything was calm. Lem hadn't got unsnarled as yet, and so the plug-hatter who had been left unsnufled yanked out a big toad-stabber jack-knife and cut off the coat-tails with one tremendous swipe. It wouldn't have done to let the Provider

(Continued on Page 15)

# MEDICAL MIRACLES



## Pasteur as the Epic Sower of Ideas

## By Arthur E. McFarlane

MODERN literature needs a new image. We have always had that of the mythological dragon's teeth which, being sown, came up armed men. We have no image of that sowing of ideas by one true scientist which has its inestimable harvest of men of science in the generation to follow.

In Louis Pasteur we have an epic sower. He had the full arm-sweep of genius, and, with the fine freedom of heedless Nature herself, he sent the seed far over the boundaries of his home land. It fell in London, in Vienna, in New York, in St. Petersburg; some of it even found a growing-place in Berlin, within the shadow of a school which was the one admirable thing upon this earth that "the master" could never bring himself to love. And there, as elsewhere, sprang up typical Pasteurians. Throughout the whole chronicle of the conquest of disease we shall see the multiplication of the species; it will be particularly notable in the story of the battle with diphtheria.

The microbe of diphtheria was discovered in 1883 by a certain Teuton, Doctor Klebs. He found it in numbers under the peculiar "false membranes" which so swiftly and horribly choke up the throat of the small "croup" patient. But along with this microbe, as is almost always the case, there were many others; and he could not be absolutely sure that he had fastened upon the one really responsible.

Pasteur had recently shown how this might be tested, however; and the following year a second German, Löffler, brought the "bacillus of Klebs" to a trial. By clever technical work he succeeded in isolating it from all surrounding varieties of microbes. He cultivated it, and with his cultures he inoculated pigeons, rabbits and guinea-pigs. They took what was obviously a mild form of the disease. But to transmit his microbe culture to them he found it was not enough to place it in their throats; he had in every case slightly to scratch and abrade the mucous covering of the trachea.

Herein Löffler had at once doubly advanced medical knowledge of the disease. He had learned that it is not by chance that some form of sore throat, whether caused by measles, scarlatina, or merely an ordinary cold, almost invariably precedes diphtheria. And the sore throat was not, as had been generally believed, a kind of initial phase of the deadly malady itself; it brought about the condition which alone admitted the diphtheria microbes into the tissues of the body. In the case of many healthy children examined in houses infected by the disease, bacilli were found in their throats — plainly they had not been able as yet to make their way through the vascular membrane of the trachea. But beyond a doubt the most trifling cough will chafe the tender membrane enough to give them easy ingress.

In the second place, Löffler had found certain animals which would afford the opportunity for a thorough and unrestricted study of the disease. The pathologist works in a cruel medium; however warm-hearted he may be, he must be prepared to give a little pain to save a very great deal. He must experiment upon living flesh and blood if he is to make any real progress. And the lower animal suffers to save the man.

Yet, from the eleven years of experimenting which at length gave the world a diphtheria remedy, the dumb creature was at first to profit much more than the human being. Still another German Pasteurian, Von Behring, together with a Japanese, Kitasato, whom we shall hear of later, about this time began to try to derive some side-light upon diphtheria from the study of another malady, tetanus — or, more familiarly, lockjaw. This is a disease which is comparatively uncommon in the case of man, but frequent enough in cattle, swine, horses and the like. The spores of tetanus do not exist merely in old scythes and rusty nails; they may be taken plentifully from good rich mushroom spawn, or from any well-fertilized strawberry-bed; and especially do they abound in and around a barn-yard. Thus the smallest wound in a farm animal contains always most evil possibilities of infection. That the disease is not of more frequent occurrence is due to the fact that its microbe cannot live or multiply in the presence of oxygen.

Von Behring and Kitasato did not think of lockjaw altogether as a disease, but rather as a kind of organic poisoning, for it is neither contagious nor epidemic. They saw that its microbe, when introduced into the body, scarcely multiplies at all unless protected, as it were, by other microbes; and in no case did it attain to numbers sufficient to cause death in themselves. The two scientists inferred that it was the "toxin," the poisonous substance elaborated by the tetanus microbes, which was the mortal agent. Not unlike a dose of prussic acid or strychnine, it paralyzed the nerve centres and brought about that cessation of the action of the heart which in the end proved fatal. They took this "toxin," treated it chemically according to one of those famous hints dropped by Pasteur when at work upon chicken cholera, and produced a true anti-tetanus serum by which thousands of animals were soon profiting.

### The Mystery of the False Membranes

OF THAT there is more to be told later. For the present it is enough to say this new tetanus knowledge at once held the light to two brilliant young members of the Pasteur Institute, Roux and Yersin. For, since Löffler's discoveries, further elucidation of the problem of diphtheria had been blocked by one peculiarity in that disease. Although there was evidence enough that diphtheria affected the whole organism, its bacilli were never found anywhere but under those "false membranes" of the throat! Now, in 1888, Roux and Yersin immediately jumped to the conclusion that the Klebs bacillus was also an elaborator of toxin — that in diphtheria, no less than in tetanus, death was really caused by the poisonous material generated by the growth and death of the micro-organism.

And they soon furnished the proof of this. They had cultures of the diphtheria bacilli which had been standing for several months. They now filtered off their liquid products, and began to make experiments with this liquid. In some cases a single drop of it, when injected subcutaneously, was strong enough to kill a guinea-pig in twenty hours. Other animals, inoculated with less deadly doses, evinced all the phenomena of diphtheria infection. And these were experiments which were to lead to the establishment of another great medical principle: in the case of all microbian diseases, whether cholera or plague, gangrene or yellow fever, death may be said to be caused by poisons.

The diphtheria poison was shown to belong to the division of the alkaloids, to which belong, too, the poisons of serpents, of scorpions and bee-stings, that in the blood of eels, etc. It was also found that the virulence of the new poison could be modified by changes of temperature and by exposure to the air; and when injected into rats or mice neither the diphtheria bacillus nor the secreted toxin had any effect whatever.

In the latter data the French investigators believed they had clews, however broken, which would take them to the heart of the mystery. But once more the next advance was to come from across the Rhine. True, in France, Héricourt and Richet, acting on another of Pasteur's masterly intuitions, had for a long time been experimenting with blood drawn from animals which had recovered from certain diseases. But these experiments were essentially amateurish. Von Behring and Kitasato, still working with tetanus as a test-disease, now set their steps on the same path; and they followed it with the doggedness and the sureness of foot of old explorers. They, too, were seeking the lead of an underlying principle. In the end they found one which was the most important to medicine since the day when Pasteur himself discovered how to make an attenuated virus.

They took a guinea-pig and inoculated it with a dose of tetanus toxin small enough to permit of the animal's recovery. Then they followed this first injection, as Pasteur had done in the cure of hydrophobia, with a stronger injection; and this again with one more powerful still. In the end these successive inoculations so acted upon the blood of the guinea-pig that no living tetanus bacilli were any longer potent against it. The guinea-pig was immunized.

That was the first link. The second, joined to it in 1890, was epoch-making. Von Behring and Kitasato drew a small quantity of blood from the immunized animal; they heated and filtered it until it was free of all corpuscles and coagulable matter. It was now of a beautiful, winelike transparency. It was, in fact, that strange liquid, the wonder-worker of modern science, a serum. With this serum they inoculated other guinea-pigs. They, too, showed a positive though a transient ability to resist all tetanus infection!

Then the German and the Jap went back and performed another series of parallel experiments, this time in the case of diphtheria. And, in a general fashion, they met with the same results; for the "toxin" they had an "anti-toxic serum."

Immediately, at the Koch Institute for the study of infectious diseases, a dozen different Teutons — Ehrlich, Boer, Wernicke, Knorr, Kolle, Kossel, Wasserman — all excellent good heads, too, as they were afterward to prove — went jointly and severally to work to make these partial and transient results complete and permanent. But they were not equal to it. And diphtheria would probably have had that wretched, half-way halt to a cure which we have seen in the case of tuberculosis had not Paris once more taken its turn in this queer, fascinating game of scientific shuttlecock.

Doctor Roux had already taken up a train of investigation which must forever write down to his account by far the greatest share in the perfection of the anti-toxic serum of diphtheria. He had, indeed, been working along precisely the same lines as had Von Behring and Kitasato, although the earlier publication of the results of their labors of necessity led him at that point to end his own. He now went to work to make the discovery one that would be wholly effective and controllable.

He had recognized at once what the various scientists at Berlin had not recognized, that much must depend on the animal which furnished the serum. According to medical logic and justice, man himself should provide the vital fluid required to protect his own species. But man has never altogether seen his duty in these matters. Even those hapless individuals who cry out that they are no longer of any value in this world could hardly be turned from considerations of self-slaughter by the knowledge that they might be of very considerable value as a spawning-ground for microbes. Doctor Roux had seen that the amount of serum which could be taken with impunity from rabbits and guinea-pigs must be too small and too variable in its commingled strength to serve as the stable and absolute remedy required. The process, too, of rendering these rodents immune, and therefore serum-producing, was lengthy, delicate, and to the last degree

**Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. McFarlane on the wonderful achievements of modern medicine. The third will appear in an early number.**

uncertain. He turned his experimenting syringe upon the larger animals. He ascertained that in certain cases dogs furnished a very active serum; but again the process of rendering them immune was full of obstacles. Sheep were terribly susceptible to the toxin injections. Goats also were speedily reduced to a state of anæmia and emaciation. With cattle, too, the toxin was in the majority of cases more markedly a poison than an immunizing agent; when, however, cows, and also she-goats, did take the toxin successfully their milk no less than their blood serum was found to have indisputable vaccinating powers. In the case of donkeys the toxin was fatal to the animal.

But in the horse Doctor Roux, now assisted by Doctors Nocard and Vaillard of the Pasteur Institute, found the animal he wanted. Von Behring had, without sufficient proof, set it down as a general principle that the more sensitive an animal was to a given toxin, the more actively anti-toxic must be its serum. Doctor Roux showed the fallacy of this in the horse. It was not highly sensitive to diphtheria toxin, and it yielded in very large quantities "a serum of an immunizing power of one hundred thousand"; which means that one gram of serum would counteract diphtheria in one hundred thousand grams of man or animal. And the serum drawn from the horse is now the serum everywhere in standard use. A stable of one hundred animals is maintained for this purpose in France alone.

The Parisian scientist had overcome one difficulty; there were still many others. In the beginning the cultures of living diphtheria or tetanus bacilli had had to stand for months before they produced a toxin of ample strength and quantity. Doctor Roux invented a process by which the cultures, kept in a current of damp air, produce a most serviceable toxin in three weeks. He invented a method of treating it with an iodine combination by which its virulence could be attenuated with the exactitude of mathematics. He invented a method of taking the serum from the horse which would be at once safe and practically painless. Furthermore, he elaborated a method of testing and standardizing the serum—again making use of that constant friend of the bacteriologist, the guinea-pig—which has since enabled not merely physicians, but people quite unfamiliar with medicine, to administer it with the same certainty as they would quinine.

### Diphtheria Robbed of Its Terrors

THIS was in the last months of 1893. Almost two hundred private cures had been effected. It now remained to give the new medicine such a test as would, despite all prejudice, bring it into general use. In Paris there were two hospitals where diphtheria was treated, that for Sick Children and the Hospital Trousseau. The former was set aside for the experiment.

Upon this occasion Doctor Roux was given professional assistance by two more brother Pasteurians, Martin and Chaillou. From February 1, 1894, to July 24 of the same year, they treated in all 448 patients. According to one more system worked out by Roux, each child was given, hypodermically, an amount of serum equal to the one one-thousandth part of the weight of the child. In the majority of cases at least two injections took place, one following the other after a lapse of twenty-four hours. Twenty cubic centimetres was the standard dose; in some cases more than 125 cubic centimetres were given in all. As the cubic centimètre of liquid approximates a teaspoonful it will be seen that the injections were in no way homœopathic.

Many of the children brought to the hospital were already in the last stages, and their treatment was little more than a sad matter of form. Many children, too, had diphtheria complicated with other troubles—and not merely the familiar measles and scarlatina, but erysipelas, abscesses of the throat, bronchial pneumonia and tuberculosis. In the case of tuberculosis the serum treatment was found to be not merely negative in results, but undoubtedly harmful; and for such patients it was later to be wholly abandoned. Little could be accomplished by the serum against the complications of abscess and erysipelas. And the three Pasteurians found that bronchial pneumonia was a malady which not only defied their efforts in almost every case, but also infected and caused the death of many other children whom they might, but for that, have saved. Yet the general results were none the less striking. At the Hospital Trousseau, during the six months in question, 520 children were treated, of whom 316 died; it was a mortality of 60 per cent. Under the new treatment at the Sick Children's Hospital there occurred 109 deaths in 448 cases, or 24 ½ per cent.

When the diphtheria was of the anginal variety the proportion of losses stood as 46 per cent. to 7 ½ per cent. Indeed, Doctor Roux could announce that this form of the disease, if treated within any reasonable time after its outbreak, was curable in every case. In the matter of virulent "croup" diphtheria, where the operation of tracheotomy had been performed as a last resort, the Hospital Trousseau saved only 14 per cent., the Sick Children's Hospital 49 per cent.

### Doing Away with Operations

MORE than that, when the patient came under treatment early enough, the necessity of an operation was almost always obviated. Again and again the suffocating "false membranes," and with them the bacilli they protected, began to come away thirty-six hours after the first injection; in few examples did they persist after the third day. Some temporary eruptions alone resulted from the great quantities of serum absorbed by the system. The general period of convalescence was more than cut in two, and the danger of all after-troubles wonderfully lessened. Certain of the cures effected, too, seemed almost miraculous. Everyone knows how slight the hope was formerly of saving very young children. Among those successfully given the serum treatment was one not four months old, another of nine months, and nine more all under four years! One child of five had begun with measles, had then taken bronchial pneumonia, and had added thereto both diphtheria and scarlatina.

The total percentage of losses had been 24 ½ per cent. But one of the immediate results of that first serum test has been a great reformation in the infectious wards of all sick children's hospitals; and as the treatment has become better understood, the average of losses has been rapidly reduced to between 12 per cent. and 15 per cent. For Paris this has meant a saving of more than 1500 children annually. It has meant almost as much for New York. It has meant much more for St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Yet before we can say the last word upon diphtheria we must once more go back to tetanus, its companion malady. In tetanus, where there were no white streaks to form in the throat, where the poisoning gave no outward warning, in the majority of cases the disease had got a fatal distance on its way before the serum cure could intervene. What was needed was, therefore, not a cure but a preventive. And two different preventives were forthwith discovered.

In Berlin Von Behring and Kitasato found that, by using the pure tetanus toxin treated with trichlorure of iodine, it is possible to immunize against lockjaw almost precisely as we vaccinate against smallpox. In Paris Roux and Vaillard in their turn showed that a serum, once more drawn from the horse, was vastly more effective than a vaccine. The serum for tetanus, too, could be made much stronger than the serum for diphtheria. Where, for the latter disease, one gram of the liquid was required to counteract diphtheria poison in one hundred thousand grams of living organism, one gram of tetanus serum could be made powerful enough to protect a million times its weight. Thus a mouse, after being inoculated with a drop of the serum so tiny as scarcely to be perceptible to the naked eye, could with no damage to its health be given a charge of tetanus toxin almost powerful enough to kill an elephant!

It was at once apparent, also, that where it required, for example, twenty cubic centimetres to preserve the life of an animal when once lockjaw had got the smallest start, one cubic centimetre injected before, or at the moment of infection sufficed perfectly as a preventive. And it was this preventive quality which was to give the tetanus serum its actual value. Not infrequently there enters one of the Pasteur Institutes a man who has stepped on a rusty nail; he is given a small hypodermic "shot," and he can set his troubled mind at rest as far as lockjaw is concerned.

But these are mere chance patients. It was in the treatment of the domestic animals that the discovery was to be of a general application. When a horse or a cow has had an accident, or has been operated upon, it is hardly possible to submit it to the protecting regimen of a hospital ward; yet, at least for what had formerly been the gravest danger it ran, the syringeful of tetanus serum has shown its power to give protection. In France, where these things are, for the best of reasons, some years ahead of the rest of the world, the Pasteur Institute of Paris sends out to the veterinary surgeons more than 40,000 bottles of this serum annually. Of the first 3000 animals given the Roux and Vaillard injection at the time when operated upon, or shortly after having suffered accidents, one only was attacked by lockjaw, and that in a comparatively harmless form. At the same time and in the same localities no less than 314 other animals, not given the treatment, died of the disease.

And again, as always, the cure of the human being followed only one pace behind the cure of the animal. Roux reasoned at once that the logic which applied to lockjaw applied also to diphtheria. If the terrible croup could successfully be expelled from the system a much smaller quantity of serum should be able to keep it from entering at all. The inference was a correct one. An injection of from one to two cubic centimetres was found to be a practically certain "preventive."

This secondary phase of the cure of diphtheria has been given strangely little notice. Yet it is really more important than the first. When one child in a family or a school has taken the disease it is the business of the physicians in charge immediately to give the preventive treatment to all the others. The single injection is sufficient to protect only for three weeks or a month. But what bacilli have been transmitted to the healthy children are rendered harmless, and unless the sick and the well are kept together for the five or six weeks to follow the infection ends where it began.

To quote examples from Russia, where the disease is more virulent than anywhere else on earth: In an outbreak of diphtheria in the orphanage of Woronetz the 738 children in the institution were at once given the preventive serum; sixteen took the disease; it would be safe to say that they were already definitely infected. Of 537 children in a Podolia orphanage four took it. Of 453 children in the hospital of Kherson five contracted the disease, but only one within the month for which the immunity had been guaranteed.

No longer need we see families where diphtheria passes mercilessly on from one child to the next, gathering deadliness from every successive victim. Wherever there are capable physicians the days of one of the most fearful of the familiar epidemics are forever over.

In both lockjaw and diphtheria medical science has won the double victory, that of cure and of prevention. I might end with a calculation of what this means in the saving of life and the increase of happiness. I shall rather go back to a certain small matter which might otherwise be overlooked. Although for a generation there has been the keenest of rivalry between the French and German schools, we owe it to the example of Pasteur, father of both of them, that truth once known to the individual investigator is made truth for all his fellows. That the first partial discoverer may be outrun and lose the glory is not to be considered. It took eleven years to give the world the remedy for diphtheria; if this paper is of any value whatever it will be sufficiently manifest what progress would have been made if every experimenter had worked to himself alone, if each had resolved to have the whole glory or none at all.

### Discoveries Worth Fortunes Free to All

AGAIN, there is no royalty upon diphtheria serum. What could be sold at almost any price its makers chose to put upon it can be purchased in the Paris pharmacies for sixty cents a bottle. Von Behring and Kitasato, Yersin and Roux are not rich men. And not being so the more do they stand for something which is the peculiar glory of our modern era.

In the winter of 1882-'83 cholera had for the sixth time begun one of its horribly deliberate marches upon Europe. A number of the representatives of the "new medicine" went out to meet it at Alexandria, and there that brilliant associate and pupil of Pasteur, Thuillier, met death at the hands of the disease. No need to say that for months his friends had little heart to continue their investigations.

But at the same time there had come to Alexandria Robert Koch. It was then a year since he had made the discovery of the bacillus of tuberculosis; with that great malady his name must always be connected, and in connection therewith he shall be treated himself. Enough, for the present, to say that Koch ranks with Metchnikoff for pure genius in the use of the microscope. And at Alexandria he gave proof of that anew. He there discovered the microbe of Asiatic cholera—the "comma bacillus," as he called it, from its peculiar shape.

And his next step showed the directness of his cast of mind. He sailed for Calcutta and forthwith put his knowledge, and of necessity himself, at the disposal of the Indian Government.

The official British attitude toward science has changed markedly in the last twenty years. At that time the brevity of Koch's sojourn in Calcutta alone saved him from final strangulation by red tape. The sagacious heads of the Royal Medical Service, when at last they were willing to listen to the man at all, were unable to conceive why any private individual from Germany should concern himself with cholera. Had it not always been an Indian disease, a disease under the control of her British Majesty's Government, as it were?

Finally, however, a commission was appointed. It

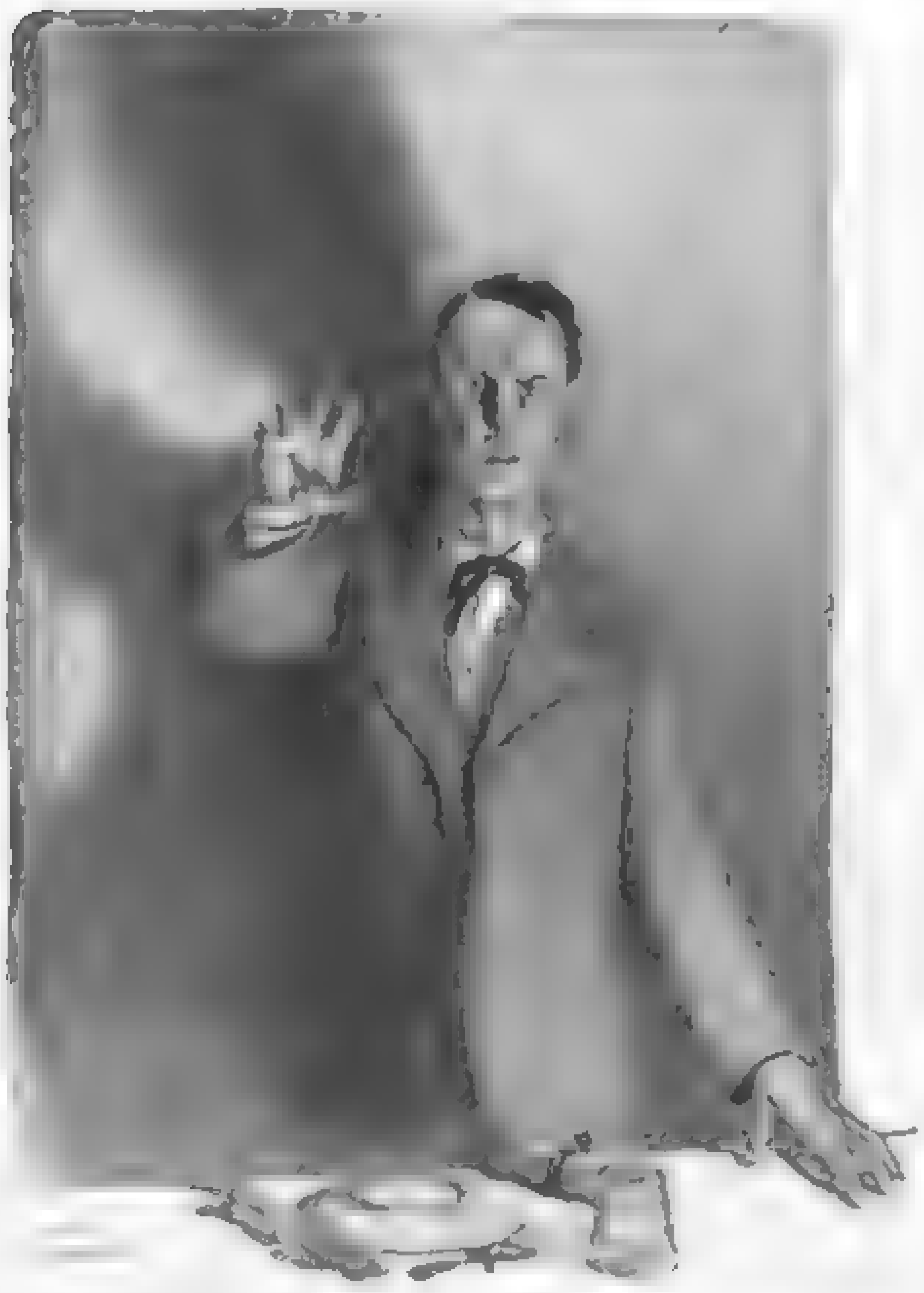
(Continued on Page 20)

# The Memoirs of an American

## By ROBERT HERRICK

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc.

Copyright 1905, by Robert Herrick



HIS LONG ARMS TWITCHED WITH HORROR

### CHAPTER VI

I TOLD them all at the supper-table that evening how I was going into wholesale with Henry I. Dround & Co. Slocum nodded approvingly, but before any one could say a word Hillary Cox snapped this at me:

"So you were looking out for yourself with that Carmichael man! I thought the Enterprise wasn't big enough for your talents. A desk in the inside office, I s'pose?"

"Not quite yet," I laughed; but I didn't say what my job was to be

Miss Cox had given me up. I don't believe she meant to be disagreeable, but somehow we had become strangers, all at once. There were no more gossips on the front steps or Sunday parties. Ed went to church with her in my place. They were getting very close, those two, and it didn't take a shrewd eye to see what was going to happen sometime soon.

The others were more generous than the little cashier and inclined to make too much of my good fortune. For the first time in my life I had the pleasure of feeling that folks were looking up at me and envying me, and I liked it. I let them think I was to get big wages

"I suppose you'll be leaving this ranch before long?" Lou suggested

"I shouldn't wonder if I were moving over to the Palmer House."

A look of consternation spread over Ma Pierson's face at my joking words. She saw a quarter of her regular income wiped off the slate. After the others had gone I told her it was only a joke, and that I should stay with her "until I got married." She cried a little, and said things were bad with her and getting worse all the time. Lately Lou had taken to going with such kind of men that she had no peace at all. I tried to cheer her up, and for years after I could never bring myself to leave her place, although the food got worse and worse and the house more messy and slack

Even when, later, I earned large wages I did not care to leave. At Ma Pierson's were the only people I knew well in the city, and though Grace, and Lou, and Ed, and Dick weren't the most brilliant in the city, they were honest, warm hearted souls and good enough company And the law clerk, Slocum, was much more. He meant a good deal to me. He taught me how to read — I mean how to take in ideas as they were thought out by those who put them in books. He lent me his own books, all marked and penciled with notes and references, which showed me how a well-trained mind stows away its information, how it compares and weighs and judges — in short, how it thinks.

We had many a good talk, late summer nights, sitting on the dusty stone steps in our shirt sleeves, too hot to sleep. He had read a deal of history and politics and economics, as well as his law, and when it came to argument, he could shut me up with a mouthful of facts that showed me how small my lookout on the world was. I remember how he put me through his old Mill, making me chew hard at every point until I had mastered the theory, then he fed me Darwin and Spencer, and Stubbs and Lecky, and a lot more hard nuts. And I think that I owe no one in the world quite so much as I do that keen, quiet Yankee, who taught me how to read books and know what is in them

Meantime, I was not doing anything wonderful over at the Yards. For several months the big manager scarce looked my way when he came across me, while I drove and made deliveries to the city trade. Dround & Co.'s customers were mostly on the West Side, in the poorer wards along the river, where Jews and foreigners lived. I used to wonder why the firm didn't try for the better trade, but later, when I knew something of the private agreements among the packers, I saw why each kept to his own field. I soon came to know our territory pretty well, and got acquainted with the little markets. My experience with the Enterprise gave me an idea that I thought to turn to some account with Dround's manager. One day, as I was driving into the Yards, I met the Irishman, and he threw me a greeting

"Hello, kid! What's the good word?" And he climbed affably into the seat beside me to drive up to the office

Here was my chance, and I took it.

Why don't Dround's handle sausage" I said to the manager

"What do you know about sausage?" he asked

I told him what I had in mind. When I worked for the Enterprise we used to have trouble in selling our sausage Women were afraid of it, thinking it was made from any foul scraps in the store. So, to make the customers take it, I hit on the plan when we had fresh sausage meat of putting some of the sausages by in clean little pasteboard boxes, and the next time a particular customer came in I would call her attention to one of the boxes, "which I had put aside for her specially." And she would take it every time. In this way the Enterprise built up a considerable trade in sausages. The same condition existed in other markets, as I knew; good customers were afraid to eat the ordinary sausage. So, I thought, why shouldn't the packing-house put up a superior kind of sausage in nice little boxes, with a fancy name? The market-men could retail them handily. Carmichael was a good deal impressed with my idea: he asked questions and said he would think it over That encouraged me to spring another scheme on him. Dround's trade was in the Jewish quarters, but of course we didn't sell to the Jews.

Why not get some old rabbi and make kosher meat — the real article? Strauss and the other packers don't handle it We might have the market to ourselves, and it is a big one, too "

"Kid, you've got a head on you," big John said to me with warmth. And I saw myself a member of the firm next week!

It didn't work as easily as that, however. The next time I saw the manager I asked him about sausage and kosher meat, and he scowled. It seems he had presented my ideas to Mr. Henry I. Dround, and that gentleman had turned them down. He was a packer, so the head of the house said, and no cat's-meat man, to retail sausages in paper packages to the public. The same way with the kosher meat idea: his business was the packing business, and the firm wasn't trying any ventures. It seemed to me that Mr. Henry I. Dround lacked enterprise; I felt that his manager would have tried my ideas

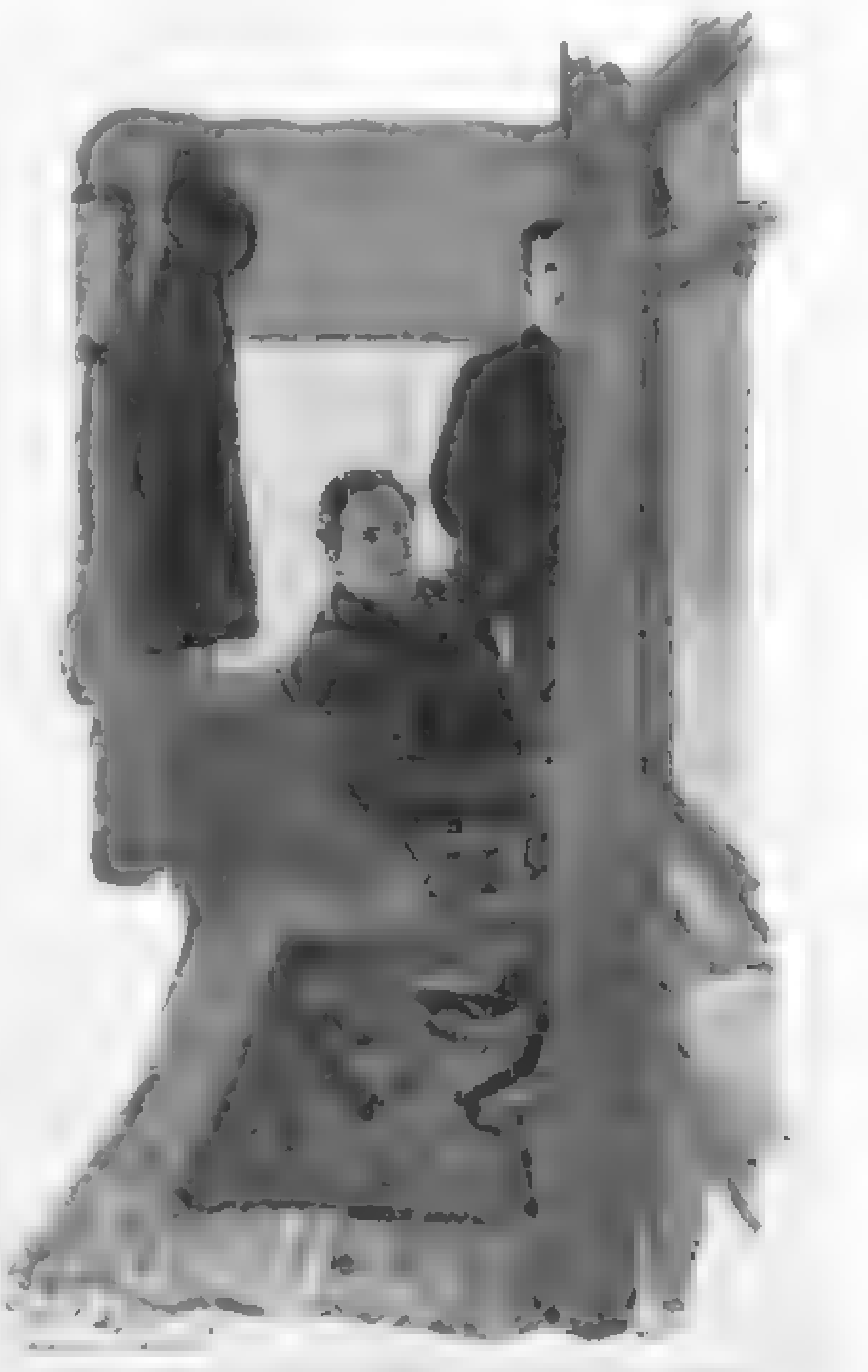
It was not long before Carmichael took me into the office and made me a kind of helper to him, sending me up and down the city to collect accounts, look after the little markets that traded with Dround's, and try on the sly to steal some other fellow's business — in a word, to break secretly one of those trade agreements which the packers were always making together, and always breaking here and there, and, when caught, promising each other to be good, and never do it again — until the next opportunity offered, of course! This was more or less confidential and delicate business, and I was not let into the inside all at once, or very far at any time. But I said nothing, and kept my eyes open. I could see some things and guess a few more. I learned pretty soon that Henry I. Dround & Co. was not one of the strongest concerns in the business; that it was being squeezed in the ribs by the great Strauss over the way — that, if it had not been for the smart Irishman, Strauss might take the bread out of our mouths

Next to Slocum, I owe big John Carmichael more than I could ever pay in money. He was an ignorant, hot-tempered, foul mouthed Irishman, who had almost been born in the Yards, and had seen little else than the inside of a packing house all his life. He couldn't write a grammatical letter or speak an unblasphemous sentence. But it didn't take me long to see that Dround & Co. was Carmichael, the manager, and that I was in the best kind of luck to be there under him, and, so to speak, part way in his confidence

Well, as I said, I got an inkling from time to time how there was a private agreement between the large firms to carve up the market, retail as well as wholesale, and that when one of the firms felt that they could do it safely they would sneak around the agreement (which, of course, was illegal) and try to steal their neighbors' trade. Carmichael managed this business himself, and now and then, when he saw I knew how to keep my mouth shut, he would trust some detail of it to me

But I was getting only twenty dollars a week and no rosy prospects. My little schemes of making sausages on a large scale and kosher meat had been turned down. I stowed them away in my mind for future use. Meantime, after working at the Yards for nearly two years, I had managed to lay by about a thousand dollars, what with my savings when I was at the Enterprise. That thousand dollars was in a savings-bank downtown, and it made me restless to think that it was drawing only three per cent., when chances to make big money were going by me all the time just out of my grasp. I kept turning over and over in my mind how I might use that thousand and make it breed money. There were lively times then on the Board of Trade. Nothing much was done in the stock-market in Chicago in those early days, but when a man wanted to take his flyer he went into pork or grain. I used to hear more or less about what was being done on the Board of Trade from Dick Pierson, who had been promoted from scrubbing blackboards to a little clerkship in the same office, which operated on the Board.

Dick had grown to be a sallow-faced, black-mustached youth who had his sisters' knack of smart dressing, and a good deal of mouth. He was always talking of the deals the big fellows were carrying, and how this man made $100,000 going short on lard and that man had his all taken away from him in the wheat-pit. He was full of tips that he picked up in his office — always fingering the dice, so to speak, but without the cash to make a throw. Dick knew that I had some money in the bank, and he was ever at me to put it up on some deal on margin. Slocum used to chaff him about his tips, and I didn't take his talk very seriously It was along in the early summer of my third year at Dround's when Dick began to talk about the big deal Strauss was running in pork. Pork was going to twenty dollars a barrel, sure. According to Dick, the only thing to make a



"ALL RIGHT," HE CALLED OUT WITH ANOTHER GRIN. "WE'LL TAKE HIS DEAL" fortune was to get on the train now. This time his talk made some impression on me: the boys were saying the same thing over in the office at the Yards. I thought of asking Carmichael about it, but I suspected John might lie to me and laugh to see the "kid" robbed. So I said nothing, but every time I had occasion to go by the bank where I kept my money it seemed to call out to me to do something. And I was hot to do something! I had about made up my mind, after turning it over for several weeks, to make my venture on Strauss' corner. Pork was then selling about seventeen dollars a barrel, and there was talk of its going as high as twenty-five dollars by the October delivery.

It happened that the very day I made up my mind to go down to the city and draw out my money I was in the manager's office talking to him about one of our small customers. Carmichael was opening his mail and listening to me. He would rip open an envelope and throw it down on his desk, then let the letter slide out of his fat hand, and pick up another. I saw him grab one letter in a hurry. On the envelope, which was plain, was printed JOHN CARMICHAEL in large letters. As he tore open the inclosure I could see that it was a broker's form, and printed in fat capitals beneath the firm name was the word SOLD, and after it a written item that looked like pork. I took another look and was sure it was pork. Carmichael shoved this slip of paper back in the envelope in a hurry and answered me. I went out of the office, thinking to myself: "Carmichael isn't buying any pork this trip; he's selling. What does that mean?"

As I have said, the manager had charge of all those private agreements with which the trade was kept together. In this way he came in contact with all our rivals, and among them the great Strauss. After thinking for a time, it was clear to me that the Irishman had some safe inside information about this deal which Dick did not have, nor any one else on the street. That afternoon as soon as I could get off I went down to the bank and drew my money. At first I thought I would take $500 and have something left in the bank in case I was wrong on my guess. But the nearer I got to the bank the keener I was to make all I could. I took the $1000 and hurried over to the office on La Salle Street where Dick worked. I beckoned him out of the crowd in front of the board and shoved my bunch of money into his hand.

"I want you to sell a thousand barrels of pork for me," I said.

"Gee!" Dick whistled, "you've got nerve. What makes you want to go short of pork?"

"Never you mind," I said; "go on and tell your boss to sell, and there's your margin."

"I'll have to speak to the old man himself about this," Dick replied soberly. "This ain't any market to fool with."

"Well, if he don't want the business there are others," I said coolly.

Dick disappeared into the back office, and I had to wait some time. Presently a fat little smooth-shaven man shoved his head through the door and looked me over for a moment with a grin on his face. I suppose he thought me crazy, but he didn't object to taking my money all the same.

"All right," he called out with another grin, "we'll take his deal." And Dick came out from the door and told me in a big voice:

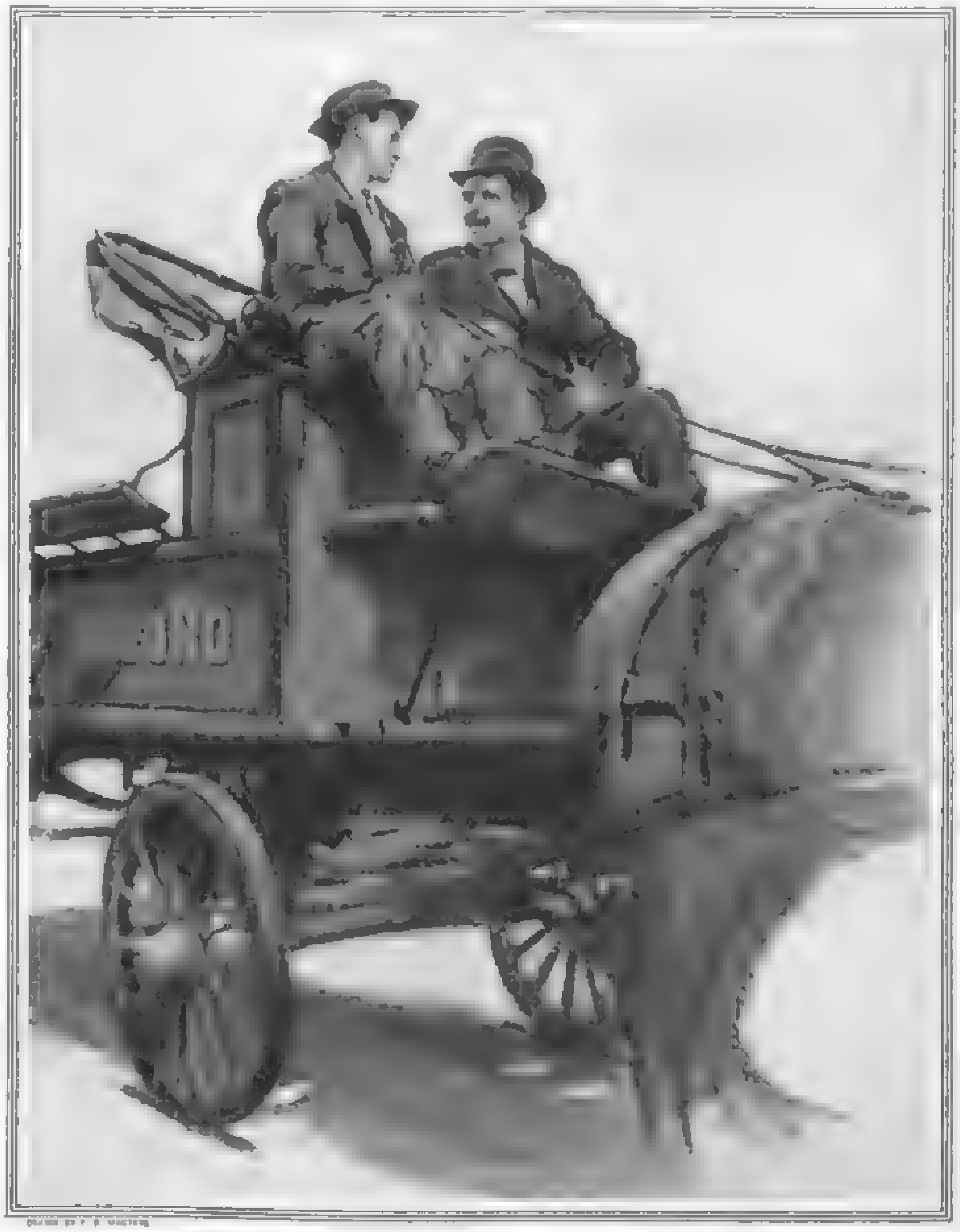
"All right, old man. We sell a thousand for you."

When I got out into the street I wasn't as sure of what I had done as I had been when I went into the broker's office; but I had too much nerve to admit that I wished I had my money back in my fist. And I kept my courage the next week, while pork hung just about where it was or maybe went up a few cents. Then it began to slide back just a little — $16 87½, $16 85, $16 80 were the quotations — and so on until it reached $16.50, where it hung for a week. Then it took up its retreat again until it had slid to an even $16. Dick, who congratulated me on my luck, advised me to sell and be content with doubling my money. Strauss was just playing with the street, he said. This was only the end of August: by the middle of September there would be a procession. But my head was set. To be sure, when, after the first of September, pork began to climb, I rather wished I had been content with doubling my money. But I pinned my faith on Carmichael. I didn't believe he was selling yet. For a fortnight at the close of September, pork hung about $16 37½, with little variation either way. Then the last three days of the month, as the time for October deliveries drew near, it began to sag and dropped to $16.10. I hung on.

It was well for me that I did. October first Strauss began delivering, and he poured pork into the market by the thousand barrels. Pork dropped, shot down, and touched $13. One morning I called at the broker's office and gave the order to buy. I had cleared $4000 in my deal.

It was first blood!

There was $5000 in the bank that day when I went back to the Yards, and I was as proud as a millionaire. Somehow, I seemed to forget how I had learned the right tip, and thought of myself as a terribly smart young man. Perhaps I looked what I was thinking, for when the manager stepped out of his office a little later and eyed me there was a queer kind of smile on his lips.



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SAUSAGE?" HE ASKED

"What's happened, kid?" he asked, quizzing me. "Been selling any pork this morning?"

Then I knew somehow he had learned about my little venture in the market. I didn't know just how he might take it.

"No," I said. "It's the time to buy now, isn't it?"

"Covering?" he chuckled. "Well, that's good. Say, some one telephoned out from Cooper's office for you this morning — about a little deal in pork. I answered the 'phone."

So that was the way he had learned! That fool Dick had got nervous, and been telephoning to me.

"I hope you made it all right," Carmichael added.

"You bet," I answered cheerily. And that was all that was ever said about the matter.

## CHAPTER VII

NOT long after my little deal in pork Carmichael promoted me. Instead of running around the city to look after the markets, I was sent out on the road to the towns that were building up all along the railroad lines throughout the neighboring States. My business was to secure as many of these new markets as I could, and, wherever it was possible, to dispossess any rival that had got hold before. It gave me a splendid chance to know a great section of our country which was teeming with life.

That $5000 in the bank burned worse than the first thousand. I took no more chances on pork, however, but I managed to turn a dollar here and there, and after a time something rather big came my way. There were a couple of German Jews, the brothers Schunemann, who were trying to run a packing business at Aurora. They had started as small butchers, and had done well, but they had tried to get into the packing business, and they were having a hard time to compete with the big fellows in Chicago. Their little plant was covered with a mortgage, and Dround and Strauss had taken away most of their trade. The Schunemann brothers were such small fish that they could make no agreements with the large companies, and they weren't important enough to be bought out.

That was what I told one of the brothers when he asked me to say a good word for him with Carmichael. His concern was pretty near bankruptcy then, and it was plainly out of the question for them to go on as they had been without capital. If they had tried to build up a small business in *delicatessen* and such things they might have succeeded better. I had never given up the idea of the money that might be made in putting up sausages and preparing kosher meat for the city market. Here, I thought, was just the opportunity. If I could buy out the Schunemann brothers or get a controlling interest I might try my experiment; the scheme grew in my mind, and I went to Aurora several times to see the brothers. After a while I made them an offer, and then we talked terms for several months. Slocum advised me and drew up the agreement. I was ready to put my stake into the venture, all that I had in the world. It hurt them to sell me the control of their business for $7000, which was all that I could scrape together — and part of that was Slocum's savings, which he lent me.

At last we made the arrangement, and the Schunemann brothers put up the "Duchess" brand of sausage after my plan, and we began to handle kosher meat in a small way. I managed the sausage trade with Dround's business, working the two together very well; for the retailers who dealt with Dround's took to my idea and pushed our Duchess brand, which was packed in nice little boxes. It was a new idea in those days, and nothing takes like something that hasn't been tried before. We began to make money, not a fortune all at once, but the business promised to grow. I was now a packer, after a fashion!

Thus, in the years that immediately preceded the troublous times of 1886, I was a very busy man and often out of the city, too much engrossed with the growing business on my hands to consider very seriously the disturbances of that period. The fight with labor, which seems to be a necessary feature of our progress, had come to a kind of crisis that year. But the events in Chicago during that crisis are still so near to many of us that even with the rapid forgetfulness of our days they have not quite escaped the memory of thoughtful men.

I remember that now and then, around Mr. Pierson's table, the talk turned on the strike over at the harvesting works. We were all on the same side, I guess — the employers' side: there was enough for all of the good things of life, we thought, if men would only stop their kicking and keep at work. Slocum, for all that he was a lawyer, was the only easy one on the strikers: so long as they respected the laws he was with them in their struggle to get all they could from their employers.

"Mr. Renshaw says they're too well-off now," Lou observed.

"Who is Mr. Renshaw?" I asked, surprised that Lou should take an interest in such matters.

Slocum looked across the table at me, and Grace quickly began on something else.

Well, on the night of the fourth of May I was on my way to the Piersons' from the Union Station. It was very late, for I had just returned from Aurora, where I had been for the afternoon on my own business. As I got on the street car the men on the platform were talking excitedly about the shooting over at the harvester works. When I reached home I was surprised to find no one on the steps, the door wide open, and a kind of emptiness in the whole place.

"What's up?" I asked old Pierson.

"That Cox girl's got her cheek blowed open with a bomb or suthin'. Times like this folks can't go gallivantin' about the streets."

Slocum came in at the sound of my voice and told me what had happened. His face was white, and his long arms twitched with the horror of what he had seen that night.

(*Continued on Page 24*)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

*Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year*
*In Clubs, $1.25 Each*
*Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers*

**How to Tell When Your Subscription Expires**

At the head of the first inside page of each copy of this magazine is printed the serial number of that issue. Each volume begins with the first issue in July. The first issue in July is number 1; the last issue in June number 52.

Following the name of the subscriber on the address label attached to each copy of the magazine sent by mail is the number of the issue with which the subscription expires. By consulting this number you can get the information desired. Renew as far in advance of expiration as is convenient, stating that the order is a renewal. By so doing, any possible delay in entering your renewal because of rush of business will be avoided.

## The Morals of Caveat Emptor

MR. ROBERT C. OGDEN, himself one of the most enterprising and successful of merchants, lately related an anecdote which raises perplexing moral questions. A man owning stock in a certain railroad learned on authority which he knew to be final that the company was soon to declare bankruptcy. He refused to sell, however, scorning to take money for what he knew to be worthless

Mr. Ogden told the story as an evidence that even in business some people are honest; but Wall Street received it with derisive smiles. It may not be true that the Golden Rule of trade is: "Do others as they would do you—and do them first"; but those who deal in stocks hold fast to the maxim of Roman law, *caveat emptor*—the risk is up to the buyer. In private life, however, the man who takes advantage of a certainty is outlawed, and in church we still hear the Golden Rule unsophisticated.

Is Christian morality quite irreconcilable with business principles? Some years ago, a minister who tried to run a newspaper in accordance with the gospels was hooted down as a fanatic by the press, and denounced as sacrilegious by many fellow-ministers. Is there anything radically irreconcilable between the principles and the practice of modern life? And if so, who is to blame? It is, we repeat, a difficult and complex matter, and one upon which even the paragraphic mind may hesitate to make itself up with the customary neatness and precision.

## An Author Scorned

AT LAST Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, has acquired a grievance with which it is possible to sympathize. Having written with great labor a book entitled The Descent of Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker from the Ancient Counts of Holland, with Authorities in Proof, and published a limited edition of forty copies of it, at no small expense for private distribution among his friends, he is now humiliated at learning that one of the recipients has sold the inestimable treasure at public auction for a paltry fifteen dollars. According to latest advices he was engaged in a noble effort to find out and punish the man who thus scorned the gift of the House of Pennypacker.

Revenge in such matters calls for a fine, Italian hand. We recommend the course another author pursued in a similar case. Mr John Kendrick Bangs ran across a gift copy of one of his books in a second-hand bookshop, still having this inscription on the flyleaf: "To his friend, J—— G——, with the regards and the esteem of J. K. Bangs. July, 1899." Mr. Bangs bought the copy, and sent it to his friend again with a second inscription beneath: "This book, bought in a second-hand bookshop, is re-presented to J—— G—— with renewed and reiterated regards and esteem by J. K. Bangs, December, 1899." Then Mr Bangs told the story to all the common friends of both. Governor Pennypacker is a humorist second to none in the country, and we shall be grievously disappointed if his revenge, when he finds the traitor to the line of the Ancient Counts of Holland, is less complete

## Will Roosevelt Run Again?

WILL Mr Roosevelt run again for the Presidency in 1908? He has formally, and even solemnly, declared that he will not; and nowhere is the sincerity of his declaration disputed. But could any one justly accuse him of self-stultification if events should so shape themselves in the next four years that his party—which includes and on all sides overlaps the Republican party—should demand that he recant from his admirable but somewhat super energetic and premature renunciation of ambition? Could he refuse a renomination if it should seem clear to him that it was the popular will that he deny himself for four years longer the joys of private life? Is Mr. Roosevelt the man to linger in his tent splitting hairs with his conscience when the trumpets are calling him to action? Four years from now Mr Roosevelt's election-night statement will be ancient history, but Mr. Roosevelt himself will be, in all probability, very modern and present history, as full of projects for reforming the world as he is to-day—and ten years under the Osler age for chloroforming.

## Another Blow for Monopoly

IF THE people had any appreciable influence upon the public administration at Washington we should have had the parcels post long ago. For the parcels post means a clearing and an easing of the road between producer and consumer that would be as great an advance over present facilities as the wheeled car was an advance over the dragged pole of the savage. It also means a death-blow to many kinds of monopoly. For, with the parcels post to aid him, a merchant's or a manufacturer's trade depends for its extent only upon his skill as an advertiser.

There is nothing to be said against the parcels post, except that it would interfere with the monopoly enjoyed by a few companies which pay astounding dividends out of extortion from the public. But those monopolies have friendly Senators and Representatives in Congress, and a good deal of legislation nowadays is largely a matter of give and take arrangement among Congressmen sitting for the various monopolistic enterprises that decide whom the people shall be permitted to vote for.

## Returning to the Pen

HERBERT SPENCER admits in his autobiography that the habit of dictating spoiled his style and made him diffuse. And we have only to glance at the work of any of the literary "artists" who use the typewriter to put their thoughts on paper to see that facility breeds slovenliness.

Typewriting and stenography are the wonderful, invaluable aids to the mind of to-day. But they can be abused. If the man has anything to set down that calls for clearness and terseness of style and exact expression of exact meaning, he will do well to shut himself in with pen or pencil and work out his problem in the old laborious way. Then let him send the results to the typewriter, in order that who must read shall not have to share in his labor

## Tainted Money

THE question whether religious and educational institutions are justified in accepting tribute from the Rockefeller millions is unquestionably difficult and intricate Vespasian said that there is no bad odor to good money; and the Church has held for nearly two thousand years, that of itself it disinfected all the lucre that came its way. Many of the noblest and most beautiful foundations of the Middle Ages, the sight of which so mellows the eye of the traveler, and the good offices of which have contributed so much to the advance of civilization and culture, were built with the proceeds of the treasons, stratagems and spoils of the bloodiest of robber barons. If we once admit that the church or the university is bound to consider the source of its funds, where is its responsibility to end? Is the Salvation Army girl who receives contributions in a barroom bound to make sure that the giver is a model of sober honesty? The only difference between Standard Oil and tens of thousands of other commercial enterprises, say those who approve of the acceptance of the money, is that the magnitude and publicity of its operations have made it a special mark for public indignation.

Yet, somehow, the ordinary mind balks at the idea of a university or a church that knowingly makes itself, and those whose minds and souls are in its charge, pensioners of ill-gotten gold. Casuistry is a mediæval art, and in such matters liable to bring dubious results. The citizen of to-day may lack intellectual finesse, but he has common-sense and sound instincts, and these tell him that he who touches pitch is defiled.

It is the duty of our teachers to speak out in no uncertain voice against the evils of the life about us. Can they do so with authority and conviction when they owe their life to them? And if they can, will they? Some months ago a Western minister, publicist and university president, in acknowledging a bequest of Standard Oil money, openly praised the trust, and by inference its methods.

It is not possible, and it may not always be wise, to inquire into the hidden sources of a pious gift. But is there no limit to the evils which public charity may be made to cover? The great danger to American life and American ideals is the laxity of business and political morals; and no one fact is so powerful in increasing it as the fact that those who profit by it are able to buy patents of social and moral respectability with the proceeds of violence. The knowledge of this works a harm to the public conscience which no riches in our religious and educational endowments can make up for

## Socialism as a Live Issue

WITH a suddenness that must be startling to those who note only the surface of events, Socialism has become a factor in our moral, political and industrial life. The Socialist vote for President last fall attracted a good deal of attention—more, perhaps, than in itself it deserved—but it was in no way a measure of the importance of the Socialistic movement. And year by year, as science compels consolidations and cooperations on a scale impossible in the past, the collectivist proposals formulated by the German Jew, Karl Marx, out of the theorizings of the great French economists of the eighteenth century, are bound to receive more and more attention

Whatever one believes about it, he must inform himself For, while Mark Hanna's prediction that Socialism would be the storm centre of the next great political battle in this country seemed exaggerated when he made it a few years ago, his farsightedness is already vindicated. To fight for Socialism, you must understand it; to fight against Socialism, you must understand it.

## Genius and Its Dividends

THOSE private detectives who delight in raising the cry of plagiarism are sure of an eager hearing; but a recent incident will go far toward convincing the public that in reality they are little short of a pest in the world of letters. When Mrs. Humphry Ward published Lady Rose's Daughter, she was almost universally denounced for her silence as to the letters and memoirs from which she had derived her main idea. Now she writes in the preface of The Marriage of William Ashe that it is "an adaptation to our own times of the lives of certain men and women well known to an earlier England"—and has been as widely condemned as inartistic for stepping, so to speak, outside of the picture!

Is there anything wrong in making new use of old material? The Greek dramatists never hesitated to avail themselves of the subjects used by their predecessors. Boccaccio and Chaucer, and all the story-tellers who followed them, laid their hands on the tales of others without question. Most of Shakespeare's plots, and all of his best ones, he "plagiarized"—besides many ideas of character and even good lines and speeches. Corneille borrowed unblushingly from the Spanish dramatists. Molière invented a *mot* for the process, saying that he took his own wherever he found it. Why should we moderns allow ourselves less liberty?

That an author is entitled to the profits of his labor is not to be questioned; but there is a point at which the insistence on literary property descends to the level of the dog in the manger. The test of art is not newness, but truth and beauty. What makes Chaucer Chaucer, and Shakespeare Shakespeare, is something quite independent of the raw material they worked in. It is the heart and soul of the poet, which finds its freest development in giving new form and color to material approved by use, and already, perhaps, half familiar to the public

## A Correotion

IN AN article which appeared in the March eleventh, 1905, issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some general references were made to proceedings growing out of the General Slocum disaster. With regard to these statements, we are in receipt of a letter from Mr. C. E. Thornall, attorney for the Nonpareil Cork Works, who says: "My clients never furnished any life-preservers to the General Slocum, nor were any life-preservers in part or in whole manufactured by my clients on said boat. They never made any cork jackets that would not float. The statement regarding the indictments is a false statement of the grounds of indictment. The stand taken in the demurrer is a false statement and untrue."

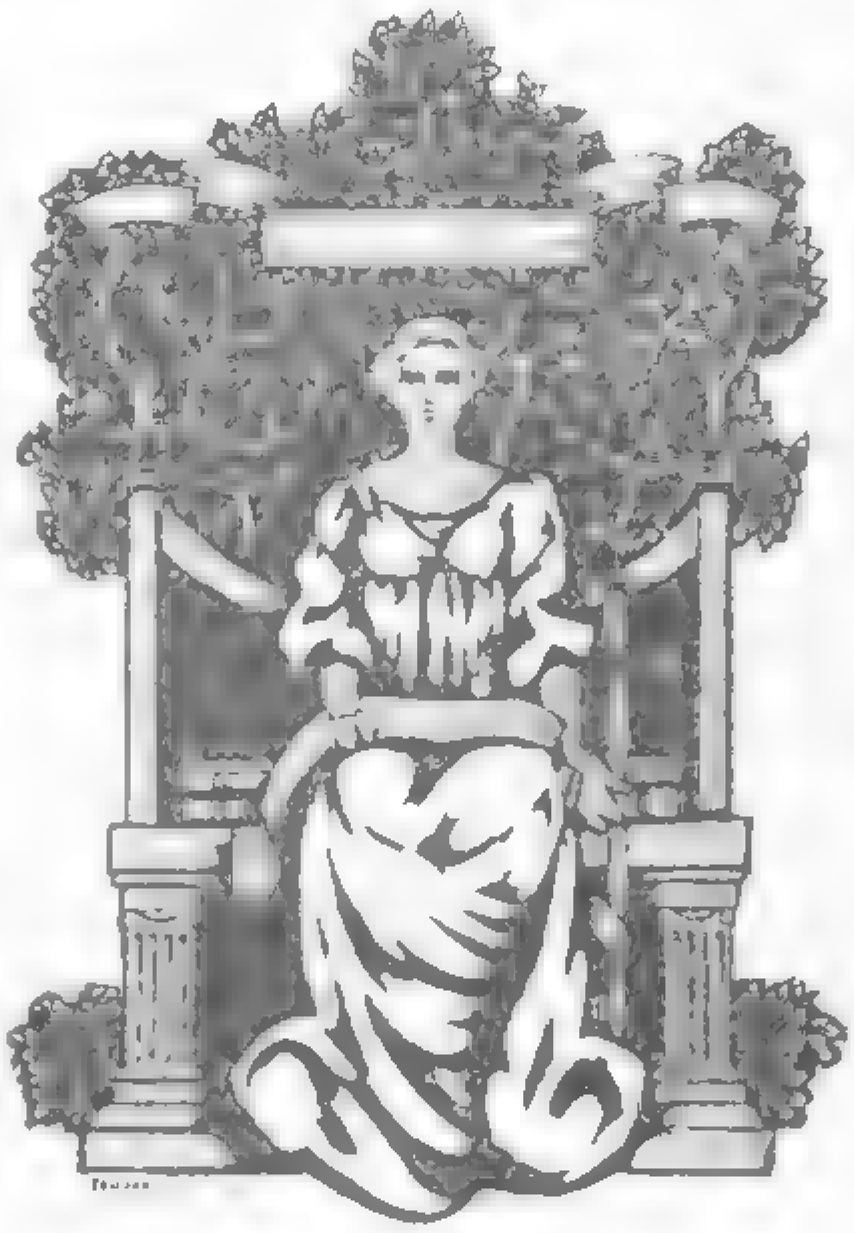
We are glad to give Mr. Thornall's letter the same publicity as the original article.

# Common-Sense in City Rule

## The Law and the Home

### By Carter H. Harrison

MAYOR OF CHICAGO



TO WHAT extent should the administrative head of an American municipality be encouraged to exercise that quality of level judgment, of broad and homely justice, that we call common sense? What latitude should public sentiment allow him in departing from the strict letter of the law, the hard and fast lines of the ordinances and the statutes, in order that his administrative acts may conform to the standard of common-sense?

These questions are not only vital ones to every man who is the official head of a city or a village in this republic, but they are equally vital to every citizen of the country. They penetrate to the very core of the problem of good, practical local government of every kind. Consequently, the frank discussion of the question of common-sense in city rule cannot fail to reach the interest — yes, the *self*-interest — of every citizen of America, no matter whether he lives in a small village or a metropolis having a million or more of inhabitants. If I am able to state facts and suggest conclusions that may bring the private citizen to a more sensible understanding of the problems and difficulties which beset the administrative official, and clearly establish the point that common-sense in official, as in business, affairs is the great element to be desired in an executive, I shall have accomplished my purpose. But to do this convincingly I must refer to local conditions and to my own experience in eight years of service as Mayor of Chicago.

Let it be said, at the outset, that there is nothing like actual official responsibility to tame theoretical radicalism and make a man cry out to have his official acts understood and judged on the basis and by the standard of common-sense. This is invariably true in the case of the official who is honest, conscientious and level-headed; he feels that any other judgment must be unfair and inadequate.

Very soon after he has taken up his official duties the Mayor of a city learns to divide the people of his municipality into three general classes: First, those whose selfish interests make them especially sensitive to the administration of law, whose callings are almost directly in the path of the law. Second, the great middle class of persons who seldom come in contact with "the law," and ordinarily have no occasion to realize that there is a law and an official administration to enforce it. Third, the more radical element of the community given to the agitation of public measures and policies, either from selfish or philanthropic motives.

Naturally, the second class is the one least in evidence, the greatest in numbers and that which, at least in a certain sense, has the largest call upon the consideration of the municipal executive. And it is from this class that the Mayor is entitled to expect the fairest judgment of a "common-sense administration." Men in the first class are those who have always something to ask from the administration, whose prosperity depends to a great degree upon the "liberality" with which the law is enforced, or whose fortunes turn upon the fluctuations of municipal enactment or the manner in which such enactments are construed or enforced. The activity and political influence of this class are generally great, but the former usually exceeds the latter, and the official who does not fall into the habit of crediting this class with greater power than either of the other classes has a very sound and stable sense of proportion.

Concerning the third class it should be said that, as a rule, it may be relied upon to furnish the official with shining ideals and with unfailing stimulus, preventing him from falling into easy and peaceful ruts, at the same time doing a useful work in educating public sentiment along useful and more advanced lines. At the same time, he will do well to fortify his own mind against the reaction, the wave of cynicism, that must invariably come to him when he discovers that sordid and self-seeking motives sometimes actuate leaders of reform movements — leaders who have gained his own confidence and that of his constituents.

#### The Live and Let Live Administration

ALL will admit, I think, that the administration of law that gives the citizen the fullest degree of individual liberty consistent with the rights and privileges of his fellow-citizens, that interferes least with him so long as he conducts himself in a peaceable and orderly manner, is the best and soundest kind of administration. There are hundreds of laws on the statute books of which he is in complete ignorance because he naturally, and without compulsion, orders his daily life with so much consideration for his neighbors and the community at large that he does not violate the arbitrary regulations imposed for the discipline of those who are less peaceable and considerate. The "best" citizen is not he who carries in his mind the whole statutory code and is constantly saying to himself: "I will not do this or that because there is a law against it." It is scarcely too much to say that he is a far better citizen who instinctively obeys all the laws of his community without realizing their existence. And, by the same token, that municipal government realizes the highest standard of common-sense administration which so orders its laws and their enforcement that the great orderly body of its citizenship, while protected in all its rights, does not come in contact with the law and feels neither the touch of its restraining hand nor the lack of it.

#### Some Laws that Crush the Poor

THE phases of administration which present the most trying problems to the executive and which offer the greatest scope for a common sense rule of action naturally divide themselves into four classes: First, those involved in the enforcement of sanitary and building regulations and general legislative enactments. Second, those affecting the "personal liberties" of citizens and inhabitants. Third, those touching the rights and privileges of "public utilities." Fourth, those involving conflicts between large industrial interests, between large bodies of citizens, or between both.

Any act of administration which reaches into the home of the citizen and touches the hearthstone involves difficulties of a peculiar sort. The old saying that a man's home is his castle applies with special force to the American home, and the best citizens and those who are most thoroughly Americanized are the most sensitive in regard to the hand of the law when it touches their homes. Again, the law in this country is supposed to be framed and enforced with special regard for the protection of the weak. It so happens, however, that the literal and arbitrary enforcement of the sanitary and building laws of any American city would fall with burdensome, if not crushing, severity upon the poor and the weak unless tempered by common-sense — the element of kindly and reasonable modification calculated to meet the individual conditions of each individual case.

The horizontal enforcement of sanitary measures would, for instance, in probably a majority of instances, work severe hardship and lasting injury to thousands whose misfortunes bring them within reach of the law. It is, I believe, within the truth to say that at least fifty per cent. of the complaints lodged with the Department of Health for the enforcement of sanitary regulations are inspired by personal malice. "Clothes-line" feuds and neighborhood squabbles are at the bottom of a majority of sanitary complaints.

This condition at once introduces the personal equation, and that is distinctively an element which can be handled and adjusted only on the basis of common-sense as applied to each individual case. No dead level rule, no horizontal scheme of arbitrary enforcement, can deal out justice in a situation in which personal spite, a desire to "get even," is a prime factor.

Again, it must also be apparent that only a poor excuse for justice is to be obtained by any plan of applying the law that fails to take into consideration the personal and the financial circumstances of the person coming into contact with this phase of the law. In view of the fact that a flat and unmodified enforcement of the sanitary laws in a big city like Chicago would, in hundreds of cases, ultimately result in the confiscation of the homes of moderate means, what would be said of the intelligence of a municipal executive who would not stop to inquire into the personal circumstances of the individual against whom complaint is entered? This is only another way of saying that a wise municipal executive will make more exceptions to the letter of the law than he will make applications of it.

Americans have not yet ceased to applaud the old legal maxim to the effect that it is better to let ten guilty men escape than to punish one innocent man. A fair application in municipal matters of this precept upholds the wisdom of exercising too much leniency in ten cases rather than inflict hardship in a single case to the extent of sacrificing the home of any citizen, no matter how humble, obscure or unassertive. Concrete cases always help to bring a principle into clearer light; let me, therefore, illustrate this phase of the enforcement of sanitary regulations by relating an incident which was reported to me from the Department of Health.

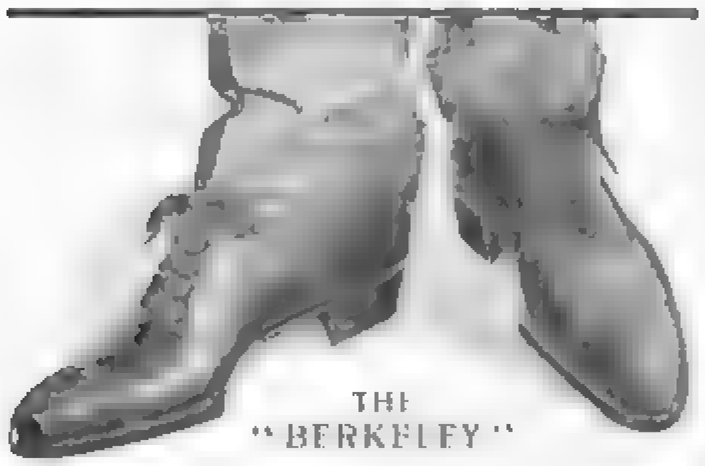
In the northwestern corner of Chicago, almost on the outskirts of the city, stands a little cottage — scarcely more than a cabin — which has for some years been the scene of a domestic struggle and tragedy that most aptly typifies the injustice and oppression which result from the enforcement of law without regard to individual conditions and without seasoning the processes of justice with the saving salt of common sense. A few years ago this little place was bought by a widow who could make only a small initial payment and who depended entirely upon her work at the washtub to meet the future "easy payments" by which the mortgage was to be lifted.

Only by bending over the tub from early morning to late at night and living with rigid economy was she able to keep from defaulting on the payments for her little home. After a time, a wave of local improvement reached her section of the city, and the property holders of the community determined to put in a sewer system. Through the action of the Board of Local Improvements, the assessments were levied and the work done. This put a most unexpected burden upon the shoulders that were stooped above the washtub. With characteristic Irish courage and light heartedness, the woman took this hardship philosophically and made her hands move the faster over the washboard. Before she had rubbed out the assessment, however, a neighbor conceived dislike for her, and, at the Department of Health, entered a complaint that there was on her ground a nuisance in violation of the municipal law. An inspector was sent to examine the place and reported that a technical violation of the ordinance undoubtedly existed, and she was consequently served with a notice to remedy the matter in the cheapest way possible under the law.

#### "The Extremity of the Law the Extremity of Injustice"

THIS brought her in person to the office of the Department of Health, where she shed many tears in explaining the circumstance already stated. Because her little house stood on "stilts" instead of a substantial underpinning, comparatively elaborate and expensive changes in its construction were necessary before the law could be fully complied with. Under ordinary circumstances the expense would not have exceeded sixty-five dollars.

Just at this time certain influential and well meaning persons had so stirred up public sentiment on the matter of "exemptions" and "stays" that no latitude was left the Department of Health or the Mayor for the exercise of common sense. The reformers had forced a flat and indiscriminating enforcement of the letter of the law, without regard for results, and the widow was, therefore, required to meet the plain demands of the city ordinance within sixty days. What the poor washerwoman did do was to go to a "loan shark," secure a loan of a few hundred dollars, and put up an addition to the house so that the requirements might fully be met. As a matter of fact, her house was isolated and not a menace to the health of the neighborhood. If the clamor of the malicious neighbor and the well meaning reformers had not been to some extent disregarded and checked the woman would have been fined in addition to being so burdensomely assessed. On the other hand, if the city authorities had been left free to dispose of the case according to the canons of sound common sense she would have



The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

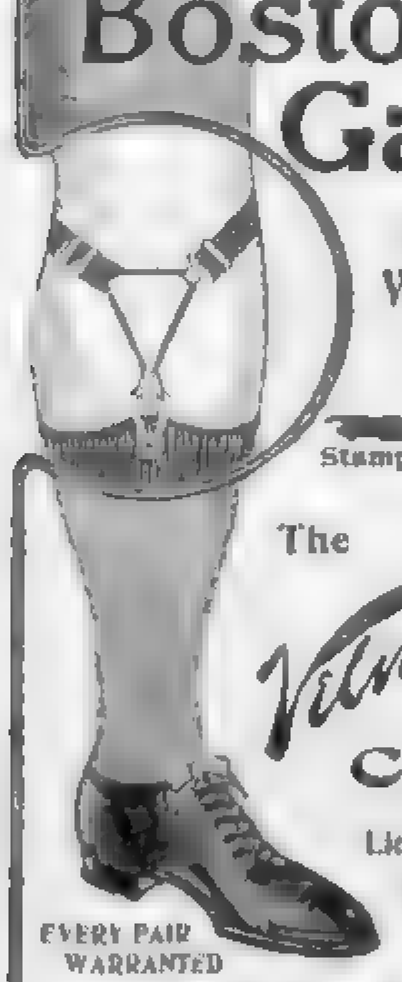
THE "BERKELEY"

¶ Florsheim Oxfords (or low shoes) are formed over special Oxford lasts—not over the same lasts that we use for high shoes of the same style. ¶ There is only one other shoe factory in the world that uses special lasts for low shoes. Special Oxford lasts enable us to produce low shoes which do not slip at the heel. ¶ Your heel can't chafe—your foot can't work forward in a Florsheim Oxford. Most Florsheim styles sell for $5.00.

FREE Write for our new Style Book. Contains valuable advice to shoe buyers and explains why Florsheim's are the best. If you cannot get them at your dealer's, or have the least trouble in being fitted, send us your dealer's name and we will make a pair to your special measure.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

THE IMPROVED
Boston Garter



Known and Worn All Over the World

The NAME is Stamped on Every Loop

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—Never slips, tears, nor unfastens

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

OF YOUR DEALER
or Sample Pair, Cotton 25c., Silk 50c., mailed on receipt of price

Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY

4c will change your morning shave from a hardship to a pleasure

For 4c. in stamps we will send you a miniature

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

(enough for a month's shaving) together with a little book of complete shaving instructions.

Don't continue shaving with an inferior soap.

COLGATE & CO., 55 John Street, New York

been given at least six months in which to make less radical but quite as satisfactory changes. If this poor woman finally loses her little home, it will be because an executive disposed to use common-sense was prohibited from so doing by the efforts of a reform element who would not appreciate that discretion in the enforcement of the law is as necessary to achieving the intent of the law as is the "enacting clause" itself.

On the other hand, hundreds of instances might be cited which conclusively show what may be accomplished by the free course of common-sense, by the exercise of sound judgment and good tact on the part of an executive in dealing with complaints and similar matters.

### A Weapon for Spitework

It is scarcely possible to place too much emphasis upon the fact that the Health Department is a most convenient and effective weapon in the hands of the spite-bearing citizen. Almost any citizen who has an inclination to "get even" with a neighbor with whom he holds hostile relations can find some technical violation of the health regulations which will serve him as a club.

Jones, let us say, lives next to Smith. A neighborhood quarrel sets them by the ears, and this sharpens the eyes of each in a marvelous way for the shortcomings of the other, so far as violations of the health laws are concerned. Instantly Jones notices that the eaves of Smith's house are without roof-gutters. He promptly reports this fact to the Health Department in a formal complaint.

An inspector is sent out to Smith's place and finds that the complaint is well-founded. Incidentally he inquires how long the eaves have been in that condition, and Smith answers: "They have always been that way. Who made the complaint against me?"

"Your neighbor, Jones, did," replied the inspector.

"I thought so! During the ten years in which we have lived alongside of each other and been on neighborly terms, the fact that my roof has had no gutters has not troubled him in the least, but now that he has become angry with me it has not taken him twenty-four hours to discover that the lack of gutters on my house is a tremendous nuisance. But I'll fix him, all right! Just you wait and see! And I'll use his own club to do it with, too!"

That very day Smith lodges with the department a complaint against Jones on the score of keeping chickens, carefully stipulating that the roosters in the henhouse disturb him by their crowing at unseasonable hours in the morning, breaking the rest of himself, his family and the entire neighborhood. This compels the department again to send an inspector to the neighborhood, and visits of this official are continued until both parties to the quarrel have exhausted their resources in the way of complaints. Then, of course, they move the fighting line into the courts and there continue the battle as long as their vindictiveness and their funds will keep them going. It is not too much to say that in cases of this kind the constant exercise of good common-sense on the part of officials of the Health Department will do more to straighten out neighborhood quarrels and to snuff out spite lawsuits than all other agencies combined. And these good results invariably are accomplished by modifying the law's enforcement in order to work out a fairer result than could be achieved by sticking to the straight letter of the statute.

### Legitimate Complaints

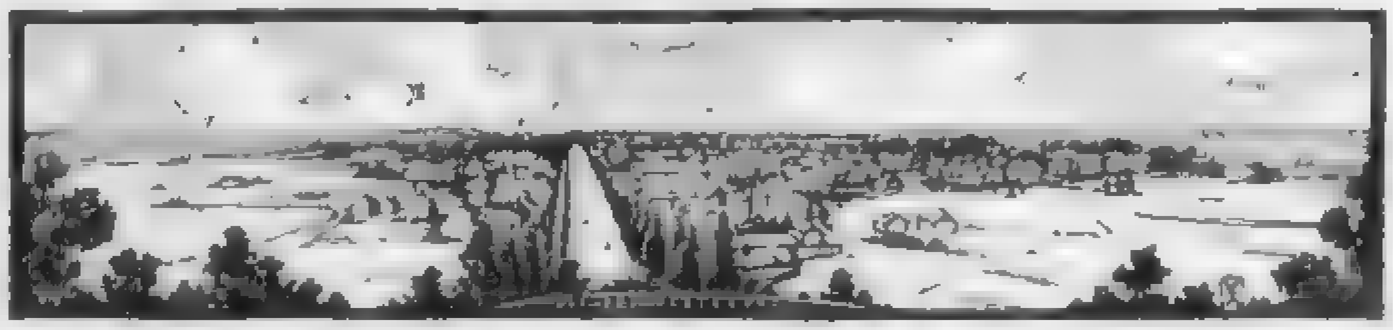
Of course, the Health Department of every city receives a large number of legitimate complaints, and by that is meant those inspired by a regard for the well being of the neighborhood instead of by spite and malice. It will not take an efficient health officer long to learn that the common-sense of dealing with infractions of the health ordinances is to enforce the law with equal severity upon all occupants of the same block. If, for example, one occupant of a certain block complains that his neighbor maintains a nuisance in the form of an unsanitary henhouse, and the neighbor thus complained of retaliates by charging the original complainant with keeping an unsanitary stable, then the only sensible thing to do is to inspect the entire block and to compel all offenders to conform strictly with the ordinances in both the particulars named in the complaints. This policy results in decided practical good in two ways: It brings about better sanitary conditions in the entire block, and it also makes those persons starting the quarrel, and seeking to further their interests by using the Health Department as a cudgel, decidedly unpopular with the neighbors who own or occupy property in the block.

The average citizen is willing and anxious to obey the law and comply with all those regulations which make for the health and prosperity of the particular neighborhood in which he lives. To serve the average home owner with a notice compelling him to make an expenditure of from fifty to a hundred dollars would be, in nearly every case, an actual hardship. It is only just, therefore, that he be given a reasonable amount of time in which to comply with the law. First, he should have time enough to look about and get, from different sources, figures on the work in question, so that he may be reasonably sure that he has not been put to excessive expense because of lack of time in which to secure right prices. Again, the difficulties of getting work done in a big city with certainty and dispatch should be taken into consideration. The possibility of strikes or labor disturbances at any time should influence the Health Department official always to give ample time for compliance with the department's orders. It is not, I believe, overstating the case to say that in most instances in which persons are brought into court because of a failure to comply with the orders of the Health Department within the time specified in the notice a rank injustice results.

### Common Sense Enforcement

Of course, there are extreme cases which could not, in justice to public interests, be kept out of the courts; but these are comparatively few. No department of city rule is more important to the health and well-being of the citizen than is the Department of Health, and I do not hesitate to say that in fully ninety per cent. of the cases brought to that department by complaints, a horizontal enforcement of the letter of the law would result in hardship and injustice, as well as in the failure to secure a realization of the real purposes of the law. This is only another way of saying that fully ninety per cent. of the efforts of the Health Department to enforce the law must be modified from the strict requirements of the regulations, and must be tempered with good common-sense. Only deliberate malice can distort this statement into a plea for the policy of laxity or slipshod methods in the carrying out of sanitary regulations.

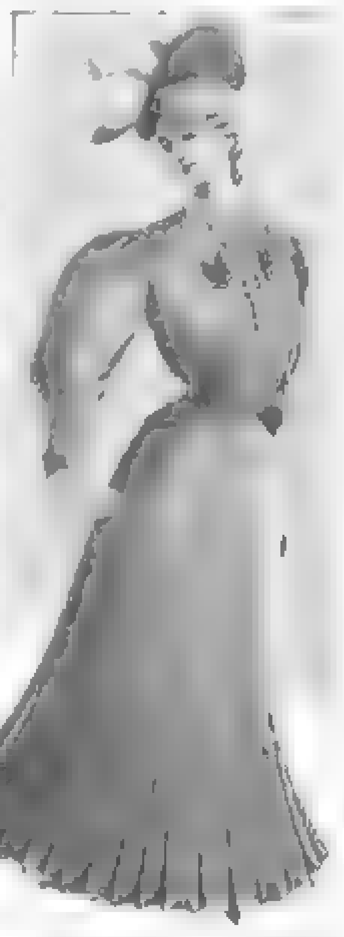
I believe fully in the highest possible standard of enforcement of law that is consistent with the highest actual attainment in sound and practical results. For the citizens of any municipality to demand of their Mayor an unmodified and untempered enforcement of existing laws is to take a position positively childish in its impracticalness and to imply that he is lacking in those qualities which are demanded in every business executive, no matter how humble the position he holds: discretion, judgment, and the ability wisely to meet individual conditions by a modification of the letter of the law. Although, as I have already suggested, there is especial need for the exercise of common-sense in controlling the movement of that arm of the law which touches the citizen in his home, there are many other phases of city rule in which this force is most desirable. Certainly there is an imperative demand for common-sense in dealing with all those problems relating to the question of "personal liberties" about which the American citizen is keenly sensitive. Problems of this kind are constantly arising, and must be handled with good level judgment and such modifications of the law as sound common-sense would dictate. Only the most casual examination of actual conditions is necessary to show how impossible is a sane administration that would attempt a flat and unqualified enforcement of the laws on the statute-books of any city in this country.



Summer Suits
$6 to $25

Everything Made To Order. Nothing Ready-Made.

Catalogue, Samples and Simple Measurement Directions Sent FREE.



SOME of the advantages in having a garment made to order by us are, that it is made exactly as you wish it, of the material [illegible] trimmed [illegible] made [illegible] garments turned out by the thousand of precisely the same design are made to fit stock figures only.

A postal will bring you our New York Fashion Catalogue. Send for it and learn how much we can save you in the way of time money and annoyance.

If you wish to be fashionably gowned, you should certainly have [illegible] for al[illegible] while our line of materials is the la[illegible] and most attractive ever offered.

Our successful system is due [illegible] 17 years' experience in making ladies' garments to order from measurements sent us by mail.

We Guarantee to Fit You or Refund Your Money.

| | |
|---|---|
| Tailor-Made Suits | $7.50 to $25. |
| Silk Costumes | $12 to $25. |
| Shirt-Waist Suits<br>Made of Mohair, Serge and Brilliantine | $6 to $20. |
| Silk Shirt-Waist Suits | $12 to $25. |
| Rain Coats and Long Coats | $9.75 to $18. |
| Jackets | $5.75 to $15. |
| Separate Skirts | $3.50 to $12. |

We prepay Express Charges to any part of the U. S.

We Send FREE to any part of the United States our Summer Catalogue showing the latest New York fashions, a large assortment of Samples of the Newest Materials and simple directions [illegible]

National Cloak & Suit Co.
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.
[illegible] No Agents or Branches. Est. 17 yrs

EDUCATOR SHOES

"LET THE CHILD'S FEET GROW AS THEY SHOULD"

Box, Russia and Patent Calf and Kid.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Infants', 5 to 8, | $1.50 | Misses', 11 to 2, | $2.00 |
| Children's, 8 to 11, | 1.75 | Girls', 2 to 6 | 2.50 |

Add 25 cents for delivery.

Oak Soles sewed with new Richardson Short Stitch give utmost pliability and strength.

THE WRONG WAY

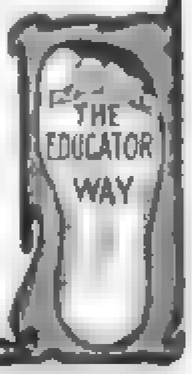
Send for booklet about these and many other styles for Men, Women, Boys and Children.

Ask your dealer for Educators or send [illegible]

Take no imitation

Educator Rubbers fit Educator Shoes.

RICE & HUTCHINS
Shoemakers
17 High Street, Boston



Pony Rigs for Boys and Girls

[illegible] Pony Rig [illegible] would give [illegible] high quality [illegible] durability as well as appearance. Let us tell you more about it and all the other up-to-date Pony Vehicles. Our Pony Farm is the best stocked in the West; we make prompt shipments of pony rigs complete—pony, harness, cart and all the trimmings. We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalogue Free. Address

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO. 10 Office Bldg. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Every Gas Motor User should learn about the Apple Automatic Sparker.
Easily attached [illegible]

THE DAYTON ELECTRICAL MFG. CO.
123 Beaver Bldg. Dayton, Ohio

Made of Clear Argentine Nutria.

Hats for Men

THE CRETIC

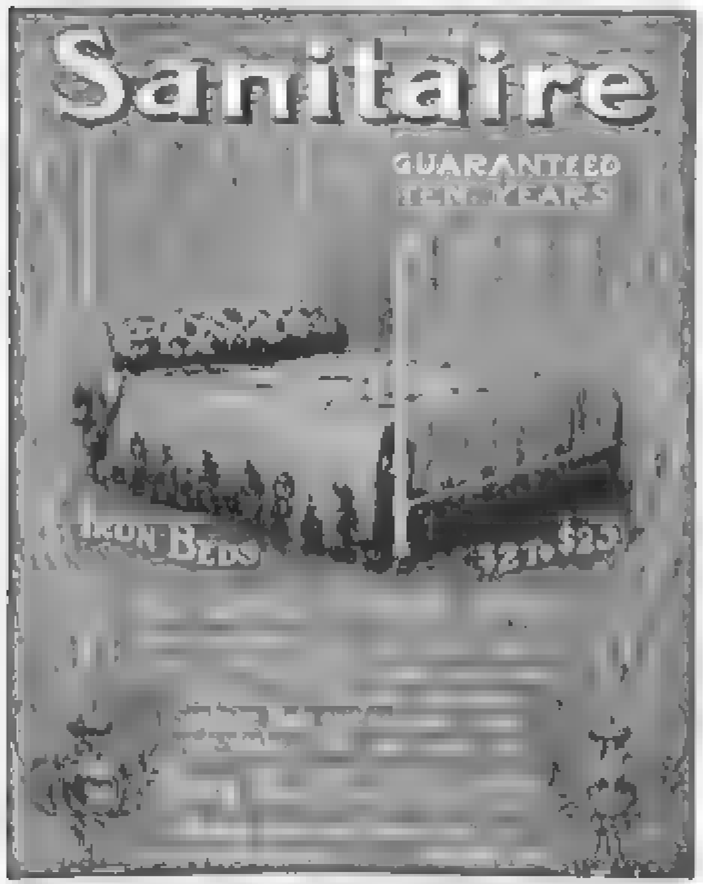
To be correct, a hat should be becoming.

It is right — inside and out — if it has this trade-mark to guarantee proper style and superb quality.

Knapp-Felt $4 hats and Knapp-Felt DeLuxe $6 hats (with the exquisite Vellum Finish) are to be had at the best hatters'.

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

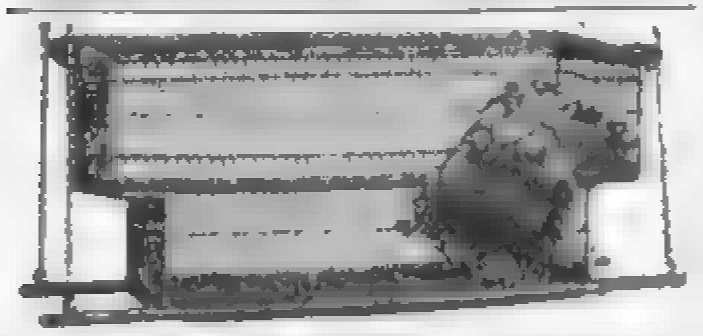


Saving Money by Mail

Many people put off opening a bank account, from time to time, because the amount they have on hand seems too small to deposit. Our "Banking by Mail" department will enable you to begin putting away a portion of your income — no matter how small.

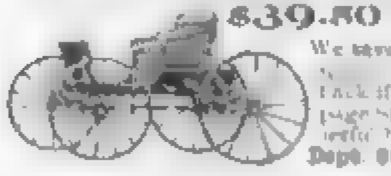
We solicit accounts of
One Dollar and upwards.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS
and Trust Company Cleveland, O.
[illegible] Thirty Eight Million Dollars
Send for free Booklet M



PORCH SWINGS $7.50 and up. Sold on 30 days' trial. Freight paid East of Mis- [illegible]

Write for Catalog of RATTAN FURNITURE. It's FREE
NOVELTY MFG. CO., 130 E. M. Street, Indianapolis, Ind.



$39.50 BUYS THIS

We save you dealer's profits. Ship on [illegible] back if [illegible] page Style [illegible] write [illegible] Union Buggy Co., Dept. 008 Pontiac, Mich.

# HOW HIGGINS REGENERATED HERMON

*(Concluded from Page 7)*

hang there while the horses ran away. For my part I think it was great presence of mind. J. Davenport Higgins fell free of the vehicle just as the horses got their feet well under them and started around the square.

When the Provider got up he was just plain "Jim" Higgins, as he used to be. I never could exactly blame him for what he said as he stood there patting himself where his coat-tails had been. I know there are a good many people who say that he talked scandalous, and that it wasn't called for, and that it was something awful, coming as it did from a church member and the donator of a public library and a candidate for a high office. Of course, I'll admit that the speech wouldn't have made a good campaign document, but it was really a splendid effort, viewed as an expression of the feelings, and I was really sorry when he bit it off so short.

But he happened to turn around and see the train starting — it was bound in the direction of Hermon. He broke and ran for the car-steps. Brickett was leading his old buck sheep along the platform from the baggage-car, still on our trail, and, the sheep being handy in his way, our candidate kicked him under the train to a bloody death, cuffed the interposing Brickett, caught the handrail of the last car, pulled himself aboard, and went out of sight shaking his fists and continuing his response to the address of welcome

Somebody must have got his ear, for next day he sent Joe Webster a letter that a woman could curl hair on without using a hot iron It was a letter withdrawing from politics Still impracticable as a politician, you see! It was discouraging after all we had done

More than ten days elapsed before our earnest, calm, forgiving patience secured for us an interview. Why, that man was just determined to throw up the whole thing!

It required four interviews to get him back to the point where he was even a candidate again. Then we got him to admit that perhaps he lacked the equipoise to face the annoying details of practical politics, just then — such as a buck sheep, Seth Brickett and a Corinna reception

At last we were able to prove to him the dangers of making talk, the perils of joint debates, the terrors of parallel columns, the bitterness of swallowing back cold the words that tasted so nice when they first bubbled up hot into the mouth

"But that talk I made at Corinna," he said, sweat standing out on his forehead, "do you think the people can ever forget it? Can the effect of it be overcome?"

Joe Webster thoughtfully rubbed his nose. "We had it buttoned up for you close and tidy till then," he said with just a hint of reproach, "and of course that did bust off a button or two; still ——" He rubbed his nose some more.

It was in the directors' room of the bank that we were talking

The Provider looked at Joe a long time and then at us. "There's no one so sorry about it all as I," he said, "but I'm willing to repair blunders of my own."

He wet his thumb and forefinger on the ground-glass roller and — Crick-crack! crick-crack!

"I suppose talk amounted to more or less in old-fashioned politics in the days of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and those old fellers," said Joe, warming himself in front of the money, "but in these days it seems to me that — that ——" He sort of [illegible] as though he might say something to make the Provider stop counting.

"Get 'em to the polls," snapped the Provider over his shoulder. "That's all there is to it — get 'em to the polls, and I don't care how you get 'em there!"

"Mr. Higgins," cried Webster enthusiastically, "you are what I call a smart, able, bright, practical politician, and you needn't worry but what your up-to-date management of this campaign is going to give you the thing in a walk."

And, of course, with a leader answering to that description, we had no trouble in delivering the goods.

Copyright by Pach, N. Y.

GROVER CLEVELAND, ex-President of the United States, commends *The Historians' History of the World* to all Americans.

IN my judgment a knowledge of history becomes more important with the passing of time; and it seems to me that it never was so important as in these days of stirring events and wondrous change.

Many of us are obliged to confess that for one reason or another we missed opportunities to study history in younger days. However much we may now lament this, we know the only chance we shall have to remedy our embarrassing deficiency must be found in an arrangement of historical facts and epochs, in such a way as to be suited to the engrossing occupations and scant leisure of our later years.

I have never seen a work that so completely answers this purpose as *The Historians' History of the World*. It is of broader importance than a mere book of reference and yet no book of reference can be more comprehensive or easier of profitable utilization.

I believe those who have these volumes within their reach are provided with the means of a substantial historical equipment.

(Signed) Grover Cleveland

End of the Opportunity To Buy at 43% Discount

℄ *The Historians' History of the World* is now complete. This event will be followed immediately by an increase in the prices, as the Outlook promised when beginning the publication of this great work. It has been sold to early subscribers at a discount of 43 per cent. from regular prices. This inducement was offered to insure the prompt success of the first edition. It has insured it

℄ **The time has now come when prices must be advanced.** *Only immediate orders* **can be accepted at the introductory prices. A specimen volume will be sent for examination to any SATURDAY EVENING POST reader who sends AT ONCE the application below.**

℄ *The Historians' History of the World* has proved itself the most successful book of the past year

℄ Its value, authority and charm have been attested not only by ex-President Cleveland but by President W. R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, Professor W. M. Sloane (author of "The Life of Napoleon"), Professor E. G. Bourne, of Yale, Winston Churchill (author of "The Crisis"), F. Marion Crawford and hundreds of others of similar eminence

℄ It is an indispensable book to all Americans, for with our new and commanding position in the great forum of nations a knowledge of world history becomes a most necessary qualification, and yet an unfamiliarity with it is still our most striking educational defect.

℄ "Nothing is better calculated to fit a man for success in business and in the affairs of life than the reading of history," says one high authority.

Yet the busy American may well plead that owing to the overwhelming mass of historical works, treating usually of limited periods, it has been practically impossible for him to read world-history. It is exactly this difficulty which *The Historians' History* has been designed to meet.

℄ $350,000 has been spent on the work. Every great university of the world — Oxford, Paris, Berlin, Harvard, etc., etc., is represented among the editors and special contributors.

*ONLY $2.00 TO PAY NOW*
*(The rest in monthly payments.)*

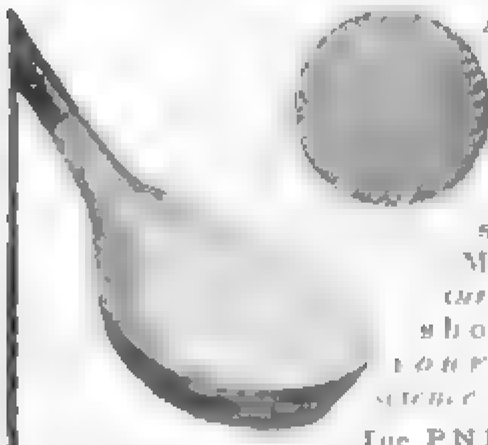
S. E. P.

TO THE OUTLOOK
225 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Please send, express prepaid both ways, a specimen volume of *The Historians' History of the World*. I promise to return it to you, at your expense, within seven days after receipt, whether I decide to subscribe or not

Name

Address



Controllable

As you drive it, so it flies. As you loft it, so it falls. As you putt it, so it rolls. Makes for *the sure game* that shows for *all your skill and science*

The **PNEUMATIC GOLF BALL** is lively when it should be (as in driving) but in putting is as [illegible] squarely on the club's face, making possible a clean and scientific stroke. It takes all the vim of the club and force of the player, lets-go the club "sweetly," following the line of the blow.

The **PNEUMATIC** does this because it is [illegible] compressed air is the greatest [illegible]. The air being in the center [illegible] covers of rubber and thread, does not resp[illegible] le tap of the putter — that's why it is deadly a[illegible]te for putting. But it *does* respond to th[illegible]e of the *driver* which depresses the cover, strikes the air, and sends the ball flying far and true.

**You can't cut or gash the PNEUMATIC Ball.** It has a Para rubber cover instead of the gutta cover of all other balls. Topped iron shots leave no mark upon it — it outlasts *several* other balls of *any* other make.

With every dozen balls we send free of charge a tube of paint to keep them bright.

**Here is what one Golfer says:**

Sept. 22, 1904

"I have [illegible]ed your *Pneumatic Golf Ball* [illegible]g this year, and take pleasure [illegible] my previous testimony regarding its merits. I think you have the best golf ball on the market and that its form of construction is scientifically correct. It drives fully as far as any rubber cored ball and with better direction. Its work in approaching and putting is splendid; its dura[illegible]able. It cannot be cut o[illegible] when topped with an iron club, [illegible]

Balls 50 cents each, or by the dozen $5.50, postage or express prepaid.

If you cannot get the **PNEUMATIC** from your dealer, we will gladly supply you direct on receipt of price. Catalog free. Write for it today.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
(GOLF BALL DEPT.) AKRON, OHIO

Pneumatic
Golf Ball

Conklin's Writing Desk Book contains:

HAVE I USED THE RIGHT WORD?
Consult 15,000 Synonyms and Antonyms. Page 191
HAVE I SPELLED IT CORRECTLY?
Consult 50,000 Words Difficult to Spell. Page 277
SHALL I USE A CAPITAL LETTER?
Consult How to Use Capital Letters. Page 11
IS THE SENTENCE GRAMMATICAL?
Consult Rules of Grammar. Pages 20 and 24
IS IT PROPERLY CONSTRUCTED?
Consult Rules of Construction. Page 32
HAVE I PUNCTUATED IT CORRECTLY?
Consult How to Punctuate Correctly. Page 11
IS IT CORRECT IN STYLE?
Consult Rules of Style and Composition. Pages 33 and 7

Also contains Forms of Address, Slips of Tongue and Pen, Abbreviations in Use, Dictionary of Quotations, and much other miscellaneous matter of value. Bound in leather. 285 pages.

Other 50c Books Worth Having

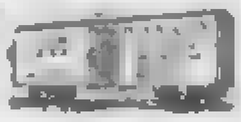
Hill's Vest Pocket Webster Dictionary
Hill's German English and [illegible]
[illegible]
Hill's Italian English and Eng[illegible]
Hill's Vest Pocket Hoyle
Hill's Rules of Order
Conklin's Argument Settler
[illegible]
Thimm's French Self Taught
Thimm's German Self Taught

Any of the above books mailed on receipt of 50 cents by
GEO. W. OGILVIE, 179 MONROE ST., CHICAGO

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention, $8,500 for another. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" [illegible] rough sketch for [illegible] the your patent for sale at our expense.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
906 F Street, Washington, D. C.



REDUCED RATES [illegible] Colorado California Washington and Oregon
BEKINS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO
95½ Washington St. Chicago

# The Reading Table

### Where Danger Lurks

The learned who in ten languages
  Can voice their thoughts still run
More risks than those who know enough
  To hold their tongues in one

### Columbia's Peril

Trusts are our nation's greatest foe
  And of their growth we'd warn her
They're being formed by high and low,
For even nursery babes, you know,
  Play "Pussy wants a corner"

### False Measurements

A study of men rather clearly reveals,
  Of truth, this significant sprig
A man may be fully "as young as he feels,"
  But it's seldom he's truly as big

### An Easy Winner

The bargain was they should give a prize to the one of them who'd tell
The awfullest "whopper" of all the lot, and, just by chance, it fell,
To Wiggs to offer his story first. Said he: "One time a fair
Young chorus girl ——" And they all cried "Hold!" and gave him the prize right there.

### To a Ten-Inch Gun

On life's great stage may your dread art
  Be hidden to the last,
And may you never play the part
  For which you have been cast.

### A Landlubber's Notion

The sailors bold, when winds are cold,
  Might still be warm as toast
If they'd prepare for storms and wear
The many capes that here and there
  Are found along the coast.

### A Genuine Bargain

The "mark-downs"—so he always said—at a department store
Were never really genuine—"just fakes and nothing more!"
But one glad day a "lady clerk" of whom he chanced to buy
A bill of goods quite won him by the sparkle of her eye
She told him she was "twenty-three," and they were married soon
But by the time the happy pair had spent their honeymoon
He deemed a bargain he had found at that department store;
He'd got a bride for "twenty-three, marked down from thirty-four!"

— *Nixon Waterman*

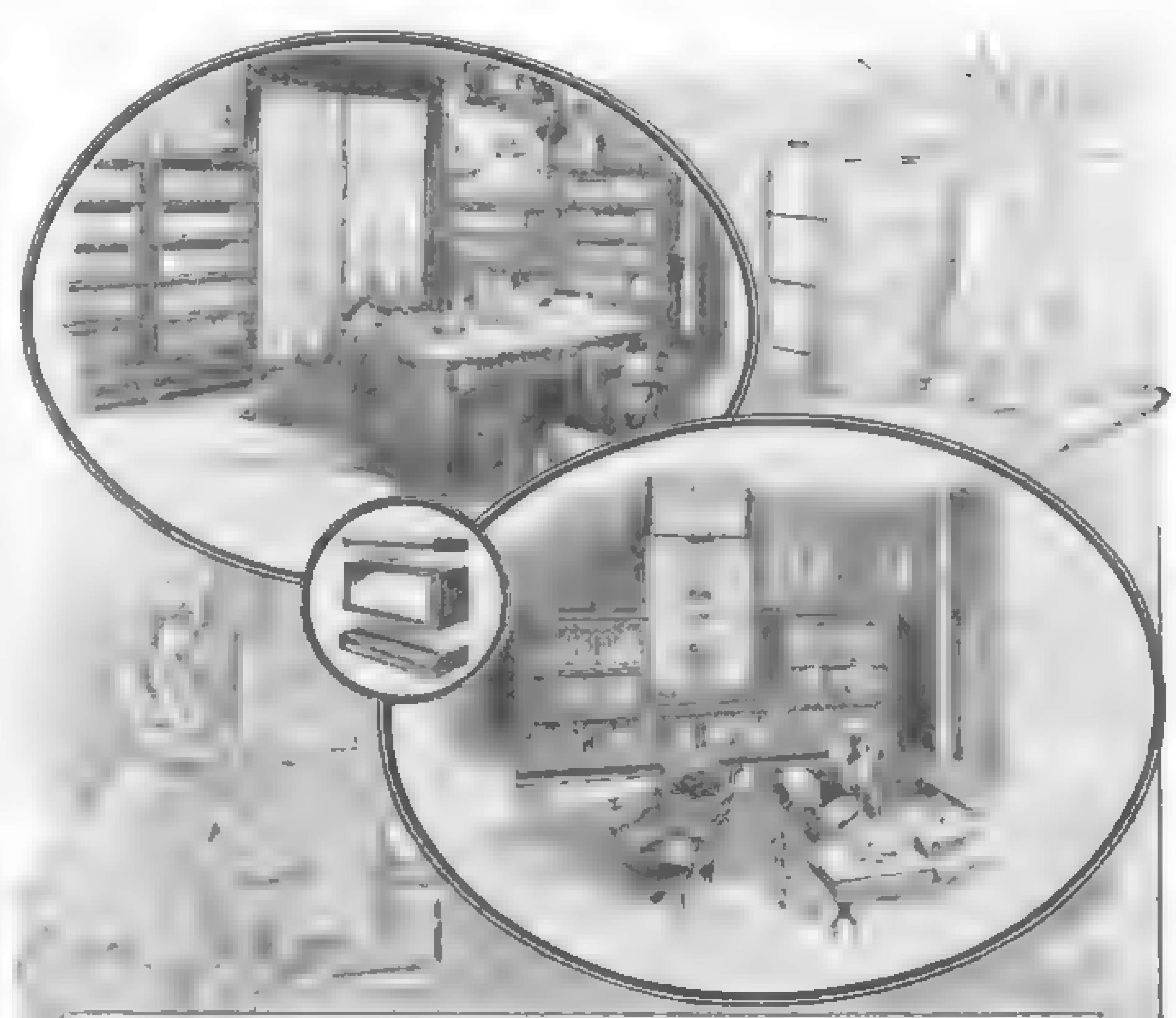
SAFETY AND INCOME

PITTSBURG securities are safe; they pay a high income return and have always a ready market—Three very excellent recommendations.

Our bond offerings net 5 to 6 per cent.

Write for particulars.

ROBERT C. HALL,
Member Pittsburg Stock Exchange.
240 FOURTH AVE., PITTSBURG, PA
Reference — Any bank or banker in Pittsburg



HOUSE CLEANING BY UNITS

A Globe-Wernicke "*Elastic*" Library is as easy to take down as it is to build up—**unit by unit, and not book by book.** You can move these units from room to room or from house to house **without taking out the books,** each unit being solid and not knock-down — **That is Globe-Wernicke Construction.**

But even more important is the anti-jambing, anti-sticking door equalizer that makes the Globe-Wernicke bookcase units 100% more desirable than any other case on the market of **either solid or sectional construction.** They embody the best material, finish and handicraft. They are carried in stock by over 900 dealers, or shipped on approval direct from factory, freight paid.

Send for catalog D 104 and list of agents.

THE GLOBE-WERNICKE CO., CINCINNATI

NEW YORK: 380-382 Broadway
CHICAGO: 224-228 Wabash Avenue
BOSTON: 91-93 Federal Street
LONDON: 7 Bunhill Row

Packard

*"Ask the man who owns one"*

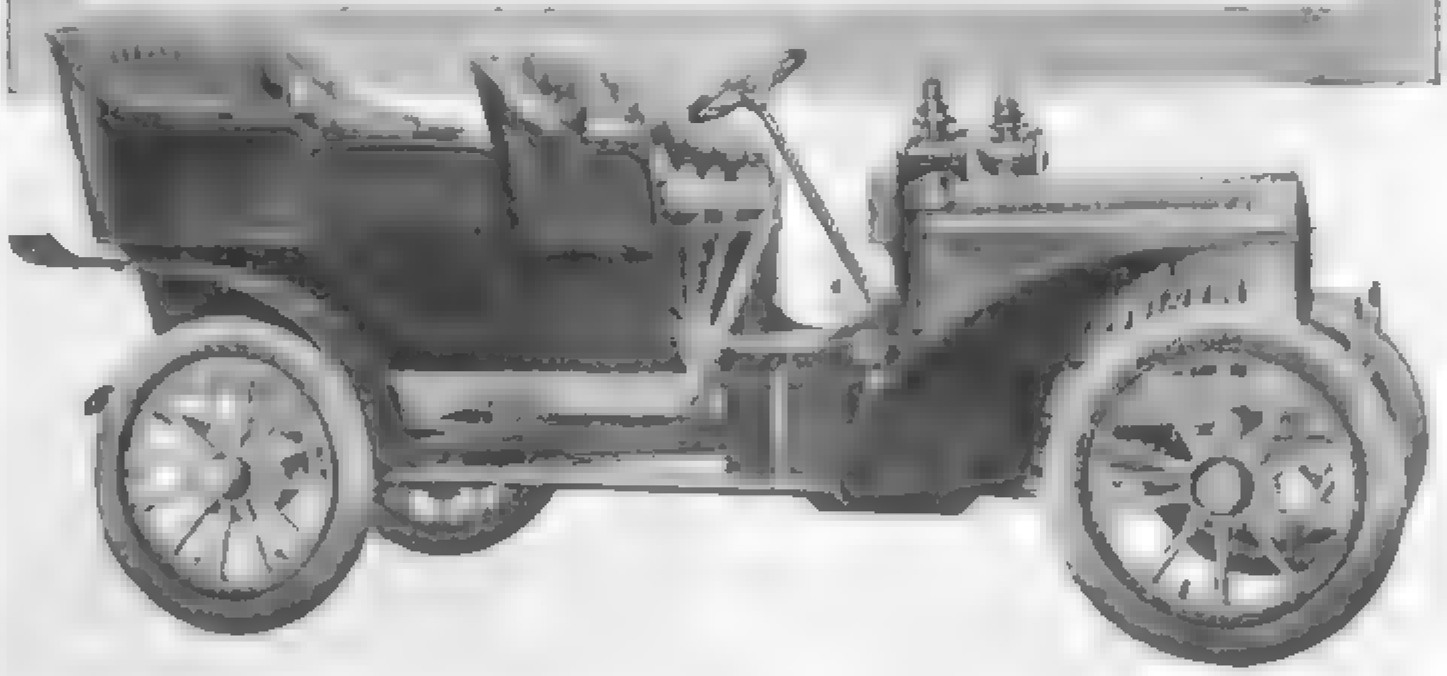
The four-cylinder Packard when second-hand sells for a higher percentage of its original price than any other motor car made.

Owners of 1904 Packards after using them for an entire season are able to sell them for 90% of their list price.

We can tell you what the Packard is, or we can show you how it works — but for the most convincing arguments in its favor you must always *"ask the man who owns one."*

**Price,** with standard Equipment, **$3,500, f. o. b. Detroit.** For our new catalogue and name of the nearest Packard dealer, address

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. E
DETROIT, MICH.
Member A. L. A. M.
New York Branch, 1540 Broadway



PURE WHITE LEAD

If you could cover your house with a sheet of metallic lead, you would feel well insured against decay. The next best thing is to paint it with PURE White Lead with pure linseed oil to make it adhere. It's the cheapest and best house-paint to be had.

Don't pay White Lead prices for rock-dust and other worthless pigments. Our booklet, "What Paint and Why," tells how to buy PURE White Lead. Sent free from the nearest office.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Largest makers of White Lead in the world
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis
National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburg
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia

THIS IS MY OFFER

For $5.00 I will make to your measure a pair of Nobby Spring Trousers

Equal in style, Quality, Workmanship and fit to any pair of $8.00 trousers made by any merchant tailor.

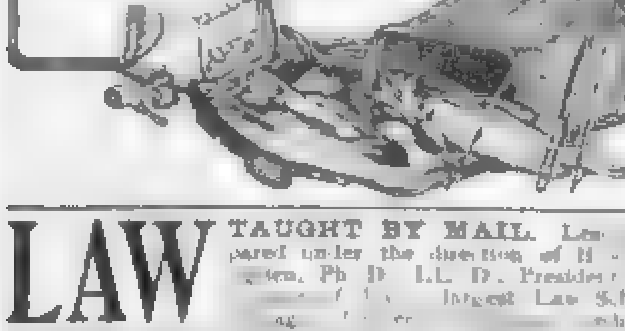
[illegible] me a postal [illegible] you [illegible] and exam[illegible] pay the exp[illegible] $5 [illegible] not satisfactory, [illegible] at my expense [illegible] fair and square [illegible] shop I make nothing [illegible] employ the most skillful cutters an[illegible] $8.00 [illegible] $10.00 [illegible] day for my New [illegible] It's free for the asking

Leon Wright, 10 St. Paul St., Rochester, N.Y.

"Bristol"

Wherever [illegible] Rods [illegible] are light, flexible, and [illegible] of country or easily broken. "Bristol" Quality has a New England conscience [illegible] FREE a handsomely illustrated "[illegible] strike," will add to the [illegible] 1905 fishing trip

THE HORTON MFG. CO., 96 Horton St.
Bristol, Conn.



LAW TAUGHT BY MAIL. [illegible] prepared under the direction of [illegible] Ph. D., LL. D., President [illegible] largest Law School in [illegible] Books required for the [illegible] loaned free [illegible]
University Extension Law School 299 301 Erie St. Chicago

# The Wood Fire in Number Three

*(Continued from Page 3)*

"Sam had the secret now well in hand—fuse all lighted, ready to be touched off.

"'Gentlemen,' he began, 'there are some men whom you have known for a short time, and those you warm to, and some go back to your boyhood, and those you love. I've got a friend here who is like that opal—clear as crystal. Hand me the opal, Tim; I just want to dilate on it, and I can do it better if I have it in my hand and look into its eyes and yours.'

"Tim colored scarlet, and moved his arm quickly. The friend from boyhood, he knew, was himself—and he was not accustomed to praise.

"'Pass it along, old fellow.'

"'I haven't got it, Sam,' came the reply.

"'Yes, you have,' called out the young millionaire. 'It's right there beside your glass—I saw it there a minute ago.'

"'Well, if it was,' Tim stammered, 'it isn't here now.'

"By this time half the guests were on their feet.

"'Look around among the glasses,' suggested one.

"'Maybe it's under your napkin,' remarked another.

"'I gave it to *you*, I thought,' said Tim, turning to the physician.

"'No, you didn't. You've got it somewhere around—perhaps you've slipped it in your pocket.' There was a slight tone of suspicion in the voice which jarred on Sam.

"'No,' answered Tim helplessly. 'I didn't put it in my pocket. I don't know what I did with it.'

"'Send for Hawkshaw, the detective; lock the doors, and search every man down to his underwear!' shouted Sam in a serio-comic voice.

"Chairs were now being pushed back and some of the men were on their knees groping around the floor near where Tim sat, the head waiter holding a candle from the table.

"All this time Sam was standing waiting to finish his speech—to him the event of the evening. The table was moved, and every square foot of the carpet was gone over, Tim assisting in the search, but in a perfunctory way that attracted Sam's attention.

"'Never mind, gentlemen, let it go,' Sam said. 'I can do without it. It will turn up somewhere. You've all seen it, anyhow, and so it's just as good as if I held it up before you. Some men, as I said, I have known from boyhood—'

"The young millionaire now jumped up.

"'Hold on, Mr. Collins; I'd like to find that opal before we do anything else. Nobody has swallowed it.' Constant association with money values had warped his judgment of human nature, perhaps. 'Here's what's in my clothes!' And he began unloading his keys, knife, loose change and handkerchief from his pockets, and piling them on the table.

"Every man followed his lead, the contagion of his example having spread through the room. The unloading was as much a part of the merriment of the evening as Tim's comic song or Sam's sallies of wit. Tim, all this time, had been edging near where Sam stood.

"'Out with your stuff, Peaslee,' shouted the millionaire. 'Here—right on the table—everything.'

"Tim turned pale and made a step nearer Sam.

"'I haven't got the opal, Sam; indeed, I haven't!' There was a tone in his voice that was almost pathetic.

"'Of course you haven't, old man, but out with your stuff just as the others have. Hurry up.'

"'I can't, Sam,' groaned Tim.

"'You can't!'

"'No, I can't! Please don't ask me. I must bid you good-night, gentlemen. Please let me go away,' and he moved to the door and shut it behind him.

"Every man looked at Sam. For a moment no one spoke. Collins himself was dumfounded.

"'D——d queer, isn't it!' whispered the millionaire to Sam. 'What do you think is the matter with him?'

"'Nothing that *you* think!' said Sam, looking him square in the face, a peculiar glitter in his eye that some of his men had seen when there was any trouble in the mine. 'He is not accustomed to being out, and the wine has, perhaps, gone to his head. Let us drink to his health!'"

The Vice-President of the United States

Charles W. Fairbanks, wrote us:—"I find the New International Encyclopædia most valuable and prepared with great care. It is a pleasure to commend such a work."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD—"The New International has not followed the traditional statements of worn-out books of reference, but has gone to original sources; and as a consequence, presents not garbled and inaccurate statements, but the truth. We marvel at the extent of this monumental work."

REV. CHARLES H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D., Bishop M. E. Church, Buffalo—"I am pleased to be the owner of the New International Encyclopædia. It is the library of libraries."

Here are three opinions, representative of the people and of widely different religious creeds, which speak volumes for the scope of usefulness and accuracy of this, the greatest literary work of recent years.

The New International Encyclopædia

Editors-in-Chief Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins University (1876-1901), afterwards President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor in Columbia University, and Frank Moore Colby, M.A., late Professor in New York University, assisted by over three hundred eminent scholars as assistants.

The publishers are one of the oldest and best known publishing houses in the United States. These are the men who offer you the newest, the most accurate and complete encyclopædia in English.

Nothing has been omitted, nothing doubtful included. It is just as useful and comprehensive to the [illegible] to the scientist and [illegible] fails to [illegible] go [illegible] New International with confidence that you will find what you wish to know. The matter [illegible] twenty years [illegible] 1904. We have [illegible] courses for study and reading in the New International which greatly increase the value of the encyclopædia to you.

We will send a handsome 80-page book free [illegible] page illustrations [illegible] New International [illegible] The New International Encyclopædia [illegible] the payments so easy that any one can [illegible]

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
Publishers
372 Fifth Ave., New York

FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS AND SEND THIS COUPON
Dodd, Mead & Company [illegible] 372 Fifth Ave., New York [illegible]
Name [illegible] Street [illegible] Post Office [illegible] State [illegible]

STYLE A D
CORONA COLT OXFORD
MAT CALF TOP
FANCY PATTERN.
MEDIUM EXTENSION SOLE.
MILITARY HEEL.
JAP TOE

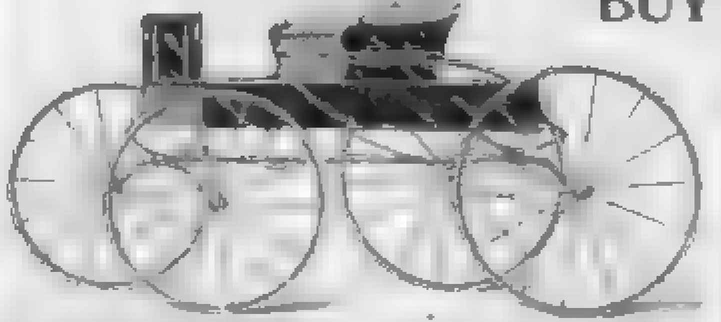
THE Dictator TRADE MARK SHOE $3.50

Pleases College Men

[illegible] The only way [illegible] style is to wear "Dictator" shoes. [illegible] custom shoes won't give it [illegible] give a higher [illegible] the perfect [illegible]

NOTE. Our Spring [illegible]

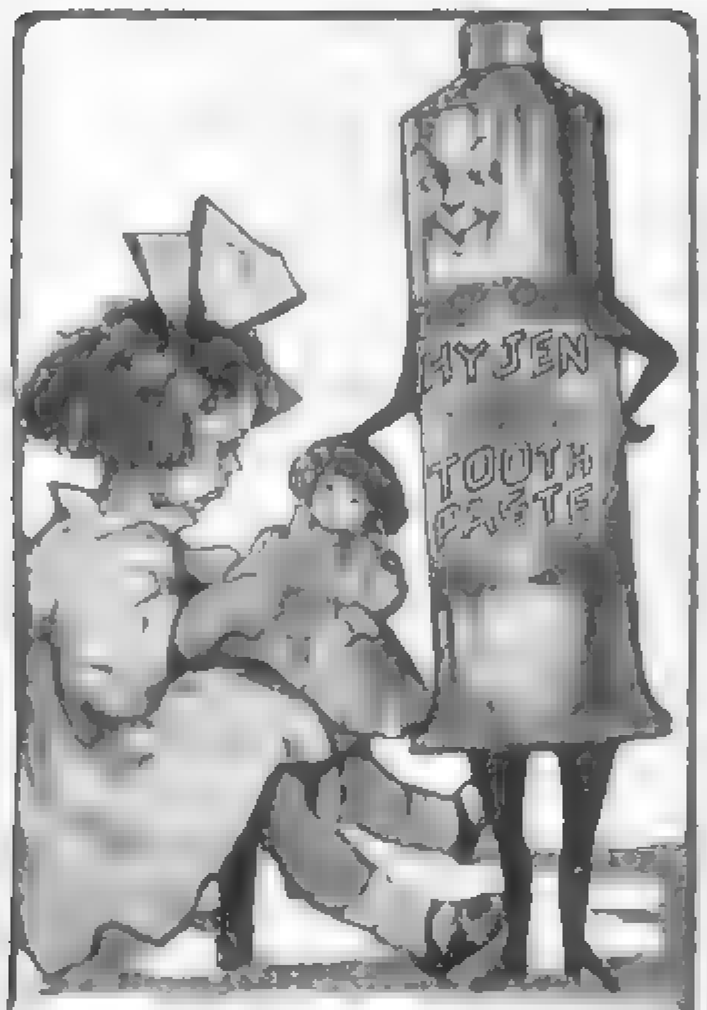
JOHN W. RUSS CO.
ESTABLISHED - 1856
369 RIVER ST., HAVERHILL, MASS.



BUY FROM OUR FACTORY
SAVE A THIRD

Our plan of selling direct to user cuts out two profits and saves a third on retail prices. Our assortment of carriages and harness is larger than any dealer can show you. We guarantee all our goods. We are bona fide manufacturers, not a commission house. Send for our free illustrated catalogue.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE AND HARNESS CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO



HY-JEN TOOTH PASTE

"Puts You in Good Humor With Yourself."

Hy-Jen Tooth Paste is a toilet luxury for the whole family. It leaves a clean, cool refreshing taste that puts the man in good humor with himself and fits him for the day's business. Its delicacy and smoothness and the bright natural polish it gives the teeth, delight the tastes of the discriminating woman, while the presence of Hy-Jen Tooth Paste on the bath-room shelf, is a sure guarantee that toothbrush time will be eagerly watched for by the children. Every new trial of Hy-Jen Tooth Paste makes another "Hy-Jen family." The dentifrice for careful folks

Special Introductory Offer

Ask your dealer for Hy-Jen Tooth Paste. If he [illegible] have it, send us his name with 8c in postage and we will send you a full size 25c tube to try This offer is open for 30 days only, and is made to prove to you how good Hy-Jen Tooth Paste really is

HY-JEN CHEMICAL CO.
206 Kinzie St. Chicago, Ill.

Put it where its safe

You can invest your money as safely by mail as in person. And you can just as safely get

5% interest

as 3% or 4%. We have paid 5% per annum for the past ten years, allow interest for every day the money is here and compound it semi-annually. Our company is managed by a board of *active* directors — successful business men who formed it

*Our free booklet gives the facts.*

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Company
Dept. A, Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

FREE—FOR EVERY MAN

You can be well dressed in up-to-date clothing of the newest patterns. *Send us your name for free samples* strictly all wool cloths, of our unmatchable styles both double or single breasted suits for $7.50.

CLOTHING THAT FITS

[illegible] Money refunded if not entirely suited

ELFMAN Market and Sixth Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

Send for this

[illegible] $5 [illegible] newspaper [illegible] $10 [illegible] Write [illegible]

THE PRESS CO Meriden, Conn.

MacWhirter reached for his pipe, knocked the bowl against the brickwork of the big fireplace to free it from its dead ashes, and turned again to the circle about him

"Is that all?" broke in Boggs

"Not quite," Mac answered. "All for that night and all for the next day, so far as Tim was concerned, for the old fellow shut himself up in his room and said he was sick, and Sam had to leave for Mexico without seeing him.

"What did the others think?"

"Just what you would have thought

"The millionaire believed, of course, Tim had stolen it, and so did the physician Made such an impression on the new directors present that Sam smothered his intended surprise and left his speech unfinished

Three months after that Sam came back to New York with more opals, many of them much larger and finer than the one which had so mysteriously disappeared. He arrived late, after everybody had gone to bed, and remembering the dinner, and where he had eaten it, and how good it was, he got into a cab and drove to Solari's. The head waiter looked him over for a moment—he still wore the same sombrero—and went out and got the clerk, who asked him his name; and then Solari came in and asked him more questions and laid the lost opal in his hand. It had been found under a corner of the carpet when it had been taken up and shaken the week before, and Solari had been trying ever since to find some way of letting Sam know

"It was now eleven o'clock, but that didn't make any difference to Sam. He laid a five-dollar bill on the table to pay for the supper he had ordered and hadn't time to eat; made a rush for the door, jumped into a cab, drove like mad to Bond Street, mounted the stairs three steps at a time and banged away at Tim's door. It happened to be Tim's night for working over his accounts, and he was still up.

"'I've got it, Tim—rolled under the carpet! Here it is. Let me hug you, you old fraud! Where's Miss Ann?'

"All this time Sam was hugging Tim like a bear, lifting him up and down as if he had been a baby. When they got inside, and Tim had shut the hall door and had tiptoed toward his sister's room and had seen that her door was shut tight—so tight that she couldn't hear—he came back to where Sam stood and nearly shook his arm off

"'Found it under the carpet, did they? Oh! I'm so glad! I never shall forget that night, Sam. They wanted me to empty my pockets, and I couldn't. Oh, Sam! it was awful! You didn't think I had taken it, did you?'

"'No, old man, I didn't, and that's square. But why didn't you unload with the others?'

"Tim craned his head toward Miss Ann's door, listened intently for a moment, and said:

"'I had one of those little fat quail in my coat-tail pocket—one the waiter handed me the second time. Ann used to love them, and I knew you wouldn't mind; and I lied about it when I gave it to her and told her you sent it. Don't tell her, please.'"

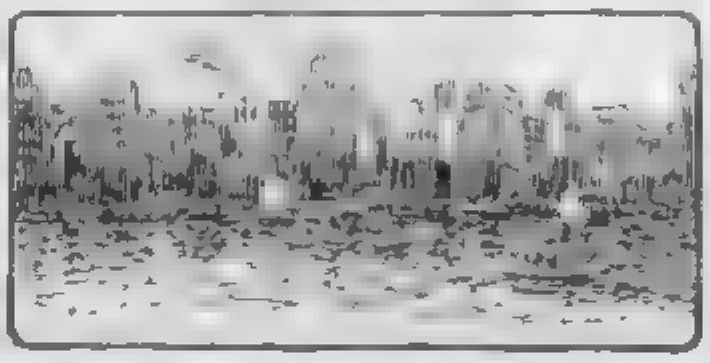
The story had evidently made a deep impression on Mac's guests—so much so that Marny didn't speak to Pitkin or Wharton until they reached the square, and then only to say:

"Regular old brick, wasn't he—that bookkeeper?"

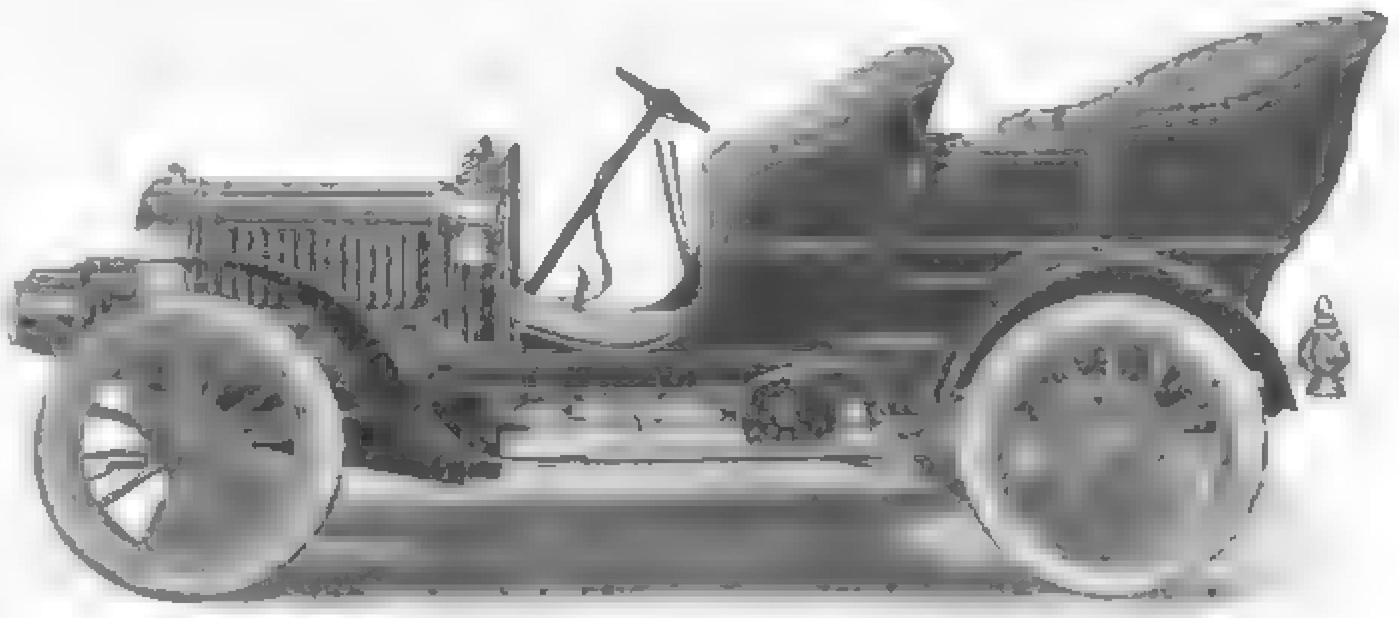
Boggs still sat hunched up in his chair. He was less emotional than dear old Marny, but his heart was in the right place.

"Bully story, Mac—one of your best. Heard something like that before—but it was about a peach, not a quail—but that's all right. Now, what was the surprise Collins had up his sleeve when he got up to make his speech that night?

"Why, Tim's appointment as bookkeeper of the new company. His refusal to be searched, of course, knocked that in the head Tim's treasurer now; has a big slice of the stock that Sam gave him for luck; has lost all his wrinkles, looks ten years younger, and is getting a new crop of hair. Miss Ann has gotten over her cough and is spry as a kitten—spryer. They are all out at the mine. She keeps house for them both."



Are You Judging the Car You Propose to Buy by the Performances of a Freak Racer?



Type VIII, 30 H. P., Price $3,500

Let us stop for a moment and analyze the automobile situation.

As a standard by which to judge the car you intend to buy, is there any value whatsoever in the showing of the freak racer? Do these cars resemble in any degree the car which will be sold to you by the dealer?

These questions answer themselves. The only criterions by which you can judge are **the actual performances of a stock-model taken direct from the factory or garage to the road or track,** performances such as have won triumphant victory for the POPE-TOLEDO over every other car made in America in every notable event in which they have been entered. POPE-TOLEDO Racers have covered themselves with glory wherever they have competed. The POPE-TOLEDO will represent America in the world's greatest contest—The Gordon-Bennett Cup Race to be run in France this season.

But, as an actual test of speed, simplicity, power and style, we ask you to judge the "Mile-A-Minute" POPE-TOLEDO by the record the regular stock-models have made, winning the notable speed, hill-climbing and endurance runs of the past two seasons—judge it by the car you will actually get from your dealer

Write for a copy of our 1905 catalogue. It contains a list of over 100 of the victories of which we speak won by regular stock-models. Gives details of construction and fully describes
30 h.-p., front entrance, immediate delivery - - - - - $3,200.00
20 h.-p., side entrance - - 2,800.00
30 h.-p., side entrance - - - 3,500.00
45 h.-p., side entrance - - 6,000.00
Canopy or Victoria Top, $250.00 extra.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO., Desk L, TOLEDO, OHIO
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

POINTS OF VITALITY

Sock Holes OR Whole Socks
You Can Get
SOCKS
That Don't Wear Out
By Asking for

Vitality
REGISTERED
THE SOCK WITH LIFE
3 PAIRS FOR 50c.

4-ply on all wearing surfaces. Made in Black, Tan, Gray and [illegible] All Fast Colors. [illegible] Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you order direct from the factory, postpaid

Vitality Hosiery Co., 1616 Mascher Street, Phila., Pa.

Permanent Salaried Positions

for men of business-getting ability. We need at once [illegible] present high-grade propositions [illegible] Previous experience not essential. [illegible] good opportunities for men having money to invest with their services. Write us to-day, stating position desired

HAPGOODS (Inc.), Brain Brokers
SUITE 509, 309 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms and Supplies. Lyon & Healy's "Own Make" instruments are used by the greatest artists. Fine Catalog, 400 illustrations, *mailed free;* it gives Band Music and Instructions for Amateur Bands. Cornets from $7.50 upward. Easy payments accepted

LYON & HEALY, 91 Adams Street, Chicago
World's Largest Music House

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
MUNN & CO., 365 Broadway, N. Y.
Branch Office: 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

A LUXURIOUS
SMOKE
French's Mixture

is the Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco. It is a superb blend of the cream of North Carolina golden leaf tobacco

Fragrant, Deliciously Mild and Never Bites the Tongue

Sold only direct from factory to smoker

Send Ten Cents, Silver or Stamps, for Large Sample Package and Booklet

FRENCH TOBACCO COMPANY
Dept. P Statesville, N. C.

Flexole Shoes
Made To Order
For Men, Women and Children

[illegible] MANY STYLES, HAND MADE [illegible] FLEXIBLE SOLES Used for negligee, lounging, athletics, basket ball bathing tennis, theatrical purposes, etc.

[illegible] ) $2.50 prepaid
[illegible] Athletic (like illust.) $2.00 prepaid

Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue Free. Estimates furnished for special styles or designs. Address

FLEXOLE SHOE COMPANY, 296 Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis.

BOYS' SUMMER CAMP
"Wildmere" in the Maine Woods
(Sebago Lake Region

The kind of vacation that does good. Mountain climbing, canoeing, fishing — the life a boy loves. Coaching trip through the White Mountains. Supervision and companionship of college-bred leaders and masters Tutoring if desired. Sixth season begins June 29th Booklet on request

IRVING L. WOODMAN, Ph. B
1029 Park Row Bldg., New York City

THE MISSES ELY'S
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Riverside Drive, 85th and 86th Streets, New York City.

LE PAGE'S PHOTO PASTE
IN JARS AND TUBES

[illegible] Dries quickly [illegible] for large [illegible]

LE PAGE'S MUCILAGE
2 oz. size retails 5c; by mail 10c

LE PAGE'S GLUE [illegible] mail 12c [illegible] RUSSIA CEMENT CO. 131 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

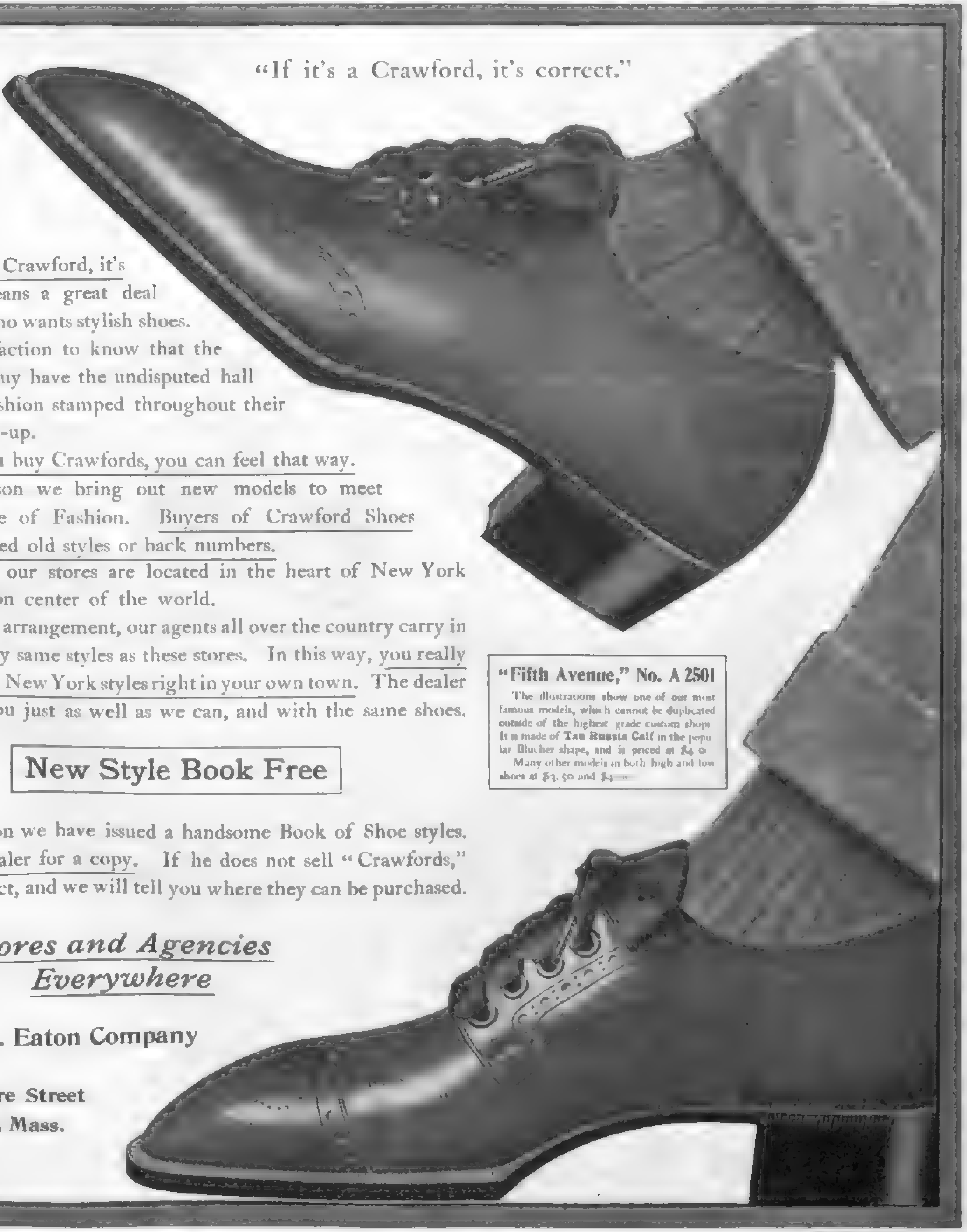
LEARN TELEGRAPHY

And secure a railroad position. Students assisted to positions. Send for catalog

OBERLIN SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, OBERLIN, OHIO

# The Crawford Shoe

"If it's a Crawford, it's correct."



"If it's a Crawford, it's correct" means a great deal to anyone who wants stylish shoes. It is a satisfaction to know that the shoes you buy have the undisputed hall mark of Fashion stamped throughout their entire make-up.

When you buy Crawfords, you can feel that way.

Each season we bring out new models to meet every dictate of Fashion. Buyers of Crawford Shoes are not offered old styles or back numbers.

Many of our stores are located in the heart of New York — the fashion center of the world.

By special arrangement, our agents all over the country carry in stock the very same styles as these stores. In this way, you really have genuine New York styles right in your own town. The dealer will serve you just as well as we can, and with the same shoes.

**"Fifth Avenue," No. A 2501**

The illustrations show one of our most famous models, which cannot be duplicated outside of the highest grade custom shops. It is made of **Tan Russia Calf** in the popular Blucher shape, and is priced at $4.00.

Many other models in both high and low shoes at $3.50 and $4[illegible]

## New Style Book Free

This season we have issued a handsome Book of Shoe styles. Ask your dealer for a copy. If he does not sell "Crawfords," write us direct, and we will tell you where they can be purchased.

*Stores and Agencies Everywhere*

**Charles A. Eaton Company**
*Makers,*
158 Centre Street
Brockton, Mass.
U. S. A.

A. W. ERICKSON ADV. AG'Y N. Y.

Made-to-Order
Suits $12.50
Nothing Ready-Made

[illegible] please you [illegible] is to prove how much better [illegible] those you buy of your local [illegible] twice our [illegible]

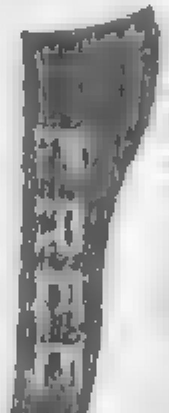
10,000 Pairs of
$5 Trousers Free

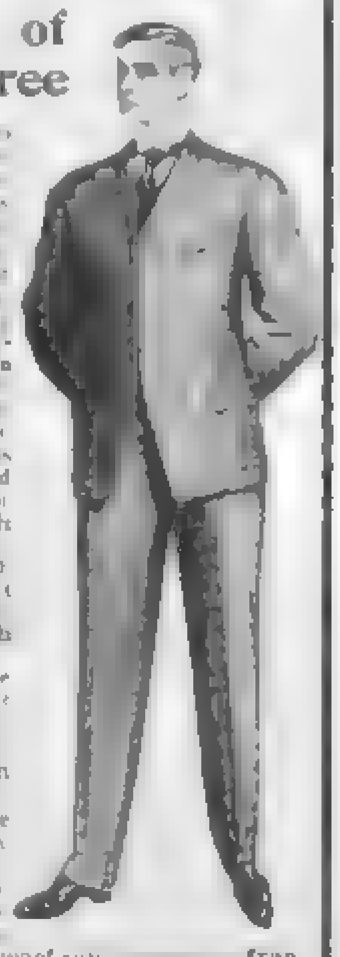
[illegible] $5 All-Wool Trousers Free [illegible] magazine and write today for Free Cloth Samples [illegible] $12.50, $15, $18 [illegible] $20 [illegible] teed all wool suits [illegible] made strictly to order. We hereby agree to hold the [illegible] in your own home [illegible] distinct agree[illegible] refund the entire [illegible] upon the return of the garments to us, if you are not [illegible] satisfied with the [illegible] of styles [illegible] of nobby, all wool suit [illegible] free [illegible] well how well we can d[illegible] you can save by ordering a suit [illegible] ting a pair of $5 all-wool trousers absolutely free.

NOTICE.—Write today and be [illegible] samples of the free trousers given [illegible] the first order [illegible] introduce our made-to-order suits.

Owen T. Moses & Co., Tailors, 201 Moses Building, Chicago

References: Any one of our 100,000 customers or the Milwaukee Ave. State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock, $[illegible],000.00





The Bogey Golf Ball

AN entirely new principle of construction is employed in manufacturing Bogey Golf Balls

RUBBER CORED AT HIGH TENSION

The rubber core is built up by stretching at high tension a series of pure para rubber rings over a [illegible] elastic center. [illegible]

[illegible] uniformly pebbled, and thoroughly seasoned, the Bogey Ball possesses many points of superiority over every other ball.

For Durability, Resiliency, Accuracy, Putting and Carrying Qualities it has no Equal

The price $4.80 per dozen, postpaid. Sample ball, 40c. to any address on receipt of price.

The Bogey Golf Ball Floats High [illegible] Send for Illustrated Booklet.

Seaman Mfg. Co., 313-315 Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Security Key-Ring
Ste[illegible] Perfect W[illegible] the world [illegible] by mail, [illegible] and 2c stamp
[illegible] AND 206 WEST [illegible]

WRITE to the San Juan Valley Improvement Club at San Juan, California, for illustrated booklet concerning the Garden Spot of San Benito County—THE SAN JUAN VALLEY

$17.50 —— $50.00
EASY PAYMENTS
[illegible] a high grade [illegible] type[illegible] [illegible] only a [illegible] Booklet. "The New Way," gives full par[illegible] for it now
Fay Sholes Co. 107 Rees St. Chicago

STARK FRUIT BOOK
[illegible] NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.

Who Wants Good Health, To Make Money, A Beautiful Home, Reliable Facts? Send 2c to Improvement Club, Hollister, Cal., for FREE Illustrated Book.

I-R Lectures
[illegible] I-R [illegible] Lecture and we'll give ONE Lecture [illegible] postage [illegible] postage refunded [illegible] of at least $1.00. I-R Lectures will surprise you. Send for Catalogue and ask for Lecture 90. IAN REA, Phila., Pa.

AN AID FOR THE DEAF
SENT ON TRIAL, absolutely FREE of expense or risk. Address
G. G TIEMANN & CO., 107 Park Row, New York

# MEDICAL MIRACLES

*(Continued from Page 9)*

ignored Koch altogether but it examined his facts exhaustively; and, after a session of tense, silent thought, it reported that, although, on the one hand, these germs, microbes or bacilli (taken from a score of different cholera patients and put before the commission under the microscope) appeared undoubtedly to be characteristic of the disease, yet, on the other hand, it had not been made entirely plain what relationship they actually bore to it. Presumably the patient had merely concealed them on his person in a spirit of humor! The commission sat for ten years longer, and it was then in a position to report that it was strongly confirmed in these opinions.

Meanwhile, in 1884, Koch had returned to Berlin. By now it might be said that all the advanced pathologists of Europe were devoting themselves to cholera; and they at once found that they had to do with microbian peculiarities never before encountered. All the bacilli isolated and described were not comma-shaped. Some were straight, some semi-lunar, others threadlike, others in spirals. All were alike only in their being in a kind of constant vibrating motion; hence they were given the generic name of vibrions. Some would feed in broth, and so admit of cultivation. With others no such helpful intimacy was possible. Some were phosphorescent in the dark, others not. They were, too, of all degrees of virulence. In certain cases one one-hundredth of a "culture" sufficed to kill a guinea-pig. In others, doses which should have been five hundred times more deadly were almost powerless. Some died out harmlessly when injected beneath the skin. Others spread and acted like a blood-poison.

### A Microbe Cocktail

In effect a certain Professor Pettenkoffer, of Munich, was moved to say that the bacillus discovered by Koch was really a very secondary and harmless variety of the microbe; and, procuring a test-tube full of them, he quaffed it as if it had been a glass of schnapps. What happened then to the valiant savant it is not within the dignity of literature to say. Fortunately, he was at least able to keep his soul within his teeth. When he recovered he wrote a pamphlet in which he acknowledged that Koch's bacillus did not appear to be wholly innocuous; but he pointed triumphantly to his recovery as proof that it was not necessarily mortal!

In 1888 Pasteur had the delight of reading before the Paris Academy of Medicine an account of the progress made by one of his disciples, Nicolas Gamaleia—later head of the Institute at Odessa. Gamaleia had succeeded in transmitting human cholera to animals. He had, moreover, established the fact that the disease in the pigeon, after transmission through the guinea-pig, was much more virulent than the disease in its original character. He had found a means of "intensifying the virus." He showed, too, that a temperature of 240°, by destroying all life in this virus, transformed it to a true vaccine. He had inoculated pigeons with it and thereby rendered them immune.

Once more the scientific comprehension of a terrible malady had reached the stage where it could be successfully dealt with in the animals of the laboratory. Again there remained the practical application of this knowledge to the disease in man. It is possible that Gamaleia might have arrived at this, but he was overtaken by a death cruelly premature. One of the forms of the cholera bacillus bears his name. His labors were to be continued by another Russian, W. M. Haffkine.

Haffkine took the varying microbes of cholera and showed that they had the power to pass into one another, that it was merely a case of bud, twig and branch. He showed how the bacillus exists in the form of spores when outside the organism. And, taking Gamaleia's "sterilized" cultures, he showed that the virulence of the microbe could be attenuated not merely by heat, but by oxidization, by light, and by differing forms of nourishment. And, finally, as in the case of vaccination for smallpox, the introduction of attenuated cholera virus under the skin imparted a "benign" form of the disease which preserved the system against the deadly. His treatment was first to inject a mild vaccine, which generally caused pain and fever for a day, and then to follow it, five days later,

TO MERCHANTS

WE HAVE a proposition on Commercial Vehicles which appeals to the common sense, enterprise and pocket book of any merchant dependent on the horse and wagon for delivery service. Our delivery cars are easily meeting the most exacting requirements of department and general store delivery, city and country parcel express work, etc. We have made these requirements a practical study, which has enabled us to produce the required car—one strong, substantial, roomy, cheap to operate and easy to control—at a price which makes it a highly profitable investment. We would like to submit our proof to you as a practical business man, if you will kindly send us your address.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Dept. G
DETROIT, U. S. A.
Member of A. L. A. M.

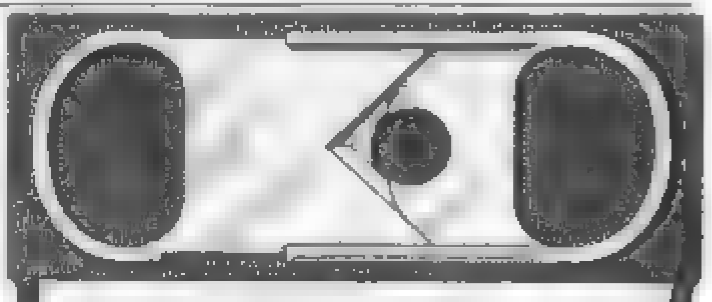
Good Pay For Easy Work

Good Positions
In Every Town, Now Open
No Investment Required — Outfit Furnished
[illegible] requirement is the ability [illegible] supplies everything necessary [illegible] measurement blanks, advertising [illegible] and complete in [illegible] prices [illegible] deliver a suit or overcoat that will delight with its style, fit, quality and low cost.

We Assume All Risks and Pay You Liberally
Remember that one of the largest tailoring con[illegible] an established reputation, gives you [illegible] The field is new and inviting. The [illegible] dignified and pays handsomely.

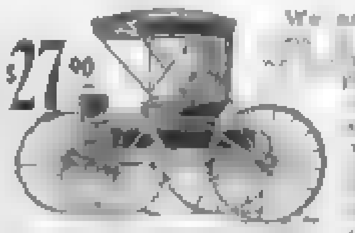
File Your Application for an Agency At Once
Only one agent desired in each locality. W[illegible] live in city, town, or country there is an opp[illegible] steady employment at good wages if you act pr[illegible] pay agents from $30 to $65 per week.

FELIX KAHN & CO.
Dept. 262 Chicago, Ill.



WHAT A MAN APPRECIATES
At any time a sterling silver cigar-cutter that cuts so handy that he couldn't do without it, so unique [illegible]
THE R. S. CIGAR CUTTER
If your jeweler hasn't it, sent postpaid on receipt of one dollar
F. H. DICKSON, 21 A Maiden Lane, New York City
Wholesale only, Enos Richardson & Co., New York

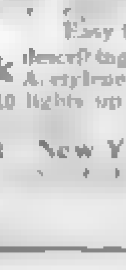
DIRECT TO YOU At Factory Prices.
We are not jobbers or assem[illegible] you get everything that [illegible] Our large free [illegible]
$27.00
RETAIL PRICE $45.
guaranty and how we [illegible]
ON 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
[illegible] $22.50 [illegible] $44.00 [illegible]
U. S. BUGGY & CART CO.,
B 595, Cincinnati, O.



LEARN BY MAIL Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, etc.
MONEY BACK if not satisfied. We have $300,000.00 capital and a chain of 20 Colleges to back our cla[illegible] DIPLOMAS issued and aid given in securing positions. Write today. Address
DRAUGHON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE CO.
(Mention this magazine.) Nashville, Tenn.

STAMPS FREE! 50 different [illegible] unused [illegible] collection 150 [illegible] 10c [illegible] Album [illegible]
Approval sheets also sent. 50% [illegible] Price list free!
New England Stamp Co., 9 E Bromfield St., Boston.

COLT ACETYLENE GAS
Colt Carbide-Feed Generators Combine
SAFETY BRILLIANCE ECONOMY
Accepted by Insurance [illegible] Costs less than elec[illegible]
[illegible] There can be [illegible] up gas with a Colt [illegible] Easy to use
We Prove This in our Free Book describing the Acetylene principle, Colt generator, prices on all sizes from 10 lights up and [illegible]
J. B. COLT CO., Dept. G, 21 Barclay St. New York



PORTER'S FLI-TITE
Made to Measure
WINDOW SCREENS
75 cts. each

[illegible] dow and [illegible]

Our [illegible] screens [illegible]

[illegible] to window [illegible] and slip screens into place

**We'll make you half a dozen or half a hundred screens on shortest notice, at the lowest prices ever offered by anyone, and guarantee your satisfaction.**

We are supplying local dealers everywhere with sample screens and instructions for measurements.

If your dealer is not prepared to take your order write to us for [illegible] samples and measurement blanks.

PORTER SCREEN MFG. CO.
*Mail Dept.* Burlington, Vt.

IMPROVED RIDING GALLERY
HERSCHELL SPILLMAN CO.

$8,000 TO $10,000 Yearly.

[illegible] large profit for owners of Merry-Go-Rounds [illegible] delightful att[illegible] and wants [illegible] tage. We make the finest appearing and easiest running Merry-Go-Rounds manufactured. They [illegible] in construction and require no mechanical knowledge to operate.

*If you want to get into a money-making business write today for catalogue and particulars.*

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
172 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.

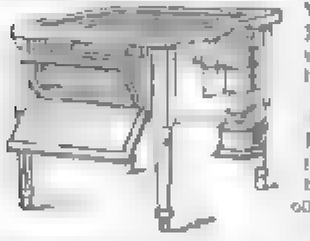
"No Mend"
Linen Knee
Children's Hosiery

The knees, heels and toes won't wear through, because reinforced with stout **Irish linen thread**, which is knitted in with the cotton.

**25c. a pair, of your dealer.**

*Write for "No Mend" booklet*

M. B. LAUBACH, maker, Philadelphia.



60,000 Sure Hatch Incubators

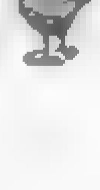
Working satisfactorily night and day. No "race suicide" in the poultry world while **Sure Hatches** are busy. Hatch every fertile egg. Lead because of exclusive patented features.

Price of 120-egg machine, freight prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains **$10**
60 days trial. Catalog free. Address
SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO
Box 5711, Clay Center, Neb. Box 10711, Indianapolis, Ind

PAPER YOUR OWN WALLS
Now is the Time to Decorate Your Home

DON'T BUY WALL PAPERS until you see our offer [illegible] seed bilks and Ingrains at 5 to 1½ cents per roll [illegible]. WE DEFY COMPETITION. Write [illegible] of samples including complete instructions [illegible] own wall paper. CONSUMERS WALL PAPER & SUPPLY CO., 244 Greene St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SQUABS [illegible] $2.50 [illegible] 75 [illegible] $1.50 [illegible] all the work. No mixing feed, no labor, no young stock to attend (parents do this). Send for our FREE BOOK [illegible] to Make Money with Squabs," and learn [illegible] industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company,** 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.



GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE
Standard bred poultry for 1905 [illegible]
[illegible] 60 [illegible]
This book only 10 cents.
B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.

with a much stronger injection. He took the treatment himself; two weeks afterward swallowed cultures of virulent living vibrions, and he received no harm from them.

Other pathologists, all over Europe, gave themselves the same treatment; and in the majority of cases they put its efficacy to the same test. It was a little as if Doctor Haffkine had invented a new cocktail, and Professor Pettenkoffer must have looked on thereat with a justified bitterness. Nor were these experiments mere uncalled-for foolhardiness. In that year, 1893, cholera was again epidemic in many parts of the Continent; and those who had taken the means to assure themselves of their immunity were, for the majority, brought professionally into constant touch with it.

It was in the spirit of Haffkine, however, to wish to try his serum in the home of cholera, either India or Southern China. The Russian Ambassador at London introduced him to some of the leading men of science there. They wrought with the British Government and this time the introducer of the "new medicine" was given his opportunity. The success of Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia and the establishment of his Institute upon a national basis conferred upon even the youngest of its representatives a prestige in its nature unexampled.

New and good men, too, were in charge of the Indian Department of Health. And the members of the civil and military service, now that the treatment was franked officially, acted in accordance. Whether they liked it or not, like officers and gentlemen they walked up and took the inoculations as examples to all beneath them. Haffkine was given every assistance; he could have anything he wanted. In his ruthless scientific soul he probably wanted a great epidemic.

### Early Disappointments

But it is as well for science that he did not get it. It has invariably taken years for one of the new serum or vaccine cures to be brought to a reliability which the lay mind, and particularly the minds of other practitioners, will regard as entirely satisfying. In the case of cholera vaccination this was to be especially true. Even at the present day it has enemies enough. From the first Doctor Haffkine went to work to make inoculations upon a large scale; he would have been wiser if he had begun with a longer period of experimentation. He found at once that he had not perfected a vaccine which would preserve its strength. New supplies must be kept under constant preparation. And he must have new supplies of guinea-pigs to act as test animals; nor was the guinea-pig of India of the same resisting power as the guinea-pig as naturalized in Europe. Again, he found that the amount of vaccine required to immunize the Hindu and the acclimatized Anglo-Indian differed very considerably from the quantity demanded by the pure European. In the case of the British Army he began by injecting one-twentieth of a culture-tube. It was in time made evident that, for any real protection, from one-sixth to one-fourth of a culture was necessary. The virulence of the vaccine had also to be intensified. Doctor Haffkine was compelled, in fact, several times to alter his treatment very radically. And, in the mean time, he had practiced many thousands of vaccinations.

For a time he tried a single inoculation, giving the maximum dose. More than 5000 natives were so treated. The immunity was shown to last for less than two weeks; and the patient was thereafter probably more sensitive to the disease than ever. In one squad of 318 tea-estate coolies so vaccinated two fatal cases of cholera developed a month later; while among 657 unvaccinated coolies on the same estate no cases developed whatever; and it is unnecessary to say that these unfavorable results had no lack of reporting.

Only slightly better was the showing when Doctor Haffkine returned to the double vaccination with both injections at substantially the same strength. At the best the results were negative. And he must still have felt that fate was against him in sending no epidemic; which is not a paradox, for all protective inoculations lose their potency with more or less rapidity. We have seen how that of diphtheria serum, invaluable as it is, passes away within thirty days. In the districts in which the Russian pathologist had been working there had been only a few sporadic cases of cholera in all, and these had occurred months after the date of the vaccinations. He felt that it was not a test at all.

And now we must give unstinted acknowledgment to that all-conquering English attribute of "seeing the thing through" once it

William Jennings Bryan
in
Public Opinion

IN THE April 15th number of **Public Opinion** there will appear the first of a series of articles by William Jennings Bryan on our national problems. These articles — like everything written by Mr. Bryan — will be characterized by sincerity and honesty of purpose, and lucidity of expression. They will express his views upon the vital questions now confronting the American people — and he will write fearlessly, without mincing matters. Every American citizen, whether he agrees with Mr. Bryan's political views or not, should read these articles. They will constitute a significant and valuable addition to the literature of present-day politics. Mr. Bryan will suggest practical remedies for the defects which are becoming more and more apparent in our social fabric.

The first article — to appear in **Public Opinion** April 15th — will be entitled, "Has Roosevelt the Courage to be a Reformer?" Two other articles are in preparation: "The Remedy for the Trusts," and "The Coming Awakening."

Are You Reading Public Opinion?

If you are not, you are missing one of the brightest and most instructive periodicals ever printed on this continent. It is a 48-page weekly magazine, sparkling with human interest from the first to the last page. It gives each week a comprehensive review of the world's news and the world's opinions. It covers every important happening in Political, Literary, Scientific, Dramatic, Religious and Financial circles. It publishes in each issue a number of original articles — by intellectual men and women — discussing every live topic and every question of national importance.

$2.00 Till December 31st, 1905

**80-Page Book FREE with your Subscription** The subscription price of Public Opinion is $4.00 a year — or 10 cents a copy at news-stands. We make you a special offer of a trial subscription for the rest of the year 1905 for $2.00. This gives you the magazine eight and one half months, at little more than the actual cost of printing. In addition to this, we will send free to every person who answers this advertisement and sends his subscription, a copy of "On the Firing Line," a beau[illegible] have appeared recently in Public Opinion. Among the contents of this free book are: "Confession of a Yellow Journalist," "How a Railroad Rate is Made," "The Racial Complexity of Russia," "Fraud in Food Manufacture," "The Story of Amalgamated Copper," etc. The book will be sent postpaid, and the subscription to Public Opinion will commence with the April 15th number — containing the first of Mr. Bryan's articles. Cut off the coupon now, pin it to a $2.00 bill, and mail it to-day.

Public Opinion Co.
44-60 East 23d St.
New York

Mail this Coupon with Two Dollars

Public Opinion, New York

I enclose $2.00. Send Public Opinion from April 15 to Dec. 31, 1905. Also send me a complimentary copy of "On the Firing Line."

Name

Address

S. E. P. 4-15

RALEIGH HOSE

**Are doubly re-enforced** just where the strain is doubly wearing. Owing to cheaper materials and labor, we give better quality than you buy for 25 cents, yet Raleigh Hose sell 2 pair for 25 cents. They are tough and lasting, but elastic in fit. **For a snug hug and long wear** get Raleigh Hose.

Men's and Children's sizes
2 for 25c, 1 dozen $1.50

RALEIGH HOSIERY COMPANY, RALEIGH, N. C.

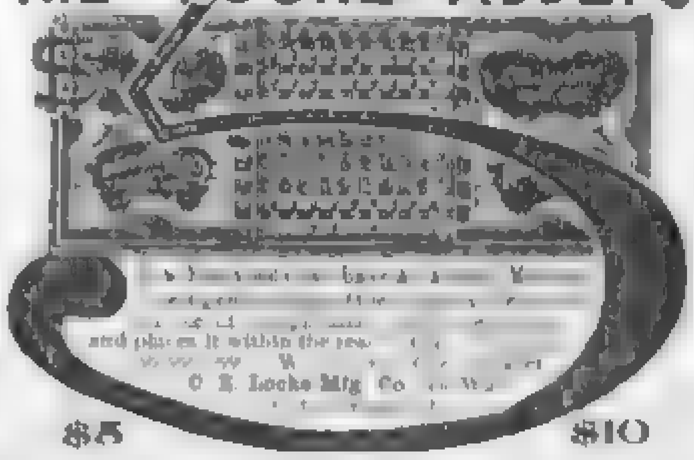
MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A POSITIVE RELIEF FOR Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless [illegible] Delightful after Shaving [illegible] mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's [illegible]

GERHARD MENNEN CO. Newark, N. J.

Make Rubber Stamps!
LARGE PROFITS—LIGHT WORK
A few dollars will purchase a complete manufacturing [illegible] Ambitious young men [illegible] at once. *Write for Catalogue*
BARTON MFG. CO.
337 Broadway New York

300 Foreign Stamps, 10c. 104 — all different — from [illegible] 10c [illegible] 15c, 200 [illegible] 30c [illegible] $1.25 1000 [illegible] $4.75 32 page [illegible] free. Agents wanted, 50% commission.
CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.



THE LOCKE ADDER

[illegible] and places it within the reach [illegible]
C. E. Locke Mfg. Co. [illegible]
$5 $10

Cheap Freight Rates To California

We have special arrangements for transporting household goods to California, Oregon and Washington. Special cheap rates. No change of cars, therefore no breakage. Quick service, no delays. Write today for particulars and [illegible]

JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING CO.
349 Marquette Bldg., Chicago

Moving Picture Machines
STEREOPTICONS [illegible] BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public [illegible]
Our Entertainment Supply Catalog [illegible] sent free.
CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

WOODLAWN INCUBATORS

[illegible] Big Money in Poultry Raising [illegible]
Write to-day for catalog "M," WOODLAWN POULTRY FARM, home of thoroughbred poultry, Johnstown, Pa. Fine Collie Puppies.

has finally been taken hold of. The first six months had been rather discouraging? Well, one would be better able to judge at the end of the year. The Tommies could not put on their belts for five days after a "shot," and were making blasphemous declaration that they had had a sanguinary sufficiency of that sanguinary kind of poisoning? The babus were threatening to rise in rebellion, and the unofficial natives were carrying the matter to the temples of their gods? Possibly—possibly. But Tommies and natives were always so confoundedly unreasonable, you know! . . . Twelve months had not given results as yet distinctly favorable? Quite so—undoubtedly! But what these scientific experiments really require is time. For no less than twenty-nine months—until he had won his battle, indeed—India remained at Haffkine's disposal. The Government reports gravely assure us that in no case was an individual induced to take the treatment by anything but "free persuasion." It is evident that "free persuasion" is a moral force which has been brought to its maximum upon the banks of the Ganges. In the case of the Indian jails the unanimity of the inmates' desire to advance the progress of Pasteurian medicine is one of the most striking things the present writer has ever had the pleasure of placing upon record.

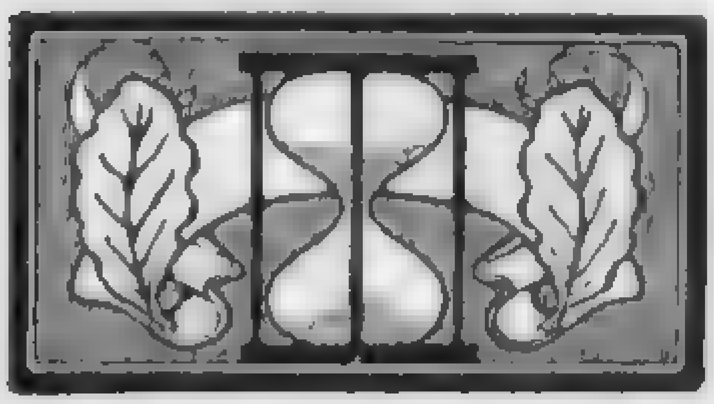
But all considerations of "free persuasion" put aside, 42,192 persons in all underwent the treatment. Of these, in the twenty-nine months in question, thirty-six took cholera, and twenty-six died of it. But this gives altogether too favorable a complexion to the test, as during those twenty-nine months no general epidemic occurred.

Meanwhile, Doctor Haffkine himself has been in no way satisfied with his system; he has determined, as in the serum treatment of lockjaw and diphtheria, to give cholera vaccination also the ability to cure. He has been able to reduce the ten-day interval, during which the vaccine was at first arriving at its fighting strength, to from four to five days. He has, too, working with Professor Pfeiffer of Berlin, elaborated a cholera serum which has shown great curative powers; but it is still under experiment. Professor Wright, of Netley, England, who has been the mighty man in the struggle against typhoid, has suggested a blending of the serum and the vaccine to give at once the preventive and the cure. All that is for the future.

Yet Doctor Koch, foremost of the Germans, has bluntly declared that the first stage is enough; that, of necessity, the real struggle must be the preventive one; that, by gradually restricting the area in which the disease can move and migrate, it will, in the near future, be brought within such narrow limits that the simple measures of the sanitary police will do the rest. And already who of us any longer fears cholera in America?

It will always be the brilliant *cure* which will strike our imaginations. The surgical genius uses his knife upon the very heart, yet saves his patient, and that has all the drama of the stage. There is nothing dramatic in a preventive medicine. But, once perfected, it has the power to do for the whole human race what the cure can do only for the occasional afflicted individual. It does not preserve life after great terror and sufferings; it puts away even the menace of such misery. Smallpox caused greater gaps in the battalions of Frederick the Great than did the French. In the fifteen years between 1874 and 1889, during which vaccination against smallpox was compulsory, more than six million men passed through the German Army; the once dreaded variole made two victims alone. This result was accomplished by a medicine for which no curative powers can be claimed whatever. Among "preventives" it is the type example.

One of the first movements of developing civilization was either to eliminate savage animals, or greatly to narrow the area which they were allowed to occupy. We still find the wolf and bear in both Europe and America. But their menace to the race has long since passed away. The century which is now begun will no less certainly behold the almost complete elimination of those "infinitely little" savage beasts which civilization for so long believed to be invincible.



A 300 page book on Electricity
Size of page 8 in. x 10 in.
Bound in Art Buckram

THE average reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, be he a business man, physician, clergyman, student, mechanic or farmer, who has not actively followed the development of Electricity, often finds that if he knew only a little about the fundamental principles he would be greatly benefited. In order to bring to the attention of people interested in electricity some idea of the simple and practical character of our instruction in this subject we have bound up four representative instruction papers in our Electrical Engineering course, in a handsome art buckram cover, under the title of

Practical Lessons in Electricity

300 pages, fully illustrated. 15,000 copies sold in six months. We are placing them before the public in this form to advertise our correspondence courses. We will therefore send a copy to every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, *while the supply lasts*,

FOR THE NAMES OF THREE FRIENDS

***known* to be interested in our courses mentioned below (state course in which interested) and *sixty cents* to help defray the cost of printing and binding.**

If wanted by mail send ten 2c. stamps to cover cost of delivery, otherwise book will be sent by express collect. Remittances may be made in stamps at our risk.

The book is easily worth $2.00, containing as it does the general principles of Electricity as applied to equipping Electric Bells, Burglar and Fire Alarms, Electric Vehicles and Launches, the Telephone, the Telegraph, Storage Batteries, etc., and Wiring as required for insurance by the National Board of Underwriters.

PARTIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS:

**STORAGE BATTERIES (by Prof. F. B. Crocker, Columbia University):** Types, General Principles; Chemical Action; Data Sheets; Edison Storage Battery; Management; Electrolyte; Cadmium Test; Charging; Efficiency; Troubles and Remedies; Testing Portable Batteries for Automobiles and Boats, etc.

**ELECTRIC CURRENT (by L. K. Sager, S. B.):** Volt, Ampere, Ohm; Resistance, Conductivity; Tables; Circuits, Grouping of Cells; Quantity; Energy; Power; Coulomb; Joule; Watt, etc.

**ELECTRIC WIRING (by H. B. Cushing, Jr., author of "Standard Wiring"):** Dynamo and Motor Installation; The Switch Board; Lightning Arresters; Tables, Three Wire Systems, Poles and Pole-Setting; Inside, Arc and Fixture Wiring; Conduit Work; Cut Outs; Switches; Distribution of Light; Arc and Incandescent Systems; Fuses; Inspection; Electric Bells, Burglar and Fire Alarms, etc.

**ELEMENTS OF ELECTRICITY (by L. K. Sager, S. B.):** Magnets; Experiments with Magnets; Magnetizing Steel; Conductors; Insulation; Electric Machine; Leyden Jar; Voltaic Cell; Types of Cells; Electromagnets; Induction Coil; Electrolysis; Electrotyping and Electro-Plating; The Telephone; The Telegraph; Sounder, Alphabet, Key, Battery, Relay, etc.

Illustrated 200-page quarterly Bulletin giving full outlines of our sixty different courses in Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Stationary, Marine, Locomotive Engineering, Architecture, Mechanical, Perspective and Freehand Drawing, Pen and Ink Rendering, Structural Drafting, Telegraphy, Telephony and Textiles, including Knitting, Cotton and Woolen Cloth Manufacturing, etc., and College Preparatory Course fitting for entrance to engineering schools, will be sent *free* to anyone on request.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Mention The Saturday Evening Post

$25.00 Per Week

If You Earn Less

I Can Help Your Salary or Income

by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising.

Not only has the Powell System of correspondence instruction [illegible] hundreds of young men to "climb higher," but it has likewise been the means of securing many bright young women as ad writers for manufacturers and merchants.

LOUISE M. TOWNE, ASSISTANT AD WRITER,
M. Friedman & Co., Lansing, Mich., says:

[illegible] M. Friedman & Co. [illegible] ty in [illegible] practical work."

I have two valuable booklets—Prospectus and "Net Results," [illegible] interest to young men and women anxious to earn from $25 to $100 weekly, and to business men wanting more profits. For free copies merely address me, GEORGE H. POWELL, 1511 Temple Court, New York.

How to Hire Salesmen

Many a horse has pulled a plow that could have been a Lou Dillon, with training. Every excellent thing is a combination of culture and material. Teaching tells in all other lines, why not in salesmanship? Employers want salesmen who can make good. Guess work is expensive. We are teaching employers how to hire salesmen and get the best results by test. We are teaching salesmen on the road and in the house how to build up trade by tearing down awkwardness and wastefulness. Time costs money and false moves defeat strong men. We can prove it. Write for free book, 48 pages on Scientific Salesmanship.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL, CHICAGO
1100 McClurg Building

Agents Wanted

[illegible] ture a very economical steel Boiler and Regurgitating Safety Valve and have an exclusive system of circulation. We give building plans free, with each order. Agents instructed free and fully protected. Good side line. Write at once.

ANDREWS HEATING COMPANY
Engineers, Architects, Manufacturers
288 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

How to Converse

The Art of Talking Well in Society
Taught by Mail
YOU MAY LEARN

How to tell an [illegible]
How to ease the conver[illegible]
[illegible] interesting [illegible] how to ac[illegible] of figure, clear complexion, proper carriage, dont of manner [illegible] blanks.

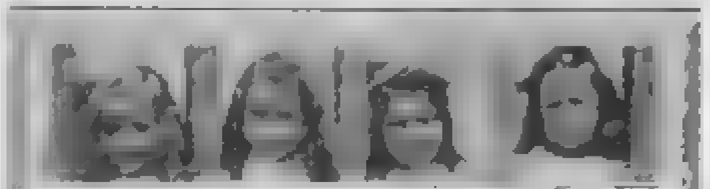
A. P. GARDINER, Pres't 20th Century Instruction Co.
Box 1, Railway Square, New York

$7.98 DRESSES ANY MAN

With a Fine Cheviot Suit and
Extra Pair of Trousers

To introduce our famous Suits we make this unequaled offer of a Suit well made and durably trimmed in the latest English Sack Style for only $7.98 and give you an extra pair of Trousers of the same cloth as the suit or a fancy pattern if desired. Send us your name and address and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of cloth, measurement blanks, etc. SEND NO MONEY but write today.

Gents' Outfitting Co., Dept. 126
242 Market St., Chicago
[illegible]
Traveling Salesmen Wanted



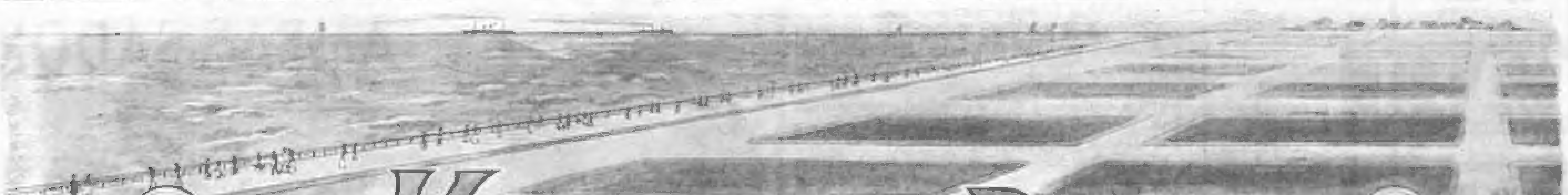
From riches to poverty
is a short step when a man dies uninsured. Have you provided for the future welfare of *your* wife and children?
Send for booklet, "The How and the Why."
We insure by mail
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

"HIGHEST AWARD"
Don't forget to ask for a
PELOUZE POSTAL SCALE
It means you will get the best postal scale money can buy.
Received highest award at World's Fair.
They give instantly exact cost of postage in cents on all mail matter.
Warranted.
"Save time and stamps."
*For sale everywhere by* [illegible]
CATALOG F
PELOUZE SCALE AND MFG. CO.
CHICAGO

DRAW *for* MONEY
ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN LARGE SALARIES [illegible] Commercial Illustrating [illegible]
The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

ESTABROOK'S VISITING CARDS
The Standard of Excellence, 100 with name 90c
Best quality, latest styles. Send for samples. High grade wedding invitations, announcements, etc.
The Estabrook Press, 133 E. Tremont St., Boston

# ATLANTIC CITY OPPORTUNITIES



# VENTNOR PLAN

Ventnor Plan is a most attractive addition to Atlantic City's high-class residential section, having a splendid location on the beach, facing the Boardwalk, and so situated that the principal and finest avenues pass directly through it. I can recommend it to probable purchasers as an excellent investment.

**MAYOR FRANKLIN P. STOY,**
Atlantic City, N. J.

## Unsurpassed Opportunities Offered the Investor

VENTNOR PLAN is the most charming and desirable of Atlantic City's residential section. It is beautifully situated on a high tableland, immediately facing the ocean and the famous Board-walk, that magnificent esplanade 5 miles long, of steel and hardwood, which cost the city $240,000 to build. An unobstructed ocean view is obtained; a delight to millions all the year around. Atlantic avenue, the main artery of Atlantic City's vast traffic, passes straight through VENTNOR PLAN, which can be reached from any part of the city in 12 to 15 minutes by the splendidly equipped electric system. A two-minute schedule is maintained all day long, and you can ride from one end of the city to the other for 5 cents.

### A Place of Marvelous Growth

Visitors to Atlantic City marvel at its remarkable and rapid growth in everything that is worth while. You can almost see it grow. In 1900 the population was 28,000; to-day it is over 40,000, an increase of over 40% in five years. It is one of the most prosperous cities in the United States. It is impossible to obtain a corner lot anywhere in Atlantic City, excepting at the most fabulous prices; the erection of a million-dollar hotel is so common an occurrence that it causes no comment whatever. Hard times are unknown; a constant stream of money is flowing into the city every day in the year. Everybody who comes here spends his money freely. Stop and think what this means to the future of the city. These people must be housed, fed, doctored, entertained and transported. Everything is on a cash basis: this is why and how Atlantic City grows. There is not a day in the year that there are not 25,000 visitors to this beautiful and healthful city. During the summer the average daily population is 250,000. Just as an example of how values have increased in Atlantic City, we mention one piece of beach-front property bought three years ago for $300,000, which changed hands recently at $600,000, a cash transaction. Another property valued five years ago at $600,000, sold last year for $1,250,000. Atlantic City cares for 18,000,000 yearly, besides its regular resident population. A city of such solid and substantial worth cannot but increase in a healthful and permanent way.

### Accessibility of Atlantic City

Atlantic City is practically a suburb of Philadelphia, with its 1,300,000 people. Philadelphia business men are making an all-year-'round residence in Atlantic City, which is as accessible as Harlem to the New Yorker. A magnificent 60-minute express service, 99 trains daily, between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Only three hours distant from New York. Plans are now maturing for a high-speed Electric Railway System, between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. The great influx of humanity demands it.

### Not a Boom

There is no boom in Atlantic City; no feverish or unnatural inflation of values—simply the flood-tide of a logical and deserved prosperity—a state of affairs that cannot be upset or delayed, any more than a pigmy could stop the course of the sun or the flow of the tides. Everybody who has ever been ten minutes in Atlantic City knows this to be a fact; you can easily prove it for yourself. Thousands of visitors arrive daily.

The remarkable growth of Atlantic City offers splendid inducements to the investors in Ventnor Plan.

**SENATOR EDWARD S. LEE,**
(New Jersey)

The rapid and continued growth of Atlantic City will insure a wonderful increase over present values of Atlantic City real estate. The officers of The Atlantic City Beach Front Improvement Co. are all men of integrity and financial responsibility.

**HARRY BACHARACH, Postmaster,**
Atlantic City, N. J.

## Come to Atlantic City at Our Expense

You may combine business with pleasure. Visit Atlantic City and witness its marvelous prosperity. To purchasers of lots in Ventnor Plan we will allow free railroad fare from any point in the United States, a total of 1,000 miles, and in like proportion for greater distances. If you find it inconvenient to come to Atlantic City at the present time, make your reservation and visit us at any time during the payment period at our expense. The amount of your car fare will be deducted from the purchase price of your lot.

I believe that Atlantic City has a great future and I think the Ventnor Plan will be a success.

**WARREN SOMERS,**
President Board of Trade,
Atlantic City, N. J.

### Every Modern Convenience

Delicious, pure water, perfect sewerage system and drainage; gas, electricity; beautiful wide streets, lighted by ornamental electric arc lights. Altogether $115,000 have been spent to date on Ventnor Plan in improvements which have made it such a desirable residential section. Adjoining and surrounding Ventnor Plan are residences occupied by such men as Rodman Wanamaker (son of John Wanamaker); Dr. Norton M. Downs, the famous Philadelphia physician; Dr. Charles B. Penrose (brother of U. S. Senator Boies Penrose); Charles M. Schwab (steel magnate); Charlemagne Tower (U. S. Ambassador to Germany). The magnificent Carisbrooke Inn is located right in the heart of Ventnor Plan.

### An Absolutely Safe Investment

The prominence of the gentlemen connected with the Atlantic City Beach Front Improvement Company is a guarantee of the statements in this announcement. All you need do is to write Mayor Franklin P. Stoy, Senator Edward S. Lee, Postmaster Bacharach, Warren Somers, President of Atlantic City Board of Trade. Note carefully what they say in this announcement. They say that Ventnor Plan is a good investment.

The value of Atlantic City real estate last year was $92,000,000.00; the assessed valuation $47,000,000.00.

There is no other way for Atlantic City to expand—growth must come our way, and YOURS, if you are one of the fortunate purchasers of lots in Ventnor Plan. Remember, there are only 300 of them in all, and you must act at once if you hope to be one of the fortunate few who will acquire them.

### Values Must Increase in Ventnor Plan

The average wealth per capita in Atlantic City is $1,363.00, and it ranks first in the entire State of New Jersey, Newark being second, with a per capita of $596.00, in spite of the fact that it is one of the greatest manufacturing centres in the United States. There were 740 new buildings erected in Atlantic City in 1904—an increase of nearly 20% over 1903. The ratio of increase for 1905 promises to be very much greater.

Another evidence of Atlantic City's prosperity is shown by the January 14th statement furnished to the United States Controller of Currency by her seven (7) banks, showing total resources of $7,985,960.49.

### Liberal Terms

Ventnor Plan Lots are 25 and 50 feet front by 120 and 150 feet deep, and range in price from $500 upward. By our easy payment method of monthly installments, any one may become a purchaser of this beautiful seashore property, without inconvenience. Terms are 10% upon purchase and the balance in three years or less—without interest and without taxes. We give a free deed with guarantee of title through the South Jersey Title & Finance Company of Atlantic City. No interest will be charged on deferred payments caused by loss of employment or sickness, providing the same does not continue longer than six months. In case of death during the payment period we will deliver to the purchaser's heirs a free deed with guaranteed title, or if preferred, we will return all the money he shall have paid us with interest at the rate of 4% for the period that it shall have been in our hands. A 10% discount will be allowed to any one paying cash within 60 days. To all purchasers residing at a distance we will allow car fare to the extent of 1000 miles at time of purchase or during term of payments.

## DO NOT DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY

As this is an unsurpassed opportunity and the number of lots is limited, we want you to write to-day for our illustrated booklet and map of Ventnor Plan. It will give you details that we cannot include in this limited space. Prices are increasing in Atlantic City at the rate of 50% to 100% each year. Remember, Ventnor Plan has all modern conveniences. Beautiful homes are going up all around it. Values must rise—so don't miss this opportunity by hanging back until all the lots are sold. It will be too late then. Your opportunity is knocking at your door NOW. Write us at once—it may be the beginning of your prosperity.

### References

Any public official, or any Bank or Trust company in Atlantic City. If you live far and remote from here, and are unacquainted with the truth of these strong statements about the physical and financial benefits enjoyed by Atlantic City, any of the gentlemen or institutions referred to will be glad to give you any evidence that you may desire to prove that we have kept strictly within reasonable bounds in describing this offer in Ventnor Plan as one of the most attractive investments before the American public. It is safe, it is solid—unlike a mining or stock proposition. You can tell to a certainty by looking into Atlantic City's splendid record of real estate transfers in the past five years, that no other city on the American continent offers such another chance to make money rapidly and legitimately. You have the actual experience and facts to guide you. The increase in Ventnor Plan values is as certain as the sun.

### Officers and Directors

**HON. JOSEPH THOMPSON**, President, is Vice Pres. of the Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co. and ex-mayor of this city.
**LEWIS P. SCOTT**, Treasurer, is Recorder of Deeds and County Clerk.
**ISAAC BACHARACH**, Secretary, is Treasurer of South Jersey Title & Finance Co., and Director Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
**WARREN SOMERS**, President Board of Trade, Director Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co. and Second National Bank.
**LOUIS KUEHNLE**, President Marine Trust Co.
**HARRY BACHARACH**, Postmaster and Director Marine Trust Co.
**WM. B. LOUDENSLAGER**, President Albion Real Estate Co., Director Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
**C. C. SHINN**, Director Guarantee Trust Co.
**ALFRED C. McCLELLAN**, Prop. Hotel Pierrepont and Carisbrooke Inn, Director Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
**HARRY S. SCULL**, Treas. Ventnor Brick Co.

### Write To-day

The purchase of GOOD REAL ESTATE, such as Ventnor Plan, will but emulate the course taken by such shrewd investors as the Astors, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Wanamakers, Russell Sage, etc.

### Cut Out and Mail this Coupon

Atlantic City Beach Front Imp. Co., Atlantic City, N. J.

Gentlemen: Please send me booklet, map and full information of Ventnor Plan and Free Trip to Atlantic City.

..............................................................

..............................................................

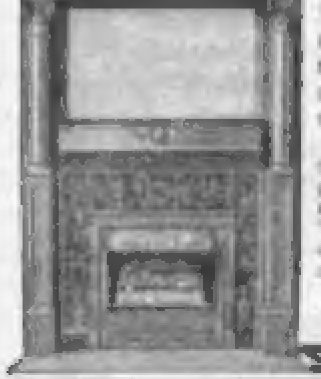
## THE ATLANTIC CITY BEACH FRONT IMP. CO., 1504 ATLANTIC AVE., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

A CALL FOR AD MEN

There is a big call for ad men from all lines of business. The demand exceeds the supply and the salaries offered are large. We can teach you to write business bringing advertisements. We can qualify you to take a position as advertising manager. We can make you a master of this lucrative profession. The I. C. S. Course is founded upon practical successful experience.

Write to-day for free "Advertising Booklet."

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.



KING MANTELS

appeal to buyers who appreciate elegance of design, beauty of finish and fine workmanship. The prices are so reasonable for Mantels of "King Quality" that our customers are surprised and delighted, and are possible because you are dealing with the factory direct. We will gladly send you a little book called "Evidence," that tells what others say about our mantels. It is convincing. Send for it.

Our elegant 64-page catalogue (pages 11 x 14 in.) of mantels, grates, tiling, etc., and our copyrighted supplement entitled "Colonial Beauties," both sent on receipt of 12 cents to pay actual postage.

KING MANTEL CO.
626 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.

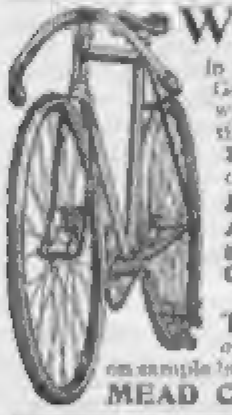
PITTSBURG TRUST CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

4% COUPON DEPOSIT BONDS

Ideal Savings Investment for non-residents — Absolutely safe and convenient as U. S. coupon bonds — Payable to any order or to "bearer" — Best collateral — Transferred by endorsement — Deceased non-resident's certificates may be cashed without local administration.

Write for Booklet 4, BANKING BY MAIL.
Your Security: Capital, Surplus & Profits

$ 6,000,000.00



WE WANT AGENTS

In every town to ride and sell our bicycles. Good pay. Finest guaranteed 1905 MODELS, with Puncture-Proof tires, Coaster-Brakes $10 to $24
1903 & 1904 Models of Best Makes . . . $7 to $12
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All makes and Models good as new . . . $3 to $8
CLEARING SALE at half cost.
We SHIP ON APPROVAL and TEN DAYS TRIAL to anyone without a cent deposit. Write at once for Special Offer on sample bicycle. TIRES, SUNDRIES, AUTOMOBILES
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H 55, Chicago

DO IT YOURSELF

We have made plenty of money in the poultry business and have grown from year to year until our Milhook Farm is now the largest pure bred poultry establishment in the country. Our new year book

"Poultry for Profit"

will start you right. All about breeding, feeding, etc. Cuts of fowls with prices; eggs in season. Book has cost too much money and experience to be given away, but we mail it for 10 cents.

THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised for sale at our expense.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 667 F St., Washington, D. C.
New York Offices—132 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

# The Memoirs of an American

*(Continued from Page 11)*

It seems that Dick Pierson had come home to supper full of the news about a row between the police and the strikers. His talk had worked up the girls—that is, Hillary Cox and Grace—for Lou hadn't come home—until all of them had started off after supper in the direction of the harvester works, where the trouble was reported to be.

Then they had strolled down to the Haymarket, where, instead of the great crowd they had expected to find, there were only some hundreds of men and women listening quietly to several workingmen who were speechifying from a cart. It didn't look very lively, and as a thunder-storm was coming up in the north Sloco was for going home. But Ed, who, like a country galoot, was curious to hear what the orator in the cart had to say, pressed up close to the truck, in the front of the crowd, with Hillary Cox on his arm. Suddenly, so Slocum said, there was a shout from somewhere behind them:

"The police! Look out for the police!"

In the rush that followed, Slocum and Grace were jammed back by the press and separated from the others. He remembered only a little of what happened those next moments. And what he did remember didn't tally with the stories that were told at the trial. In the darkness of the lowering storm, above the heads of the close-packed, swaying mass in the square, there sounded a dull whir. Then came a terrific explosion. The next thing Slocum knew he was crawling on his hands and knees, groping in the darkness for Grace, while all around them crackled the pistol-shots of the police.

Then he heard Ed's voice shrieking:

"The bloody brutes have shot her!"

"And Hillary?" I asked. "Is it bad?"

"A piece of iron plowed across her cheek."

"Scar?"

Slocum nodded. (The truth is that if it hadn't been for the ignorant doctor who got hold of the girl first her looks might have been saved. But he took eleven stitches, and there was left a long, ugly, furrowed scar across her pretty face!)

We went up to Slocum's room, and sat there far into the night, discussing what had happened.

"Oh, I suppose you law pills will mouse around in it considerable," I said. "The way to do is to string 'em up to the nearest lamp-post, as they do out West."

As I was saying that a cab drove up hurriedly in the quiet street and stopped at our door. Slocum and I put our heads out of his window, curious to know what was happening now at two o'clock in the morning. We saw a man get out, then turn and lift a woman from the cab to the street. The woman staggered as she started to walk across the sidewalk.

"It's Lou Pierson!" Slocum exclaimed. He drew in his head suddenly and bolted from the room. I waited long enough to see the man pull the doorbell, and then leave the poor girl half-fallen on the steps, while he went back to the cab and spoke to the driver. Then I followed Slocum downstairs, two steps at a time. Slocum had wrenched open the house door and leaped down the long flight of steps, not pausing at the girl, who was making feeble attempts to rise and calling: "Fred! Fred!" But the man, having given his directions to the driver, got into the cab.

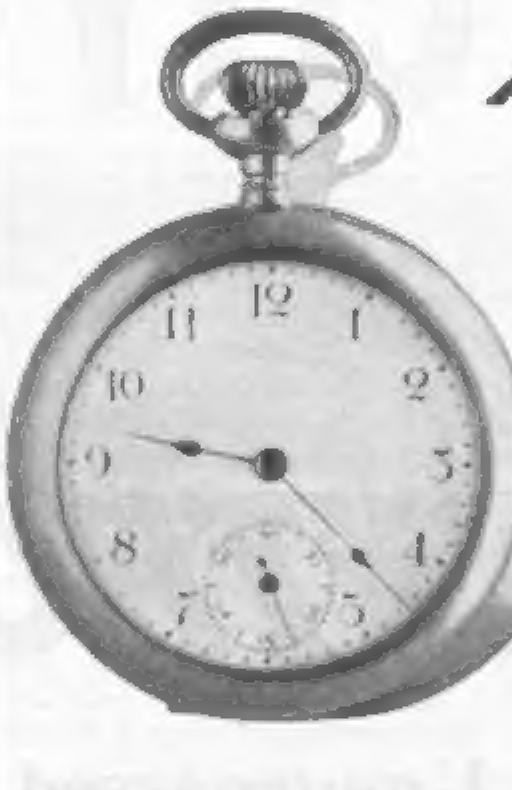
I helped Lou to her feet: she was still calling in a drowsy voice: "Fred! Fred!" I could see Slocum with his hand on the door of the cab. He spoke to the man inside, but I could not hear what he said. Suddenly his hand shot out; there was a tussle, half in and half out of the cab; the driver whipped up his horses, and Slocum was thrown to his knees. He picked himself up, holding in his fist something that looked like a necktie.

As Slocum helped me carry the girl up the steps he said:

"That's who Renshaw is. A bit of a bomb would be about the right thing for him!"

Generalizations, I have learned, are silly things to play with. But there are some experiences in a man's life that tempt him to make them. It was only a mere accident that the man who was Lou Pierson's companion in the cab that night had taken a prominent part against the striking workmen. But when, later, I was called upon to sit in judgment on some hot-headed fools because they wanted an eight-hour day and fomented strife, my thoughts would go back sourly to this example of the men I was expected to side with.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



New England AMBASSADOR

A WATCH that suits the fashion of the day. Most appropriate for the use of gentlemen of discrimination. This watch is guaranteed to keep perfect time, while in appearance it is the equal of watches costing many times as much.

Ask to be shown the **NEW ENGLAND AMBASSADOR** at any jewelers. You will be surprised when you learn the cost.

*Our New England Red Book* (illustrating men's watches) and our New England Blue Book of Ladies' watches are gladly sent on request.

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.
37-39 Maiden Lane, New York City 131-137 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
San Francisco, Spreckels Building

WHY RENT YOUR MONEY

at three or four per cent. per annum to those who earn an additional three or four per cent. on it, when you yourself can receive this additional profit by investing in the bonds of the

Southern Mutual Investment Company
OF
LEXINGTON - KENTUCKY.

This Company issues a FIVE PER CENT GOLD BOND which affords the most profitable investment security consistent with absolute safety. This bond guarantees, one year from the date of issuance, and semi-annually thereafter, the payment of interest at the rate of 5% per annum, and at maturity the return of principal, plus apportioned excess earnings from the same profit earning sources of life insurance companies (with death losses eliminated) — NO "PILED-UP SURPLUS"; issued in denominations of $100.00 and upwards, on single cash, or installment payment plan to suit investor. A conservative expectation of 10% interest on savings is justified by the Company's eleven years' experience.

$100,000.00 deposited with the Treasurer of Kentucky for the benefit of investors. Over $2,500,000.00 paid investors and held for their benefit. Operates under the supervision of over thirty States. Highly recommended agents can be used. Write for our booklet, "THE PERFECT INVESTMENT." Address

BOND DEPT. 14, S. M. I. CO. BLOCK, LEXINGTON, KY.

Couch, Bed, Wardrobe for $10

Handsome High-Grade Couch and Double Bed Complete with Spring, Mattress and Flounce; and Wardrobe Box.

The mechanism is so simple that a child can operate it. Made of very best quality steel angles, attractively and durably enameled. Good dark green denim-top mattress, filled with fine carded wool. Rip Van Winkle Spring guaranteed 20 years. Cedar-stained pine box rolls out from beneath on castors. Closed, couch is 2 ft. 2 in. wide, 6 ft. 2 in. long; as bed 4 ft. 2 in. wide. Send $10, money order or N. Y. draft, and we will ship couch to you promptly. Bargain at $18, but we make this low price to introduce samples of our goods in every community.

Any article manufactured in our factory—Reclining Couch, Davenport, Bed Couch, Dropside Couch, Ironfold Bed, Mattresses — may be returned at our expense if not thoroughly satisfactory. We ship direct from factory to you. Send us your address for our Literature and Prices.

METAL FURNITURE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. S, 17 W. 42d St., New York

PLAYS FOR AMATEURS. The largest stock in the U. S. We have anything that's in print.

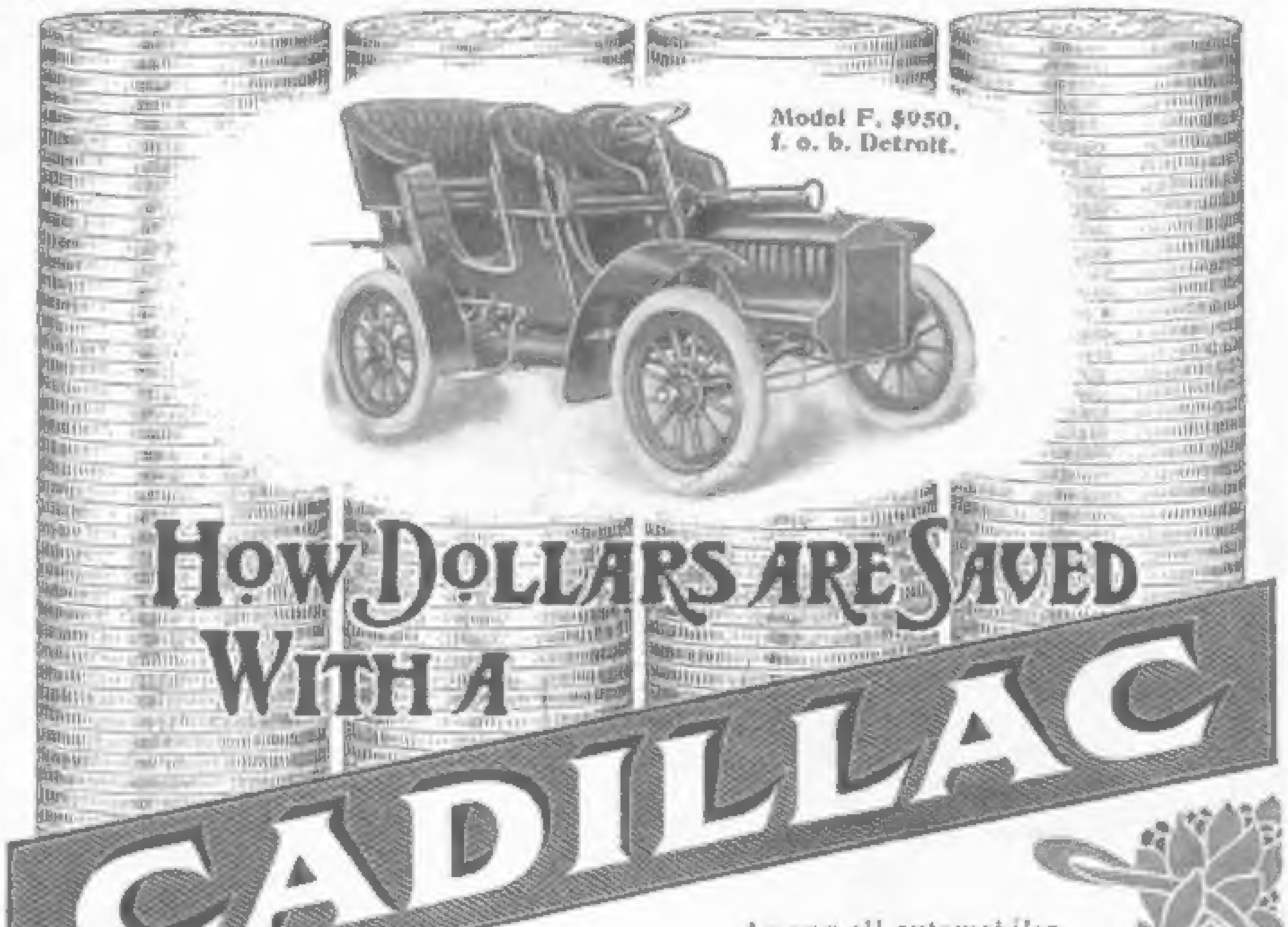
Our FREE Catalogue includes Plays, Recitations, Dialogues, Hand-books, Games, Boys' and Girls' Stories, &c.

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 921 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

ONE HATCH FREE

That's the way we sell the ROYAL. Try it free 30 days. Incubator, poultry and poultry supply catalog FREE. Poultry paper 1 year 10c.

Royal Incubator Co., Drawer 30, Des Moines, Ia.



# HOW DOLLARS ARE SAVED WITH A CADILLAC

Among all automobiles the Cadillac stands pre-eminent for its low cost of maintenance. Simple, durable, common-sense construction makes it truly the "Car of Economy."

Because of simplicity of power-development and efficiency of transmission, there is practically no energy lost in the Cadillac — a feature which alone reduces by a big percentage the cost of fuel, lubrication, etc.

The Cadillac mechanism is designed with a view to making it virtually *trouble-proof*, with the result that the liability of damaging the motor or its connections through a mistake in manipulation is reduced to a minimum. Absolute control at all times and under all conditions is maintained more easily — *with fewer things to think of*—in the Cadillac than in any other machine. This means that the Cadillac is the safest, the most reliable and most easily operated of all motor cars.

**Model F — Side-Entrance Touring Car, shown above, $950.**
**Model B — Touring Car, with detachable tonneau, $900.**
**Model E — Light, stylish, powerful Runabout, divided seat, $750.**
**Model D — Four-Cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,800.**
**All prices f. o. b. Detroit.**

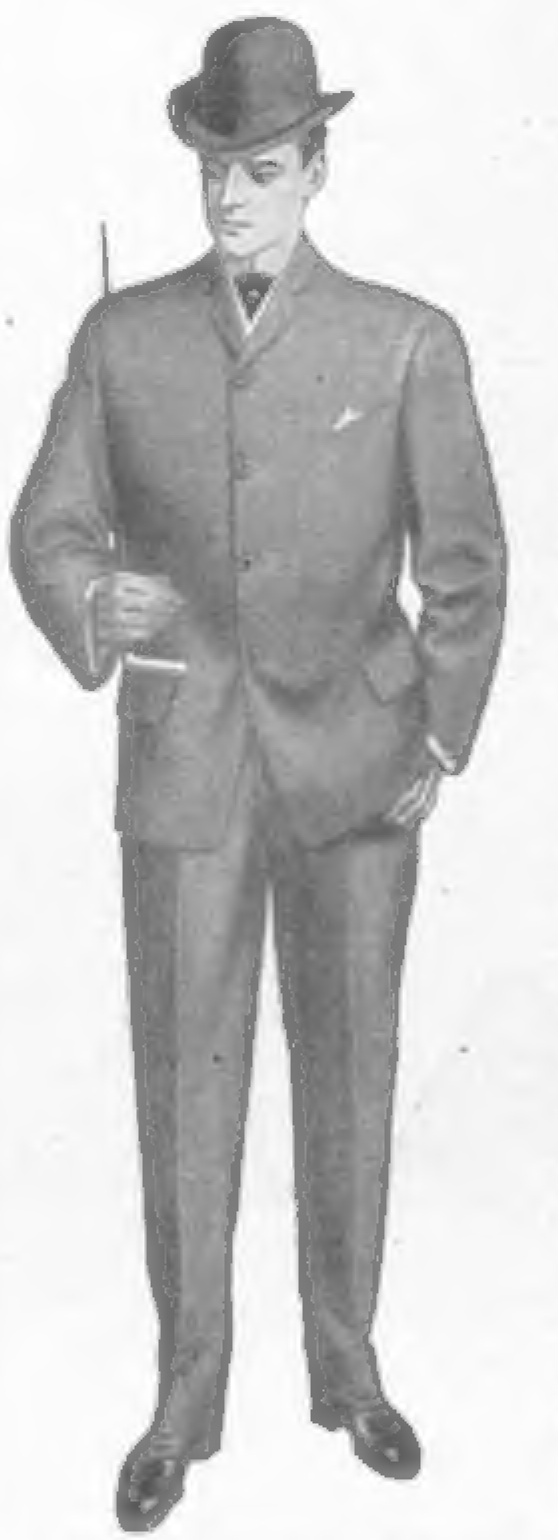
*Write for Catalog O, and address of nearest dealer, where you can see and try a Cadillac.*

**CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.**

*Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.*

---

# This Suit of Serge To Order $15.



WE want to be your regular Tailors.

The first pattern we cut for you will eat up most of the profit on a single suit, at the price we charge for it — $15.

But, we can make money on your second and third Suits, cut from the same pattern.

That's what we're after — your Second and Third Suits.

We can only be sure of your order for these if the first suit fits you better than your home Tailor ever fitted you for twice our price.

We will give you Chicago Style in your suit — right up to the minute — city style.

We won't put Silk Linings into it, however, nor fancy buttons, nor a "Swell" Label on it.

But we will put as good cloth into it, at $15.00, as the fashionable Tailors in Chicago will give you for $30.00.

We'll give you as much style, and fit you to your own full satisfaction, or no pay.

Now these are not mere words but legal facts, upon which you may base your purchase.

We make your first Suit to Order for you — at our own risk — for $15.00.

The pattern alone will cost us about $3.50 to design, and the materials will cost about $8.00, to say nothing of our Journeymen Tailors' wages.

But we risk this outlay without a penny of payment on account, if you order a Suit from us now, before the rush of trade sets in.

We will ship that suit to you, when made, so that you can try it on, before you pay a cent towards it.

If you don't like it, send it back at our expense.

That ought to show you how sure we are about fitting you right — by our Auto-Measurement System.

But, we want you to order your first suit from our fadeless Navy Livingston Serge.

Because, that Cloth can be shaped by the needle better than any cloth we know of.

And, it holds its shape better, than other cloths, so that it is always a lasting advertisement for us.

This "Livingston Serge" is woven for us in a small Factory which we absolutely control.

It is not made to merely look well in the piece, so as to sell by the yard, at a long profit, to Tailors.

It is made for honest service, and shape-retention.

No money is wasted in putting on an artificial finish and gloss, that the first damping and shrinking (before cutting) removes.

Every yard of it is made from fine long-fibred Australian Worsted Wool. This is soft, elastic, and full of life. It has a fine natural gloss, splendid wear, and holds the Dye forever.

We insist upon this expensive grade of Australian Wool being used in all our Serge.

Because, we can save far more in Tailors' hand-labor, when making this cloth into Suits, than the extra cost of the finest wool.

We mean that this Live Australian Wool can be shaped to the human form, by the Tailors' needle, much better and easier, than the harsh, dry, cloths that cost less, but look as well in the piece.

Besides, this "Livingston Serge" comes to us at what it costs the Mill we control to weave it, without any Millers, Wholesalers, or other profit upon it.

That's one reason why we can give you a Suit for $15.00 that any Gentleman may be proud to wear anywhere.

Our Sample Book contains a large range of other cloths, in fancy patterns of latest design.

But we hope you'll try a Suit of "Livingston Navy Serge" first of all. Because neither you nor we risk anything on the fit and wear of that.

And, a Navy Serge Suit is always correct dress, always in fashion, always gentlemanly and stylish.

You'll find "Livingston Serge" mighty hard to wear out. You'll also find it holds its rich dark-blue color (not purplish, nor French-blue) until it is worn out.

Let us send you a sample of "Livingston Serge" with our Fashion Plate, and our legally signed Guarantee of "Fit and Satisfaction or No Pay."

Write us now while you think of it. Address

**Meyer Livingston Sons** **Dept. B**
**13th Floor Trude Bldg. Chicago**

---

THE GREATEST REAL ESTATE PROFITS
IN AMERICA TO-DAY CAN BE MADE IN

# San Diego, California

**San Diego is the last important natural sea port in the United States to be developed and offers the only remaining chance for investors to share in the profits derived from the rapid growth of Harbor cities**

San Diego is destined to become the most important port on the Pacific Coast because it is the nearest Port of Call for all steamers from the South Pacific Islands, South America, Europe and the Atlantic Coast by way of the Panama Canal.

San Diego is the southern terminus of one great transcontinental railway system. Another road is now building and still another is surveyed. Ocean freight and passenger traffic will then be diverted to San Diego, because the distance is shorter to all inland points in the great Southwest.

Good harbors on the Pacific Coast are few and the nearest is San Francisco, over 400 miles north.

San Diego has the finest and most even climate in the world, and is a great winter resort for eastern people, a popular summer resort for southwesterners and a delightful all the year residence city for those who seek genial climate. Eastern capital has been pouring into San Diego for some time. The city has 25,000 inhabitants, building permits were $1,014,967 last year. 400 residences and several business blocks were built.

The residence portion of the city can grow in only one direction because of the peculiar lay of the land. 300 homes cluster around a $150,000 Normal School building, and adjoining this beautiful residence district we offer lots in the

**$5.00 Down**

## "City Heights" Tract at $50

**$5.00 a Month**

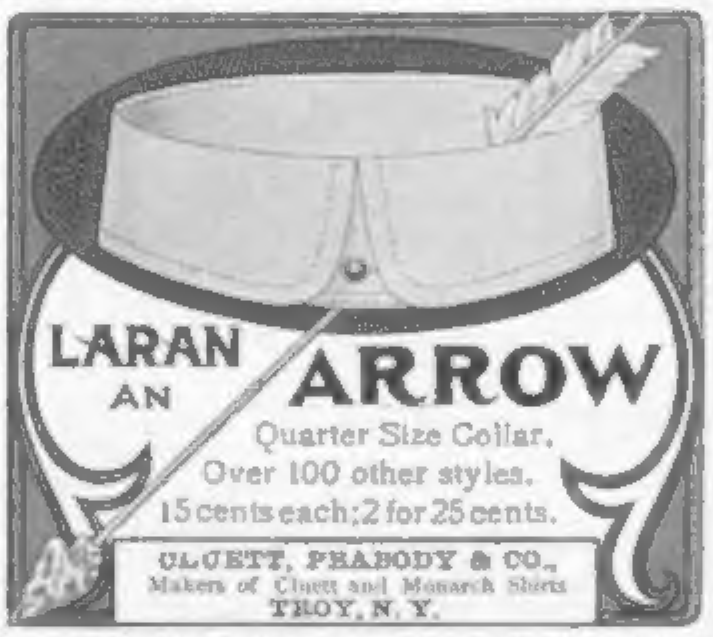
From this tract there is a magnificent view of Coronado, the Harbor and Bay, mountains and valleys. **It is the cream of the cream.** Level, rich soil, and within easy access of the business center. The lots are 25x140 feet to a 20-foot alley, and are usually sold in pairs, triplets, or blocks of four. While street improvements are being put in we are selling the lots at $50 each — $5 down and $5 a month, no interest, title guaranteed, and taxes until 1906 fully paid. They are worth more right now and as soon as work is completed they will advance. Lots in the adjoining University district are now selling as high as $1000. The City Heights lots will some day be worth more than $1000 each. It will pay you to buy them to hold. There is no other opportunity like this in the United States to-day. We will guarantee satisfaction.

## Our Plan of Selling Protects You

Write us how many lots you think of buying and send $5.00 deposit on each to secure them. We will pick out the best unsold lots for you and mail you full particulars regarding them and plenty of booklets about San Diego. If you then decide not to take the lots we will refund all your deposit money and relieve you from all obligations. **We are the largest dealers in city property and ranch lands in San Diego and know every foot of property here as well as you know your own door yard.** You cannot make a mistake in buying City Heights lots at $50. Mail your deposit to-day.

**RALSTON REALTY CO., Dept. P, City Heights, Title Building, San Diego, California**

---



LARAN
AN ARROW
Quarter Size Collar.
Over 100 other styles.
15 cents each; 2 for 25 cents.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.,
Makers of Cluett and Monarch Shirts
TROY, N. Y.

---

# MEMORY

## MEANS MONEY

The Secret of Certainty in Recollection,

**PLAINLY STATED; SIMPLY TAUGHT**

Send a postal card for Pelman's great Book; "Memory, and What Can Be Done To Improve It." It Costs you Nothing. It Explains Everything.

**WE GUARANTEE**

To Improve the Powers of Your Natural Memory in a Month. Our Prospectus Contains Hundreds of Convincing Testimonials and Press Reviews in Praise of the Pelman System. Write for it to-day.

**PELMAN SCHOOL OF MEMORY**
**936 Whitehall Building, New York City**

---

# Don't Wish for Money

# EARN IT

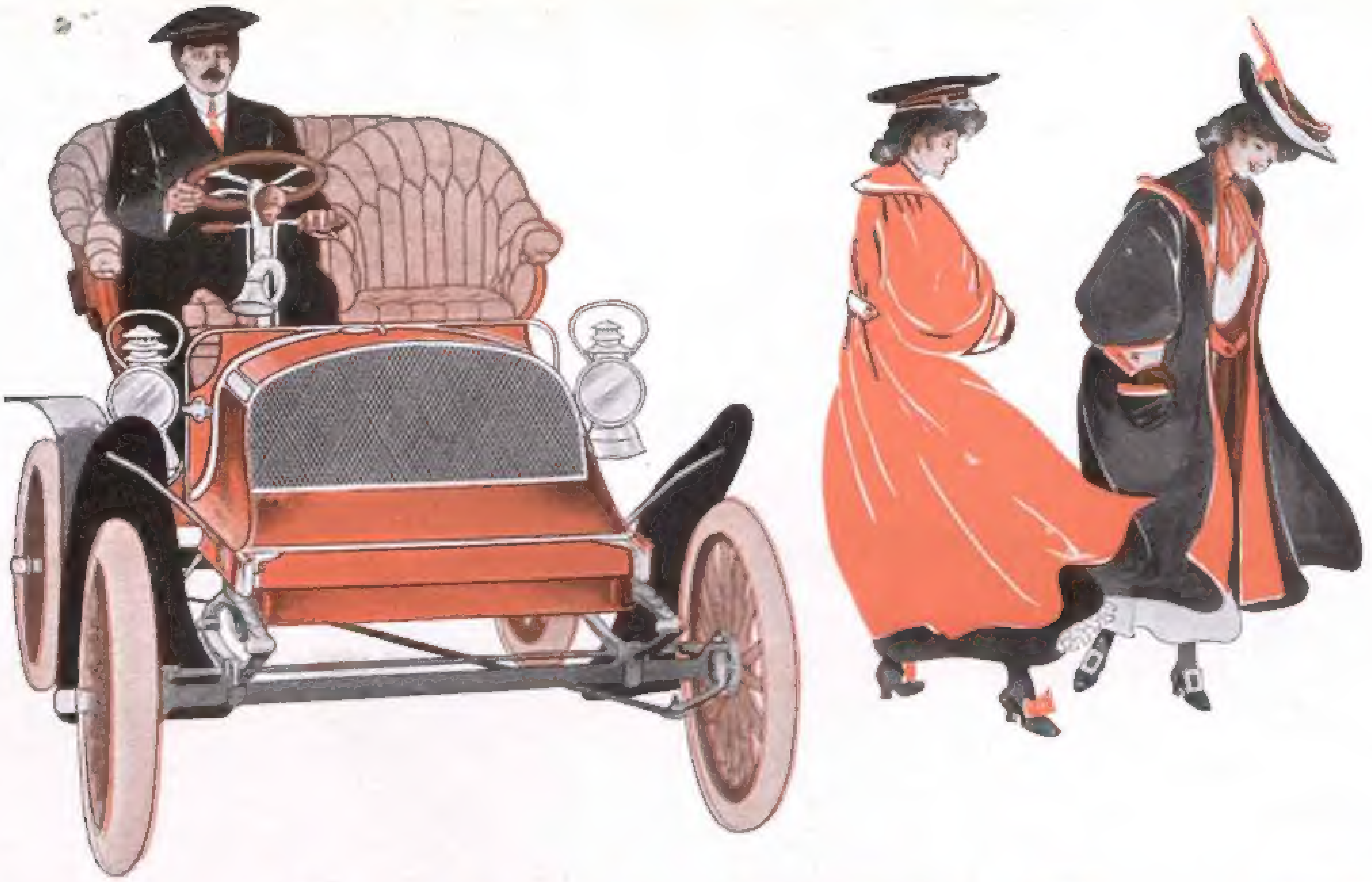
Wishing for things won't buy them. It takes money to do that. If you want the money here's an easy way to earn it. Sell

## *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST*

Friday afternoons and Saturdays. That's how thousands of boys earn all the spending money they need. Some make as much as $15 a week. We will send you free a handsome booklet that tells how they do it, together with the complete equipment for beginning to earn money at once. No money required to start. When you've sold at 5c. each the ten copies of THE POST that we send you *free* you'll have all the capital you need. To boys who sell a certain number of copies we give, among other prizes, watches, sweaters, etc., free.

**$250 in Extra Cash Prizes** that we give each month to boys who make the biggest increase in sales

Write to-day. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1935 Arch St., Philadelphia



# FRANKLIN

The speed, efficiency, lightness, perfection of control and economy of maintenance made theoretically possible by *Franklin*

## air=cooling and four=cylinders

are developed into actual daily performance by the most skilful engineering and highest refinement of detail.

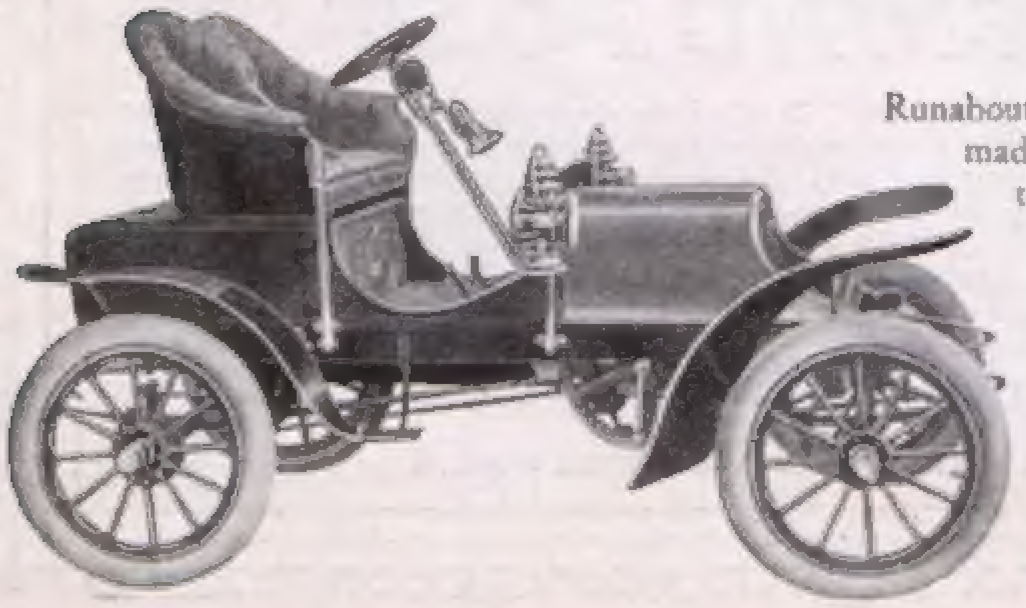
### Some of the Refinements

The *Franklin Auxiliary Exhaust* is a new feature and a most important improvement, perfected only in the *Franklin* cars. It lets the high-pressure gases out before the main exhaust valve opens, thus reducing the back pressure and heat and maintaining the temperature in the combustion chamber at maximum efficiency.

The *Franklin* has polished and ground pistons and cylinders; machined combustion chambers; mechanically operated valves—which can be instantly removed; timing gears adjustable in two minutes; accurate automatic oiling system; phenomenally strong transmission—with supported drive-gears, roller bearings and great speed range on the high-speed clutch; strong and light resilient wood sills; aluminum bodies and perfect and even spring-suspension.

All these help to give *Franklin* cars the greatest actual all-around ability, comfort and safety, in proportion to cost, ever attained in a motor-car.

The *Franklin Light Touring Cars* (picture below) carry four or five passengers faster, more comfortably and for less money than heavy cars rated at 18 to 20 horse-power.

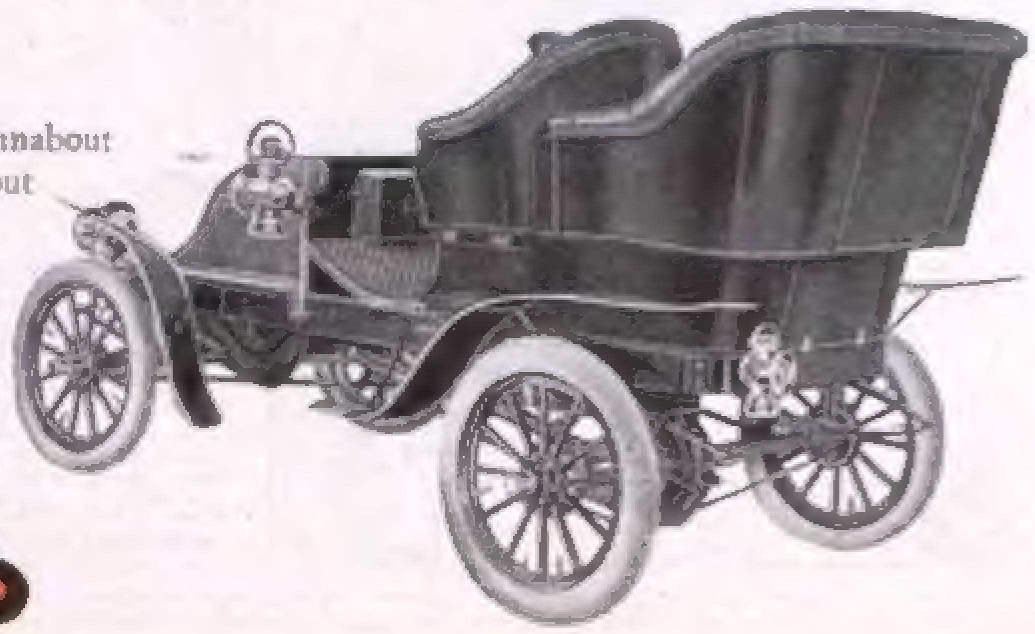


### Six Models for 1905

Runabout (picture below), the most powerful, speedy, luxurious Runabout made; 3 forms of Light Touring Cars—with and without tonneau; 20 H. P. Touring Car; 30 H. P. Touring Car.

Send for catalogue and "Coast to Coast" booklet describing Whitman's trip from San Francisco to New York in less than 33 days.

**H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.**

*Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers*